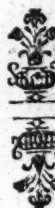


THE
ODES,
SATYRS,
AND
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

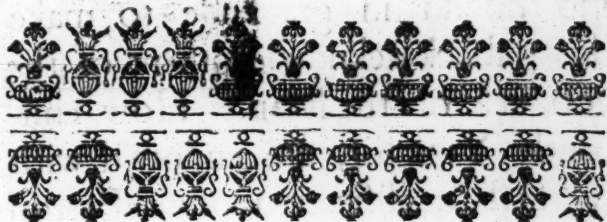
Done into English.

*Qui cupit optatam Cursu contingere metam,
Multa Tulit fecitque Puer:—*

LONDON, ^{Ra}
Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges Head in
Chancery-Lane near Fleetstreet, and An-
thony Stephens Bookseller near the
Theatre in Oxford 1684. +



cit
of
to
H
hi
ft
bo
m
V



To the very much Esteemed

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

TIs pretended by every one that chooseth a Patron, that either the Worth or good Nature of the Person hath determined him to that choice; He professeth that He hath very mean thoughts of his own performance, and so stands in need of a Protector: He begs a Name whose Luster might shed some Reputation on his Work, or else hath been oblig'd,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and bound in gratitude to make this publick acknowledgment of the goodness of the Man. How eminently You Sir, are endow'd with the first qualification of a Patron every one knows too well to need information ; and where can this trifle find a Corner that hath not been fill'd with Mr. *Dryden's* name ? 'Tis You, Sir, that have advanc'd our Dramatick to its height, and shew'd that Epick Poetry is not confin'd to *Italy* and *Greece* : That You are honored by the best, and envy'd by others, proclaims Excellency and Worth ; For True Honor is built only upon perfection And Envy, as it is as sharp sighted, so 'tis as soaring as an Eagle, and who ever saw it stoop at a Sparrow or a Wren ?

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Wren? And that Candor and Goodness have the greatest share in your Composition, I dare appeal to every one whom You have any way honored with your Conversation; These so fill your Mind, that there is no room left for Pride, or any disobliging quality: This appears from the Encouragement You are ready to give any tolerable attempts, and reach out a helping hand to all those who endeavour to climb that height where You are already seated: E'en this owns its completion to those smiles which You condescended to bestow upon some parts of it, and now ventures to appear a second time where at first it found a favourable Entertainment: 'Tis *Horace*, Sir, whom You have thought worthy

The Epistle Dedicatory.

thy your Study and Imitation, that
flys to You for Protection, and
perhaps will beg it against the Inju-
ries I my self have done him; You
Sir are best acquainted with the
difficulties of the Undertaking, can
most easily discover, and as easily
pardon the defects of

*Oxon. All Souls
Coll. May 25th.
1684.*

S I R,

Your most Obliged
Humble Servant,

Thomas Creech.

Preface.

Quintilian in the First Book of his Institutions instructs the Young Orator what to read, and after Homer and Virgil are chiefly commended to his Study ; He tells him, That considerable improvement may be made from the Lyrick Poets, but there is great Care to be taken in the choice, some select parts only out of each Author to be permitted Youths : And he says particularly of Horace, That He would not have all in Him interpreted : What He means by Interpretation, is evident to every one that understands the Extent of the word, and the Antients Method of instructing : and why this Caution is restrain'd to the Odes, and not apply'd to the Satyrs as well, since the reason upon which He fixes it seems common to both must be taken from the design and subject matter of the Poems ; To describe and reform a vicious man, necessarily requires

PREFACE.

requires some expressions which an Ode can never want: The Paint which an Artist uses must be agreeable to the Piece which He designs; Satyr is to instruct, and that supposeth a knowledge and discovery of the Crime; Whilst Odes are made only to delight and please, and therefore every thing in them that justly offends is unpardonable. In our Common Schools this Rule of Quintilian is grievously neglected, all is permitted to every Eye, and laid open to the dullest sight by the most shameful Notes that can be pen'd: You may see a Grammarian with a demure mouth cry out, O Fœdum! at a loose expression, and yet presently fill a Page with a more fulsom explication; and the design of all his pains is only to indulge a petulant Humor, or assist the lazy Ignorance of the common Instructors of our Youth: If any should reckon this amongst the considerable Causes of the Corruptions of our Manners, certainly all those would assent, who see that a Stream will be foul when the Fountain it self is muddy: Nor is this a single opinion, as is evident from their happy industry, who have corrected some of our Authors, and
sent

PREFACE.

sent them abroad naked, and uncorrupted with
forreign Notes; This Method as it spares
the Modesty of the Youth, so it must be a con-
siderable improvement to his Parts, since his
Mind and Memory, and not only his Eye must
be employ'd: I am bound thankfully to acknow-
ledg the Pious Care of Mr. Thomas Curgan-
ven, now of Shirburn in Dorsetshire, in this
matter, He did not want, or if he had, His
Vertue and Industry had contemn'd, such helps,
having searcht into the Secrets of the Classicks,
and being an excellent Example of unweary'd
Diligence, and regular Carriage to All under
his Tuition: To his Instruction I owe what
at present I understand of these Books, and to
his Rules my hopes of future Attainments:
The same Principles made me Cautious of some
Odes, tho I have past by three more upon a
different account.

This just debt being paid to my Honored
Instructor, the part that concerns my self, Rea-
der, will give Thee little trouble: I cannot
choose but smile now and then to think that I
who have not Musick enough to understand one
Note,

PREFACE.

Note, and too little ill Nature (for that is commonly thought a necessary ingredient) to be a Satyrist, should venture upon Horace: 'Tis certain our Language is not Capable of the numbers of the Poet, and therefore if the Sense of the Author is deliver'd, the Variety of Expression kept, (which I must despair of after Quintilian hath assur'd us that he is most happily bold in his words) and his Fancy not debas'd, (for I cannot think my self able to improve Horace) 'tis all that can be expected from a Version; This the Admirable Cowly consider'd when he undertook Pindar, and hath drawn a short and full Apology for the like undertakings: " We must consider, says He, " the great difference of time betwixt his Age, " and ours: which changes, as in Pictures, at " least the Colors of Poetry; the no less difference betwixt the Religions and Customs of our " Countrys, a Thousand particularities of Places, " Persons and Manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at this distance; and " lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) " we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to " the Musick of his numbers, which sometimes, especially

PREFACE.

“(especially in Songs and Odes) almost without
“ any thing else makes an excellent Poet :
’Tis true he improves this consideration, and
urges it as concluding against all strict and
faithful versions ; in which I must beg leave
to dissent, thinking it better to convey down
the Learning of the Antients, than their
empty sound suited to the present times, and
show the Age their whole substance, rather
than their thin Ghost imbody’d with some light
Air of my own :

As for ill Nature, Horace requires none,
nay disclaims it in a Satyrist ; his sharpest
touches, if we believe both himself, and those
that best understood him, are innocent Wagery,
admissus circum præcordia ludit,
He endeavours to laugh men out of their Vices,
and doth not lance or cauterize the sores, but
tickles till He heals ; and how much this me-
thod surpasses the rougher handling, every one
may imagine who knows that ’tis more grievous
to any man to be Ridicul’d than beaten ; and
who is there that would not rather appear in
Company with a black Eye, than a smutted
Face ? Some few advis’d me to turn the Sa-
tyrs

PREFACE.

tyrs to our own Times, they said that Rome was now rivall'd in her Vices, and Parallels for Hypocrisie, Profaneness, Avarice and the like were easie to be found; But those Crimes are much out of my acquaintance, and since the Character is the same whoever the Person is, I am not so fond of being hated as to make any disobliging applications: Such pains would look like an impertinent labor to find a dunghill, only that I might satisfy an unaccountable humor of dirting one Man's Face, and bespattering another: Some have taken this way, and the ill-Nature of the World hath conspir'd to think their rudeness Wit; All their smartness proceeds from a sharp Humor in their Body, which falls into their Pen, and if it drops upon a Man's Reputation that is as bright and solid as polisht Steel, it sullys it presently, and eats thro. Such are never lov'd, or prais'd, but shun'd and fear'd, like Mad-Dogs, for their Teeth and Foam; and are excellently represented by Lucan's Basilisk,

Who drives all other Serpents from the Plains,
And all alone in the vast Desert reigns.

What

PREFACE.

What I have borrow'd from others, if ever I have stock enough, I will honestly endeavour to repay; But the debt which I have contracted from my Lord Roscommon is so vast, that I shall never be able to discharge; To his admirable Version I must gratefully acknowledge, That I owe the sense, and the best lines in the Art of Poetry.

THE

PREFACE

I have been very much interested in the study of the history of the United States, and have been particularly struck by the many instances of the influence of the physical and geographical features of the country upon the course of its history. It is the object of this book to present a brief and popular account of the influence of these features upon the history of the United States, from the first discovery of the continent to the present time.

THE

H

Se

N
Son
Oly

THE
ODES
 OF
HORACE.

The First Book.

ODE I.

To MECÆNAS.

*Several Men have several Delights, Lyrick Poetry
 is his:*

MECÆNAS born of Royal Blood,
 My joy, my guard, and sweetest good;
 Some love with rapid wheels to raise
 Olympian dust, and gather praise;

B

Where

Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,
Do list a King into a God :
And some in high Commands are proud,
That great preferment of the Crowd ;
Blown by their breath the Bubble flies
Gaz'd at a while ; then breaks and dies :
Another ploughs his Fathers Fields,
His Barn holds all that *Lybia* yields ;
And hopes of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
Shall never tempt him from the Plain ;
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
In feeble Ships, and stem the Tide :
The Merchants tost in angry Seas,
That praise their fields, and quiet ease,
Yet rigg their tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor :
Some underneath a Myrtle shade,
Or by smooth Springs supinely laid,
With Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
Contract the business of the Day :
Shrill Trumpet's sounds and noisy Wars,
That Mothers hate, please other Ears :
The Hunter doth his ease forgoe,
He lies abroad in Frost, in Snow ;
He soon forgets his pleasing Wife,
And all the soft delights of Life,
Whilst faithful Hounds a Deer pursue,
Or have a raging Bore in view :
The purling streams and shady grove
The Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and Love,
Green Ivy Crowns that only spread
Fresh Honors round a learned head,

Shall

Shall raise my Name above the Crowd,
 And lift me up into a God;
 If Muses kind shall string my Lyre,
 Or Tune my Pipe, and heats inspire:
 If You, my Lord, approve my vein,
 And count me 'mongst the *Lyrick* train,
 Secure from Death I'll proudly rise
 And hide my head in lofty Skies.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

*Rome hath smarted for killing Cæsar, and all their
 Hopes are in Augustus.*

Enough of Thunder, mighty *Jove*,
 Enough thy flaming Arm has thrown,
 Enough hath torn the sacred Grove,
 Enough amaz'd the frighted Town:

Lest *Pyrrha's* age return'd they fear'd
 Strange Age, when from the former floods
 Old *Proteus* drove his scaly Herd
 To visit Hills, and glide in Woods:

The Fishes hung on lofty boughs,
 Those Seats well known to Doves before,
 The spreading Waves snatcht trembling Does,
 They swam, and look't in vain for shore.

We saw swoln *Tiber* backward flow,
And from the *Tuscan* waves retire ;
The Monuments of Kings o'rethrow,
And hiss in *Vesta's* sacred fire :

Whilst He too too Uxorious flood
Swoln big with fury cuts along
The left-hand banks, though *Jove* withstood,
To right Complaining *Iliad's* wrong.

The Youth shall hear that impious steel
Against our selves we madly drew,
Which better haughty *Medes* should feel,
The Youth our faults have left but few.

What God to prop the falling State
Shall we invoke with earnest Prayers ?
How shall our Virgins soften fate,
And weary *Vesta's* deafned Ears ?

And whom to expiate *Cæsar's* blood
Will *Jove* appoint ? *Apollo* come,
O're thy bright shoulders cast a cloud,
And kindly succour guilty *Rome*.

Or *Venus* fair, whom Joys attend,
Whom Youth flies round, and smiling Grace ;
Or Father *Mars* at last descend,
And pity thy decaying Race.

Oh long, too long thy fierce delight
Hath glutted Thee, whom Wars do please
With Darts and Spears, and stern in fight
The frightful *Moors* unlearn'd in ease.

Or

Or whether chang'd to Mortal Eys
 You seem a Youth, Kind winged God,
 Nor dost the friendly name despise
 Of the Avenger of our *Cæsar's* blood.

Oh Late may You return to *Jove*,
 May quiet Days extend thy reign,
 Nor vex at Us in haste remove
 To visit happy seats again.

Our Empires Father, Prince, and Guide,
 In Triumphs live ; Nor let the *Medes*
 Proud in our Spoys, unpunisht ride
 Whilst Mighty *Cæsar* bravely leads.

ODE III.

To VIRGIL,

Taking a Voyage to Athens.

SO may kind *Venus* guide thy Sails,
 So *Helen's* Brothers shining Stars,
 Secure thee from thy fears:
 So *Eol* loose the Southern gales,
 And all the other Winds controul ;
 As Thou dost waft my *Virgil* o're,
 And land him on the *Attick* shore ;
 Preserving half my Soul.

His Heart was Brass, who first did dare
In feeble Ships to stem the Seas,
Who weeping *Hyades*
And Monsters saw, nor stoop't to bear.

Who saw the headlong Whirlwinds fight,
And South-winds rage, that best can raise
Or smooth the *Adriatick* Seas,
Nor dy'd at such a fight.

What Face of Death can move his fears,
That saw with an undaunted Eye
 ast Rocks and Waves as high:
And could restrain his flowing tears?

In vain the Gods design'd, in vain,
In vain they did the Lands divide
 By an unfriendly Tide,
If impious Ships can cross the Main.

Man forc't by an imperious Will,
Do's make all hast to be undone,
And very eagerly rush on
 To court forbidden Ill.

Prometheus brought Celestial fire,
Which first by wicked Arts He stole,
 To give his Clay a Soul,
And kindle this absurd desire.

But Vengeance soon pursu'd deceit,
For thence began an unknown disease,
Thence cruel Feavers first did seize,
 And took their fatal Heat.

Then

Then lazy Death did mend her pace,
 Our Life contracted to a span,
 Death came in hast on Man,
 And stopt his yet unfinished race.

With Wings which Nature's Laws deny,
 First *Dædalus* did boldly dare
 To beat the Empty Air,
 And wander thro the liquid Sky.

Thro Hell the fierce *Alcides* ran,
 He scorn'd the stubborn chains of Fate,
 And rudely broke the Brazen Gate;
 Nought is too hard for Man.

Grown Giants in Impiety,
 Our Impious folly dares the Sky,
 We dare assault *Jove's* glorious Throne,
 Nor, still averse to his command,
 Will we permit his lifted Hand
 To lay his Thunder down.

ODE IV.

He adviseth his Friend to live merrily.

SHarp Winter Melts, *Favonius* spreads his wing,
 A pleasing change, and bears the Spring:
 Dry Ships drawn down from stocks now plow the
 And spread their greedy Sails again: (Main,
 Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,
 And Fields have lost their hoary white:

The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd through flowry
Meads

By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads :
Whilst labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,
And heats their Forge with raging fires :
Now crown'd with Myrtle, crown'd with rising
Flowers

From loosned Fields, drive easie hours ;
A Lamb to *Faunus*, if he most approves
A Kid, a Kid must stain the Groves :
With equal foot, Rich friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate :
Life's span forbids Thee to extend thy Cares,
And stretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years :
Night soon will seize, and, You must quickly go
To story'd Ghosts, and *Pluto's* house below,
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,
And all the soft Delights above :
No Feasts, where Thee the happy Lot may place
The Just Disposer of the Glâs :
No *Lycidas*, no fair surprizing Boy,
Or to admire, or to enjoy :
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth do's charm,
And soon shall all our Virgins warm.

ODE V.

*He rejoices at his deliverance from his bewitching
Mistress.*

WHat tender Youth upon a Rosy bed
With Odours flowing round his head
Shall ruffle Thee, and loose a heart ?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair,
And spread Charms neat without the help of Art ?

How oft unhappy shall he grieve to find
The fickle baseness of your Mind ?
When he that ne're felt storms before
Shall see black Heaven spread o're with Clouds,
And threatening Tempests toss the Floods,
Whilst Helpless He in vain looks back for Shore.

Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
He wantons in thy pleasing Arms
And boasts his happiness Compleat :
He thinks that You will alwaies prove
As fair, and constant to his Love ; (cheat.
And knows not how, how soon those smiles may

Ah wretched those who love, yet ne're did try
The smiling treachery of thy Eye !
But I'm secure, my danger's o're,
My Table shows the Cloaths I vow'd
When midst the storm to please the God
I have hung up, and now am safe on shore.

ODE VI.

To AGRIPPA.

*Varius may record his great Actions, but Love must
be the subject of his Songs.*

THee great in Arms shall *Varius* sing,
In Conduct wise and bold in fight ;
What Conquests under your Command,
The Legions wan by Sea and Land,
The same shall boldly write
With quils that dropt from lofty *Homer's* wing :

My tender Verse must Wars refuse ;
Spears, Trophys, and the armed field,
The fierce *Pelides* haughty rage
That still prest forward to engage,
And knew not how to yield,
Are things too weighty for my feeble Muse :

Strict Modesty confines my Tongue,
And shame forbids me to disgrace
A subject high, so near divine
As mighty *Cæsar's* praise and thine,
And your great names debase
By the officious meanness of a Song :

For who in worthy strains can write
Mars dreadful in his Iron Coat ?
Or show the black *Merione*
In *Trojan* dust severely gay ?

Or how *Tydides* fought
By *Pallas* aid, and matcht the Gods in fight?

I sing soft Boys and Virgin's Wars,
How soon they smile, how angry soon
With close par'd nails, and tender tooth
They all invade the ruffling Youth;

Thus urge my frolick on
And bid farewell, a long farewell to Cares.

ODE VII.

*He commends Plancus his Seat, and adviseth him
to enjoy his Life.*

SOME *Mytelen*, or famous *Rhodes* will praise,
Or two-sea'd *Corinth*'s honor raise;
Some *Thebes* for *Bacchus* fam'd in sounding strains,
Or flowry *Tempe*'s open Plains:
Some fill their lasting Verse with high renown
Of Virgin *Pallas* learned town;
And whilst they studiously their praise bestow,
To All prefer the Olive bough:
To honor *Juno*, *Argos* some proclaim,
Or raise *Mycæne*, high in fame;
Not patient *Sparta*, *Tempe*'s fruitful Fields,
Nor all that fat *Larissa* yields,
Can raise my fancy; no, I all condemn
Compar'd to fair *Albunea*'s stream;

My

My water'd Orchards, headlong *Anio's* flood,
Or quiet *Tibur's* shady wood :
As fair South-winds will brush the Clouds away,
Nor alwaies brood a rainy day,
So *Plancus*, You, what ever life you lead,
Or play at home in *Tybur's* shade,
Or fill the shining Camp, and lead the War,
With Wine still wisely end thy Care :
When *Tenecer* fled distressed by angry fate,
His Country, and his Father's hate,
With poplar Crowns He grac't his drunken head,
And thus to drooping Friends he said,
What ever Chance, the kinder Parent sends,
Wee'l bravely bear my noble Friends :
Adieu fond Care, despairing fears be gone
Whilst *Tenecer* guides, and leads you on :
Unerring *Phæbus* says our hands shall raise
A City in another place,
Another *Salamis* : Cheer, rouze your force,
For We have often suffer'd worse :
Drink briskly round, dispell all cloudy sorrow,
Drink round, Wee'l plow the Deep to mor-
row.

ODE VIII.

To LYDIA,

Who had made Lybaris Effeminate.

Tell, *Lydia*, tell me this,
By all the Gods I do conjure Thee tell
Why Thou wilt ruine *Lybaris*
By loving of the Youth too well :

Why doth He hate the Plain
That can endure the fury of the Skies,
The burning Sun, the Wind and Rain :
By Nature fitted for the Prize ?

Why now refuse to ride
Amidst his Equals, and with graceful force
The fury of his Coarſer guide,
And bravely ſit the manag'd Horſe ?

Why Yellow *Tyber's* ſtream
Doth He now hate ? why fear to touch the flood,
And why the ſhining Oyl contemn
With greater care than Viper's blood ?

Why do his Arms no more
Look black with blows and honourable ſcars
Which once with juſt applauſe He bore,
When Fame attended on his Wars ?

So justly prais'd for Art,
 So fam'd for strength, when thro the wondring
 throng
 Beyond the bounds he threw the Dart,
 Which swiftly bore his praise along.

Why doth he now lie hid,
 As once complying with his Mother's fears
 The Great, the Brave *Achilles* did,
 Lest Manly dress should force him on to Wars?

 O D E I X.

He adviseth his Friend to live merrily.

SEE how the Hills are white with Snow,
 The Seas are rough, the Woods are tost,
 The Trees beneath their burthen bow,
 And purling streams are bound in frost.

Dissolve the Cold with noble Wine,
 Dear Friend, and make a rousing fire,
 'Gainst Cold without, and Care within,
 Let both with equal force conspire.

With all things else, come, trust the Gods,
 Who when they shall a calm restore,
 And still the storms that toss the floods;
 Old Oaks, and Ashes shake no more.

ring

All Cares, and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing thoughts of dark to-morrow ;
What Chance scores up, count perfect gain,
And banish business, banish sorrow.

Whilst Thou art green, and gay, and Young,
E're dull Age comes, and strength decays,
Let mirth, and humor, dance, and song
Be all the trouble of thy days.

Vars?

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage,
With eager thoughts of Love pursue ;
Gay Evening whispers fit thy Age,
And be to Assignment true.

Now Love to hear the hiding Maid,
Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms
By her own tittering laugh betray'd,
And forc'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miss,
And from the Willing seeming Coy,
Or force a Ring, or steal a Kiss ;
For Age will come, and then farewell to joy.

O D E X.

In praise of Mercury.

Sweet smooth-tongu'd God, wise *Atlas* Son,
Whose Voice did mould Mens flinty hearts,
Just risen from their Parent stone,
By softning Musick, and instructing Arts.

All

Thee,

Thee, Thee my Muse shall gladly sing
 Thee Post of Heaven, and Guard of Hell ;
 First Mover of the charming string ;
 By waggish Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unless you would restore the Cows
 Whilst with his voice He dar'd the Child,
 And threatned with his angry brows,
 Now He had lost his Bow, *Apollo* smil'd.

Rich *Priam* with a Pious hast
 Whilst You did guide his trembling feet,
Theſſalian fires securely paſt ;
 The Camp, and proud *Atrides* haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the Pious Souls
 To happy Seats ; Your golden rod
 The ſitting Troop controuls ;
 O lov'd, Above, Below, by every God.

ODE XI.

*He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily, and take
 no Care for to morrow.*

AH do not ſtrive too much to know
 My dear *Luconoe*,
 What the kind Gods deſign to do
 VVith Me and Thee.
 Ah do not You conſult the Stars,
 Contented bear thy doom,

Rather

Rather than thus increase thy fears
For what will come :

Whether they'll give one Winter more,
Or else make this thy last ;
Which breaks the Waves on *Tyrrhene* shore
With many a blast,

Be Wise, and Drink ; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor stretch extensive hopes and fears
Beyond a Man :

E'en whil'st we speak the Envious time
Doth make swift hast away,
Then seize the present, use thy prime,
Nor trust another Day.

ODE XII.

To AUGUSTUS.

What Man, what *Hero*, stately Muse,
Wilt thou deliver down to Fame ?
What God for thy great Subject choose ?
And make the wanton Echo sport his Name

O're *Helicon*'s resounding Grove,
O're *Pindus*, or cold *Hæmus* hill ?
Whence list'ning Woods did gladly move
And throng'd to hear sweet *Orpheus* wondrous quill.
C He

He by his Mothers art could bind
The headlong fury of the floods ;
Allay rough storms, appease the wind,
And loose from their fixt roots the dancing woods.

Whom first ? shall I creating *Jove*
With pious duty gladly sing,
That guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer, and the mighty King ?

Than He none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or was :
Supreme he singly fills the Throne ;
Yet *Pallas* is allow'd the nearest place.

Thy praises, *Bacchus*, bold in *VVar*,
My willing Muse will gladly show,
And, Virgin, Thee whom *Tygers* fear ;
And *Phæbus* dreadful for unerring Bow.

Alcides Acts my Muse must write,
And *Leda's* Sons ; one fam'd for Horse,
And one in close and handy fight
Of haughty bravery, and of noble force.

When both their Stars at once appear,
The Winds are hush'd, they rage no more ;
(It is their Will) the Skies are clear,
And Waves roul softly by the quiet shore.

Shall *Romulus* stand next to These ?
Or furious *Tarquin's* haughty reign ?
Or, *Numa's* Laws and pious Peace ?
Or *Cato's* noble fall, and fierce disdain ?

The

The *Scauri* next, the Great, the Good ?
 Or *Regulus* his constant Truth ?
 Or *Paulus* prodigal of his blood
 VVhen *Hannibal* o'rethrew the *Roman* Youth ?

Or shall I sing in lasting Verse
Fabricius Mind too great for Gold ?
 Or else rough *Curius* Praise reherse
 In conduct prudent, and in action bold ?

Him and *Camillus* fam'd for War,
 In a poor house, and mean estate
 Want poorly bred on hardy fare,
 And made them strong to prop *Rome's* sinking Fate:

Marcellus like an Oak doth rise,
 And *Julius Cæsar's* light appears
 As in fair Nights and smiling Skies
 The beauteous Moon amid'st the meaner Stars.

Great *Saturn's* Off-spring, mighty *Jove*,
 Whose greatest care is *Cæsar's* fate ;
 Serenely You may reign above,
 VVhilst here *Augustus* keeps the second state:

And whether He in triumph leads
 The *Parthians* that on *Latium* prest ;
 Or beats the *Indians* and the *Medes*,
 And spoils the distant Nations of the *East*;

He less than Thou, rules all below,
 Whilst Thy hot Wheels may shake the Clouds,
 And dreadful Thunder fiercely throw
 On Groves prophan'd, and on unhallow'd Woods.

ODE XIII.

His Jealousie occasions his disquiet.

Vhen *Lydia* praises *Damon's* Charms,
 His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,
 His Air, and rowling Ey;
 My Mind scarce thinks on what it does,
 My sickly Colour comes and goes;
 I rage, I burn, I dy:

I lose my former vital Grace,
 And tears steal softly down my face;
 Cold feeble Sweats begin,
 Cold feeble Sweats that plainly shew
 How fierce the Flame, and yet how slow
 That melts my Soul within:

I rage to see thy Shoulder stand,
 Or snowy Breast by drunken hand
 Too lovingly unkind;
 Or when the ruffling Amorous youth
 Hath prest thy Lips with eager Tooth,
 And left a Mark behind:

Coy *Lydia*, all thy hopes are vain
 Still to endure the pleasing pain
 Of a surprizing Kiss,
 Which *Venus* doth in Nectar steep,
 And hangs upon the balmy Lip,
 To draw us on to Bliss.

Thrice

Thrice happy They, that free from strife
Maintain a Love as long as life ;

Whose fixt and bending vows,
No intervening Jealousie,
No Fears and no Debates untye ;
And Death alone can loose.

ODE XIV.

*To the Common-wealth which was now ready to
engage in another Civil War.*

ANd shall the raging Waves again
Bear Thee back into the Main !
Oh what dost do ! put close to shore,
And never trust the Ocean more :
Thy Oars are gon, and Scuthern blasts
Have rent thy Sails, and torn thy Masts ;
Nor without tackling can'st thou brave
The violent fury of the Wave :
Thy Stern is gone, thy Gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dangerous Shelves art tost,
When Billows rage, and Winds are high :
Thô thou art built of noble Wood,
And gay as ever cut the Flood ;
Alas ! 'tis but an empty Name,
Nor will the Seas regard thy Fame :
What fearful Seaman dares rely
On Gilded Sterns when Winds are high :

Vain show, not fit to sail but please,
 An easie prey to angry Seas:
 Tho often, Thou hast safely past,
 Thou ow'st a sport to Winds at last:
 Oh lately Thou my grief and fear,
 And now my fresh and present Care,
 Take heed, and fly the flattering Seas
 Between the shining *Cyclades*.

ODE XV.

*Nereus sings the Fall of Troy occasion'd by Paris's
 Rape of Helen.*

VVhen faithless *Paris* stole away,
 And carry'd *Helen* thro the Sea;
 Then *Nereus* still'd the Wind:
 He quieted the angry Seas,
 And lull'd the Billows into ease,
 Ease to the Lovers hast unkind.

Whilst thus he sang, Thou carry'st home
 Thine own, false Youth, and Country's doom;
 VVhom *Greeks* shall fetch again
 VVith all their force; and all combine
 To break that wicked Match of thine,
 And Ancient *Priam's* noble reign.

VVhat labor, ah! what dust and heat!
 And how the Men, and Horses sweat!

Ah

Ah *Troy* what Fates engage !
E'en furious *Pallas* now prepares
Her Helmet and her Shield for VVars ;
Her dreadful Chariot, and her Rage.

In vain shalt thou thy safety place
In *Venus* aid, and paint thy face ;
In vain adorn thy hair ;
In vain thy feeble Harp shalt move,
And sing soft tales of easie Love,
To please the wanton and the fair.

In vain shalt Thou avoid thy Foe,
The winged Dart, and *Cretan* Bow,
Things grievous to thy joys :
In vain with grief shalt fear to view
Stout *Ajax* eager to pursue,
And strive to fly the hated noise.

But ah too late, ah much too late
Thou shalt endure the stroak of Fate,
And find the Gods are just :
Too late Thou shalt deserv'dly feel
The force of the revenging steel,
And soyl th' Adulterous locks in dust.

Dost Thou not see grave *Nestor's* age,
And fierce *Ulysses* wilely rage,
The ruine of thy State ?
Nor *Teucer's* brave undaunted force
Nor *Stheneleus* that drives his Horse
As furious and as fast as Fate ?

Ah Thou shalt see *Merione*
 In *Trojan* dust severely gay ;
 And fierce *Tydides* rave ;
 Look how he frowns, and roves about
 To find the Feeble *Paris* out ;
Tydides, as his Father brave.

These feeble *Paris* thou shalt fly
 As trembling Does whose fears espy
 A Lion in a Grove ;
 They leave their Herbs, with panting Breath,
 They strive to shun pursuing Death ;
 Was this thy Promise to Thy Love!

Achilles angry for a Wrong
 Shall *Troyes* approaching Fate prolong ;
 But after certain years
Theſſalian Flames and *Grecian* Fire
 Shall o're the proudest Piles aspire :
 And fill the Matrons Eyes with Tears :

ODE XVI.

*A Recantation for a Copy of Iambicks
 written on a young Lady.*

OH Daughter fair, of greater Charms
 Than those with which thy Mother warms,
 My guilty Verses how you please
 Destroy, in Flames (tho scarce so hot
 As that fierce rage with which I wrote)
 Or in the angry Seas.

Not

Not *Cybele* such heat inspires
Ne're *Phæbus* with such raging fires
His Prophet's Soul possess't,
Not *Bacchus* self can raise a Man
Half so much as Anger can
When once it burns the Breast :

Not Tears nor Kindness can assuage,
Nor Force nor Danger curb the rage,
It ventures boldly on ;
It scorns to be confin'd by *Jove*,
Or all the Thund'ring Powers above,
But by its boundless self alone.

When Bold *Prometheus* first began,
As Story goes, to make a Man
From every thing He snatcht a part
To furnish out his Clay
And to compleat his rude essay,
And plac't a Lions fury in the Heart.

'Twas Rage that made the Brothers hate,
Rage wrought *Thyestes* wond'rous fate ;
'Twas Rage that kill'd the Child ;
That fed the Father with the Son,
And when it saw the mighty Mischief done,
Stood by, and (what was strange) it smil'd.

'Tis that that raises all our Wars,
And brings our Dangers and our Fears,
When the insulting Foe
Whil'st Anger burns, and Rage prevails
O're Town and Cities ruin'd Walls
Doth draw the heavy Plough. Then

Then curb thy Anger charming Maid,
 That once my heedless Youth betray'd,
 It rais'd a deadly flame ;
 And hurry'd on my thought-less Muse
 In swift *Iambicks* to abuse
 And wanton with thy fame.

But now I do repent the wrong,
 And now compose a softer Song
 To make Thee just amends :
 Recant the Errors of my Youth,
 And swear those scandals were not Truth ;
 So You and I be friends.

ODE XVII.

*He Commends his Country Seat, and invites
 his Mistriss thither.*

SWIFT *Faunus* oft *Lyceum* leaves behind,
 And to my pleasing Farm retreats ;
 And from the Summer heats
 Defends my Goats, and from the rainy wind.
 O're Vales, o're craggy Rocks, and Hills they stray,
 Seek flowry Thyme, and safely brouze
 And wanton in the boughs ;
 Nor fear an angry Serpent in the way.
 No lurking Venom swells the harmless mould,
 The Kids are safe, the tender Lambs
 Lie bleating by their Dams,
 Nor hear the Evening Wolves grin round the fold.

Soft

Soft rural Lays thro every Vally sound ;
By low *Ustica's* purling Spring
The Shepherds pipe and sing,
Whilst from the even Rocks the tunes rebound.

Kind Heaven defends my soft aboads,
I live the Gods peculiar Care,
Secure and free from fear ;
My Songs and my Devotion please the Gods.

Here naked Truth, Love, Peace, good Nature reign,
And here to Thee shall Plenty flow,
And all her Riches show
To raise the honor of the quiet Plain.

Here crooked Vales afford a cool retreat ;
Or underneath an Arbor's shade
For Love and Pleasure made,
Thou shalt avoid the Dog-Star's raging heat ;

And sweetly sing the harmless Wars of Love,
How, chaste *Penelope's* desires,
And wanton *Circe's* fires
With various heats for one *Ulysses* strove :

At Noon with Wine the fiery beams assuage
Beneath a shade on beds of Grass ;
And take a Chirping glass,
But never drink till Mirth-boils up to rage.

Ne're fear thy old Gallant, He's far away,
He shall not see, nor seize, nor tear
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair ;
We shall have leisure, and have room to play.

ODE

ODE XVIII.

*Wine moderately taken cheers the Mind, but too
much makes men mad.*

DEAR *Varus* urge thy wise design,
And chiefly plant the noble Vine
In *Tibur's* fertile shade,
Or round *Catilles* Wall,
The sober *Dotards* Cares invade,
And numerous mischiefs wait on all,

Pale Cares are rude,
And must intrude
Untill forgetful Cups go round ;
And who in drink doth prate of Wars,
Of Want, or State affairs ?
Each head is free, and busie thoughts are drown'd ;
But Mirth, and Women, Sport, and Play
Is all the trouble of the Day.

But lest thy growing Mirth surpass
The moderate freedom of a merry glass ;
Think on the *Centaur's* blood,
Think how those Beasts did fight,
With Wine and Gore their Tables flow'd ;
And then command thy Appetite.

What wild desires,
What Madness fires
The *Thracian* Bruits ; how fierce a God,
When Drunken They all Right and Just
Do measure by their Lust,
And eagerly rush on to brawls and blood :

Attending

Attending Death strikes every Guest,
And none survive the fatal Feast.

Submitting to thy easie yoke
I'll freely use, but ne'r provoke
Thy rage, obliging God ;
Nor shall my Tongue reveal
To the prophane and common Crowd
The mysteries thy boughs conceal :

Preserve my Age
From drunken Rage
Which blind Self-love does still attend,
With Vanity which loves to spread
Her Plumes, and raise her Head
Above the Common level of her Friend ;
With these with an uneven pace
Walks broaken Faith which lets all Secrets pass,
Much more transparent than a glass.

Fair *Glycera* my wish provokes
 More white than polish'd Marble Stone,
 Inviting coy, and slippery looks,
 Coy looks, too slippery to be gaz'd upon.

Now *Venus* leaves her *Cyprian* Seats,
 And fills my Soul with all her heats;
 Bids me not mind the *Parthian* force,
 When dreadful on his Flying Horse
 He makes his proud, and conquering retreats.

All that I think on must be Love;
 Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear,
 A tender Lamb perhaps may move;
 And make the angry Goddess less severe.

ODE XX.

*He invites Mecænas to take a Bottle of Wine
 at his house.*

POOR *Sabine* Wine in Cups as poor
 Is all my present store;
 'Twas bottled then, when You, my Lord,
 In crowded Theaters ador'd
 Smooth *Tyber's* Banks around
 Return'd the joyful sound,
 And babling *Eccho's* the glad shouts restor'd.

Rich Casks from the *Colenian* Vine,
 Or smooth *Cæcubian* Wine

Your

Your Cellar store ; but meaner juice
 Contented I must humbly use ;
 My Cups the *Formian* Hill
 Nor the *Falernian* fill ;
 'Tis Wealth's great priviledge to be profuse.

ODE XXI.

*He exhorts the Boys and Maids to sing Apollo's
 and Diana's praise.*

YE tender Maids *Diana* sing ;
Apollo Praise Ye rising Boys,
 And both to equal Honors bring ;
Latone too whom mighty *Jove*
 Did deeply love,
 And show the pious duty of your joys.

Diana sing, *Diana* loves
 The purling Springs that softly flow,
 The pleasing Woods and quiet Groves
 That shady *Erymanthus* bears,
 Or *Cragis* rears,
 Or in cold *Algidum* but slowly grow.

Ye Males with equal Songs rehearse
 The flowry *Tempe's* open Air,
 Or sing with an immortal Verse
 Fair *Delos* Isle, the happy Earth
 That gave him birth :
 His charming Harp, his Bow, and graceful Hair.

He

He by your Pious Vows o'come
 Pale Famine, and rough Wars shall drive
 From *Cæsar*, and his happy *Rome*,
 And make those raging Plagues infest
 The distant West :
 Whilst we in wanton Peace and Plenty live.

ODE XXII.

*Nothing will hurt a good innocent Man,
 and a faithful Lover.*

A Man unstain'd, and pure from Sin,
 No Quiver fraught with poyson'd Heads,
 No *Africk* Javelin needs,
 He has a Guard and Arms within :

Whether o're *Syrtes* wandring sands,
 Or bruitish *Caucasus* He goes,
 Or where *Hydaspes* flows
 And swiftly cuts the savage Lands :

Of late, when Cares forsook my head,
 I stray'd and Sang ith' *Sabine* Grove
 My Lalage, my Love,
 A Woolf saw me unarm'd, and fled :

A Beast so large did never roar
 Ith' *Daunian* Woods, and fright the Swains,
 Nor in her burning Plains
 The Lyons Dry-Nurse *Africk* bore :

So place me where no Sun appears,
 Or wrapt in Clouds or drown'd in tears ;
 Where Woods with whirling Tempests tost :
 Where no relieving Summers breeze
 Does murmur thro the Trees,
 But all lyes bound and fixt in Frost.

Or place me where the scorching Sun
 With beams too near, doth burn the Zone,
 Yet fearless there I'll gladly rove,
 Let frowning, or let smiling Fate
 Or Curse, or Bless my State
 Sweet smiling Lalage I'll always love.

ODE XXIII.

*He tells his young Mistriss that she is now of
 Age, and need not be afraid of him.*

YOU fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns
 Seek absent Dams in deep despair ;
 O're craggy Rocks, o're Woods and Lawns,
 And idly fear at every breath of Air.

If Winds do whistle thro the Grove,
 Or ruffle Vines ; they quickly start,
 If *Lizzards* in a Bramble move,
 An Icy trembling runs thro every part.

Not *Tyger* I or angry *Bore*
 Pursue Thee, *Chloë*, to destroy,
 Attend thy Mother's heels no more
 Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

D

ODE

ODE XXIV.

*He comforts Virgil Mourning for the Death
of his Friend.*

And who can grieve too much ? what time shall
Our mourning for so dear a Friend ? (end
Melpomene whom *Jove* hath blest
With melting Voice, and mournful Tongue,
And with a Harp above the rest
Hath grac't ; begin the Melancholly Song.

And doth eternal Sleep close *Varus* Eyes ?
How soon our Pride and Glory dyes !
And where will equal Justice find,
Where steddly Faith and naked Truth
So generous, and so great a Mind ?
And where an Equal to the falling Youth ?

To be bewail'd by all the Good, the Just
He fell ; by you, dear *Virgil*, most ;
By you, who now dost mourn in vain,
By Pious you, who idely pray
To have thy *Varus* back again ;
He was not lent Thee for a longer stay.

Could you with foster touch than *Orpheus* move
The Harp that drew the list'ning Grove,
The Grove that danc't to Tunes he play'd ;
Yet Blood and Bones would scarce return,
Nor Flesh to cloath the empty shade,
The Shade that once lay naked in the Urn.

Which

Which *Mercury*, a hard uneasy God
 To open Fate, with fright ul Rod
 Hath driven thro' the gloomy Air,
 And shut amongst the Shades of Night :
 'Tis hard : but when We needs must bear,
 Enduring Patience makes the Burthen light.

ODE XXV.

*He insults over his Mistress Lydia,
 now grown Old.*

HA, Ha ! Thy Trade at last is done,
 And all thy wanton Lovers gone !
 No fighting Youths attend thy State,
 There's no such rattling at thy dore
 As Heretofore ;
 And now thy Threshold loves thy quiet Gate.

Now you may rest secure from noise,
 And sadly dream of former joys ;
 You seldom hear despairing Sighs,
 My *Lydia* rests in soft delight
 All the long night,
 Whil'st here her faithful Lover pines, and dyes.

Now, now 'tis thine, thy turn to moan
 The haughty wantons all alone :
 Now to a shady Grove retire,
 Whil'st Winds as cold as thy dull Age
 Do fiercely rage
 And cool the poor remainders of thy fire.

When Lust as fierce as Mares desires
 Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires,
 Then Thou shalt mourn, but mourn in vain,
 That wanton Youth seeks blooming Charms,
 And greener arms;
 Whilst longing Age still meets with cold disdain.

Then thou shalt think on sweets before,
 And dye at the despairing thought, No more.

ODE XXVI.

*He desires his Muse to commend his Friend
 Lamia.*

I, I, the Muses merry Friend
 Deliver all my busie Cares
 Unto the wanton VVind;
 What Tyrant of the North
 Leads dreadful Armies forth
 Secure alone, and laugh at others fears.

Sweet Muse that dost delight to sing
 In strains to Roman Ears unknown,
 And tast the Virgin spring;
 Trace o're the shady Bowers,
 And gather sweetest flowers;
 And wreath my *Lamia*, wreath a noble Crown.

What Honors I without thy Aid
 Bestow to grace my Friends, are vain;
 My Crowns will quickly fade:

You,

You, Muse, and all the Nine should raise
 In new Alcaicks *Lamia's* praise,
 And make him live in an unusual strain.

ODE XXVII.

*He adviseth his Friends not to quarrel in
 their drink.*

A Midst our Cups for mirth design'd
 To fight and quarrel, suits
 Rough *Thracian* Brutes ;
 But not the sober temper of a Friend.

This Savage Humor, Sirs, forbear,
 And free the modest God
 From brawls and blood ;
 And let your Humor, as your Wine, be clear.

How Cups and Swords do disagree !
 Then give your fighting o're,
 And brawl no more ;
 But sit, and keep your Elbows down like me.

If you will have the glafs go round,
 Then tell from what fair Eys
 The Arrow flies ;
 What Beauty makes Thee Happy in a wound.

Not tell ! nay then the Glafs remove,
 VVhat ever Charms ensnare
 Thy Heart, are fair ;
 You never sin in a dishonest Love.

Tell boldly, tell thy generous flame,
 This is no leaky Ear;
 Nor what I hear
 Shall my loose Tongue pour out to common fame.

Unhappy Youth! doth She surprize?
 And have her Flames possess'd
 Thy burning Breast?
 Thou didst deserve a dart from kinder Eyes.

Undone! for no *Thessalian* Charms
 Nor e'en the winged Horse
 Can break her force,
 And free Thee from this strange *Chimera's* Arms.

ODE XXVIII.

Architas a Mathematician being Shipwrack't, is represented begging a Seaman to Bury him, and denouncing Vengeance on him if he neglects his Request.

A Narrow Grave by the *Matinian* Shore (more,
 Confines Thee now, and thou can'st have no
 Ah learn'd *Architas* ah how small for Thee (Sea!
 Whose wond'rous Mind could measure Earth and
 What Sands make up the Shore minutely teach,
 And count as far as Number's self could reach!
 What did it profit that thy nimble Soul
 Had travell'd Heaven and oft ran round the Pole,
 Pursu'd the motions of the rowling Light
 When Death came on, and spread a gloomy Night!
 Wife

Wife *Tantalus* the guest of Gods is dead,
 And on strange wings the chang'd *Tithonus* fled :
Jove's Friend just *Minos* hath resign'd his Breath,
 And Wife *Pythagoras* felt a second Death;
 Altho his *Trojan* Shield, and former State
 Did prove his Soul above the force of Fate; (hand,
 Withdrew the Mind from Death's black conquering
 And left but Skin and Bones at Fate's Command ;
 In thy Opinion He did most excell,
 Discover'd Truth, and follow'd Nature well :
 But once o're all long Night her shades will spread,
 And all must walk the Valleys of the Dead :
 Some Rage spurs on, and Death attends in Wars ;
 The Sea destroys the greedy Marriners :
 The Young and Old confus'd by Numbers fall,
 And Death with equal hand doth strike at all :
 A boisterous Storm my feeble tackling tore,
 And left one naked on th' *Ilyrian* shore :
 But, Seaman, pray be just, put near the Land,
 Bestow a Grave, and hide my Limbs in Sand :
 So may the threatening East winds spare the Floods,
 And idely spend their Rage on Hills and Woods ;
 Whilst you ride safely ; so from every Shore
 May Gain flow in, and feed thy growing Store ;
 May *Jove* and *Neptune* soft *Tarentum's* Guard
 Conspire to Bless, and joyn in one Reward :
 Perhaps you scorn, and are design'dly base,
 Thy Crime shall Dam thy undeserving Race ;
 Thy Pride, vain Man, shall on thy self return,
 Thou naked lie, and be the Publick scorn : (down,
 My Prayers shall mount, and pull just Vengeance
 No Offerings shall release, now Vows attone :

Thô hasty now, driven by a prosperous gale,
(Tis quickly done) thrice strew the sand, and sail.

ODE XXIX.

To ICCIUS.

*A Philosopher who had left his study, and
was resolv'd to go to War.*

YOU envy, *Iccius*, the *Arabian's* store,
Their pretious Gums, and Ivory beds,
And art resolv'd for War ;
For fierce *Sabean* Kings ne're fought before,
And dreadful *Medes*
Your scourges knit, and *Roman* Chains prepare.

What lovely Virgin when her Lover's kill'd
Shall wait on Thee, and call Thee Lord ?
What perfum'd Royal Boy
To shoot in's Fathers Bow exactly skill'd,
Attend thy board ;
And serve Thy pleasure in another joy ?

Who now dares say that streams must flow
From Mountains tops to Vales below,
And not to th' Springs return ?
Or who deny but *Tyber's* wondrous stream
May Hills contemn,
And swiftly roul back to his lofty Urn ?

VVhen

When You can change for Shield, and Sword, and
 And the base Drudgery of Wars, (Dart,
 VVhat e're contentment brings
Panætus VVorks, thy costly Books of Art
 And *Plato's* cares;
 Tho once I'me sure You promis'd better things.

ODE XXX.

*He begs Venus to come to the Temple which
 his Glycera had prepar'd.*

KInd *Venus* leave the *Paphian* Isle,
 And live with *Glycera* a while;
 A noble Temple she prepares,
 VVith Incense sweet thine Altars smoak,
 Thy presence numerous Vows invoak;
 She calls Thee with a thousand Prayers.

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd,
 The Nymphs their beauties all expos'd
 From every Spring, and every Plain;
 Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,
 And Youth that's dull without thy joy,
 And *Mercury* compose thy Train.

ODE

ODE XXXI.

The Poet's Wish.

VVhat will the Poet beg to day
 From *Phœbus* in his hallow'd Shrine,
 For what doth He design to Pray,
 Whil'ft thus He pours his Holy Wine?

Not fat *Sardinia's* fruitful Crops,
 Nor Flocks that hot *Calabria* feeds,
 Nor Gold, nor Ivory raise his Hopes;
 Those toys He neither loves, nor needs.

Not those rich Fields where *Lyrus* runs
 With quiet Streams, and wanton play,
 The smoothest of the Ocean's Sons,
 And gently eats his easie way.

Let him that Has one, Prune his Vine,
 The Merchant now come safe to Land
 In golden Goblets quaff the Wine
 His *Syrian* Wares and Voyage gain'd,

He chiefest Darling of the Gods,
 For twice a year He plows the Main,
 He rides the Proud *Atlantick* Floods,
 And yet makes safe returns again!

Me *Chicory* and *Olives* feed,
 Me loos'ning Mallows nobly feast,
 They give what Nature's wants can need,
 And kindly fill the easie Guest.

A Mind to use my present Store
With Health and Life, but not so long
As brings Contempt, or cramps my Song ;
Grant this *Apollo*, and I ask no more.

ODE XXXII.

To his Harp, whose assistance he desires.

IF underneath a Myrtle shade,
When free from Business, I have play'd
What may this year, and more command ;
Begin, sweet Harp, a *Roman* strain,
Those Measures and those Tunes maintain
First struck by great *Alcerus* noble Hand.

He fierce in Arms, yet mid'st his Cares,
When Dangers press't, and noisy Wars,
And stain'd his charming Harp with Blood ;
Or when He stem'd the angry Seas,
Or when arriv'd He sat at ease,
And laught at all the Fury of the Flood:

The Muses He in sounding Verse
Would Sing, and *Venus* Praise rehearse,
With her attending wanton Boy :
Or *Lycø's* Face surprizing fair,
With lovely Eyes, and Auburn Hair,
By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

Great

Great *Phæbus* Glory, *Phæbus* Love,
 And welcome to the Feasts of *Jove*;
 Thou great Reliever of my Care;
 When e're I beg thy Aid, attend;
 Assist the Verses of thy Friend,
 And tune my Songs for Mighty *Cæsar*'s Ear.

ODE XXXIII.

*He Comforts his Friend who had ill success
 in his Amours.*

COME dry thine Eys, and cease to mourn,
 Think not too much on *Glycera*'s scorn;
 Let no complaining Songs proclaim,
 That she, regardless of her Vows,
 Her wanton smiles bestows
 Upon a later, and a meaner flame.

Lycoris fair for *Cyrus* burns,
 She loves, but meets no kind returns;
 Ill-natur'd *Pholœ* *Cyrus* Charms,
 But sooner shall the Lambs agree
 With cruel *VVolves*, than she
 Shall take so base a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus *Venus* sports, the Rich, the Base,
 Unlike in Fortune, and in Face
 To disagreeing Love provokes;
 VWhen cruelly jocose
 She ties the fatal noose,
 And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes.

This

This is the Fate that all must prove,
 The sure unhappiness of Love;
 Whilst fairer Virgins did adore
 And courted Me, I Myrtal woo'd
 As rough as *Adria's* flood
 That bends the Creeks of the *Calabrian* shore.

ODE XXXIV.

*He resolves to be religious, and follow Epicurus's
 Philosophy no more.*

I That but seldom did adore,
 I that no God but pleasure knew,
 Whilst mad Philosophy did blind,
 And *Epicurus* fool'd my Mind;
 Must keep that impious Course no more;
 But turn my Sails, and steer anew.

For Angry *Jove* with mighty force,
 Whilst all the Skies were bright and clear,
 Shot thro the Heaven with pointed flame,
 And shook the Universal frame;
 He lately drove his thund'ring Horse
 And flaming Chariot thro the Air.

This shook the Earth and wandring streams,
 This noise disturb'd the quiet Dead;
 Thro muddy *Styx*, thro all beneath,
 And thro the shady Walks of Death
 Quick Lightning shot unusual beams;
 The Ghosts beheld the Light, and fled.

He brings the most obscure to light,
And robs the Glorious of a Crown ;
Now tumbles down the mighty Proud
And makes them know there is a God ;
Now kicks the lofty into night,
And seats the Peasant in a Throne.

ODE XXXV.

*To Fortune, whom he Celebrates, and begs
to preserve Cæsar.*

Great Goddess, *Antium's* guardian Power,
Whose force is strong and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place ;
Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower ;
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral.

The labouring Swain thy Aid implores,
His Prayers are mixt of Fear and Hope
On Thee depending for his Crop ;
Thee Merchants Thee confess
When far remov'd from Shores,
And bow to Thee the Mistress of the Seas.

To thee their Vows rough *Germans* pay,
To Thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a friend :
And for their Tyrant Sons
The barbarous Mothers pray
To thee, the greatest Guardian of their Thrones :

They

They bend, they vow, and still they fear
Lest you should kick their Empire down
And cloud the glory of their Crown ;
They fear that you would raise
The lazy Crowd to War,
And break their Empire, or confine their Praise.

Necessity still stalks before,
And leads the way with poys'nous breath,
And all the Instruments of Death ;
Sharp Swords, and VVheels and Racks
That flow with putrid gore
Her brazen hand to fright the Nations shakes.

Sure Hope, and Friendship cloath'd in white
Attend on Thee, they still remain
The chiefeſt Glories of thy Train ;
Tho' you inrag'd retreat
And with a haſty flight,
Thy Garment chang'd, forſake the falling Great.

But the baſe Crowd, the Perjur'd Whore,
And when the Casks of Wine are dry,
The falſe Pretenders quickly fly ;
They all reſuſe to bend
With the declining Poor
And take the heavy yoke to eaſe their Friend.

Preſerve Great *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* leads
To diſtant *Britan*, guide his Fate,
And keep the Glory of our State,
The youth that muſt infeſt
VVith Arms the haughty *Medes* ;
And ſcatter Fears and Slavery thro' the Eaſt.

I blush at the dishonest show,
 I die to see the VVounds and Scars
 Those Glorys of our Civil VVars;
 What Sins, a Curfed Age
 Were VVe afraid to do,
 And what hath escap't the fury of our rage?

VVhat dread of Heaven, or fears of Hell
 Could stop the Impious daring hand?
 And was not every shrine prophan'd!
 Oh wouldst Thou quickly whet
 Our impious blunted steel
 To fight the bold *Arabian*, and the *Gete*.

ODE XXXVI.

A Welcome to his dear Friend Lamia.

° **T**Is pious Duty now to praise
 With Incense, Songs and sacred Lays,
 And with a promis'd Heifers blood
 My *Numida's* kind guardian God:
 Who safely now return'd again
 From the remotest Parts of *Spain*,
 To thronging Friends on every side
 A thousand Kisses does divide;
 But Dearest *Lamia* most receives,
 And takes as gladly as He gives:
 Their equal Love at School began,
 Both the same Race of Vertue ran;
 And both at once grew up to Man:

Be every Head with Garlands Crown'd,
 And let the flowing Bowl go round:
 Let fading Lillys and the Rose
 Their Beauty, and their smells disclose,
 Let long-liv'd Parsly grace the Feast,
 And gently cool the heated Guest:
 Then all on Beauteous *Damalis*
 Shall lose their gloating wanton Eyes;
 But her no Charms no Nods shall move,
 And none divide her from her Love;
 She shall imbrace her young Gallant
 As twining Ivy clasps the growing Plant:

ODE XXXVII.

*On Cæsar's Victory over Antony and
 Cleopatra.*

NOW now tis time to dance and play,
 And drink, and frolick all the Day;
 Tis time, my Friends, to banish Care;
 And costly Feasts
 with thankful Hearts prepare,
 In hallow'd shrines, and make the Gods your Guests:
 'Twas Treason once to Sport a Flash,
 And Sin to Pierce the Noble Cash,
 Whilst nought but boading Fears were seen
 For Ills to come,
 When *Egypt's* haughty Queen
 With wither'd Eunuchs threat'ned mighty *Rome*:

E

A

A Woman vain, whose hopes could rise
To such Impossibilities !
A Woman Drunk with sweet success ;
Whom smiling Fate
Had brought to dare no less
Then *Cæsar's* Fortune, and the *Roman* State.

But soon her Pride to Fears retir'd
When all her Ships were sunk or fir'd ;
And real dread possess'd her mind,
When *Cæsar's* Oars
Did press so close behind
And bore his Navy to the frighted Shores.

(As Hawks pursue the trembling Doves,
Thro open Fields or shady Groves.
Or as swift Huntsmen chase the Deer
Thro *Thracian* Plains
That fly as wing'd with fear)
To bring the fatal Monster into Chains.

But She design'd a Nobler Fate,
And falling would appear as great
As when She singly fill'd the Throne,
No fears betray'd,
Nor fled to Coasts unknown
To live secure, or meanly beg for Aid :
Her falling Throne with smiling look
She boldly saw ; she dar'd provoke
Fierce Serpents rough with Poy's'nous trains.
To dart their Tongue,
And fill her dying Veins ;
Grown furious now on Death resolv'd so long :

The

The stout *Liburnian* Ships, the Fame
And lasting glory of her Shame
She envy'd ; she a Soul too Proud,
Too haughty to be seen
Amongst the private Crowd,
And grace a Triumph less than *Egypt's* Queen.

ODE XXXVIII.

*He tells his Boy that he should not take too much
care about his Entertainments.*

I Hate, my Boy, I deeply hate
The useless *Persian* Pomp and State ;
Crowns wrought with too much Art displease ;
Forbear to seek the blushing Rose,
Or where the Beauteous, Lilly grows,
Such toil disturbs our ease :

A negligent and simple dress
Thoughts free from Cares will most express ;
Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine
A Myrtle Crown will best become
Whilst I sit, and quaff at Home
Beneath my shady Vine.

The End of the first Book.

ODES

The Second Book.

ODE I.

To POLLIO.

*He desires him to forbear writing Tragedies till He
had settled the State.*

SAD Prisoners Guard, and Glory of the Bar
The Senate's Oracle, and great in War,
Whose Faith and Vertue all proclaim ;
To whom the *German* Triumph won
Eternal Fame,
And never fading Glories of a Crown :

The Grounds and Vices of our Wars,
Our Civil Dangers, and our Fears,
The sport of Chance, and turns of Fate,
And Impious Arms that flow'd
With yet unexpiated blood ;

The

The great Triumvirate,
And their Leagues Fatal to the *Roman* State ;
A dangerous Work you write ; and tread
O're Flames by treacherous Ashes hid ;
Yet this you write, and give to Fame
A lasting Monument of our Fathers Shame :

But hold thy Mourning Muse, forbear
To tread the crowded Theater,
Till Quiet spread o're State Affairs.
Shall lend Thee time for meaner Cares ;
And then inspir'd with Tragick rage
Return to the forsaken Stage
And mourn the Faults, and Follies of the Age :

Methinks the Trumpet's threatening Sound
Disturbs our rest with fierce Alarms
And from the shining Arms
A dreadful lightning spreads around ;
It darts pale fear through every Eye
The Horses start, and trembling Riders flie :

(heard,
Methinks the Warlike Captains shouts are
With sordid Dust how Gloriously besmear'd !
In Blood I see the Souldiers roul,
I see the World obey,
All yield, and own great *Cæsar's* sway
beside the stubborn *Cato's* haughty Soul :

Juno, and *Africk's* Guardian Power,
That left their ruin'd Seats before,
Unable to revenge their fall ;

Hath now on *Rome* return'd disgrace,
 And offer'd up the Victor's race
 To great *Jugurtha's* Ghost, and *Hannibal* :

What Land is free, what Plain
 Not Fatt'ned by the *Roman* Slain ?
 What cannot witness by the Graves it shows
 Our Empire's fall, whose Noise is spread
 O're *Persia* and the distant *Mede*
 The Sport and Laughter of our smiling Foes ?

What Lake unstain'd before
 Not knows our War, and swells with *Latian* Gore ?
 What Sea's not dy'd ? on what unhappy Flood
 On what remoter Coast
 Have not our Youth been lost
 Grown Impiously Prodigal of their Blood ?

Enough, my Muse, Complaints forbear,
 With me to shady Grotts retire,
 Thy Mourning cease, divert thy Care;
 And there with softer touches move thy Lyre :

ODE II.

The free and generous only are the happy Men.

DEAR Friend whose generous thoughts despise
 The creeping Fears of Avarice,
 How Silver looks, how mean and base,
 How much below the common Brass,

Unless

Unless a Moderate use refine,
A value give and make it shine :

Kind *Proculeius*, just and good,
In Fame as Noble as in Blood,
Who with a Father's care did grant
Supplies and eas'd his Brother's Want,
Long long shall live ; surviving Fame
On lasting Wings shall bear his Name.

That Man a wider Empire gains
That his own craving with restrains,
Than he whose Sword and wide Command,
Joyn distant *Spain* and *Libya's* Sand,
Than if they did his Arms obey,
And either *Carthage* own his sway :

The Dropsies still by Drink increase,
In Rain are all our hopes of ease ;
The Jaws are dry, the Thirst remains
Until the fatal Humors cease ;
Until the cause of the Disease
Shall leave the swoln and craving Veins :

Phraates fixt in *Cyrus* Throne,
Ador'd like *Persia's* rising Sun,
True sence that scorns the Peoples test
Ne're ranks amongst the happy Blest ;
From cheats of Words the Crowd she brings
To real Estimate of things :

To him she gives, to him alone
The Laurel, and the lasting Throne

Whose Eyes can unconcern'd behold.
 The darling heaps of shining Gold ;
 Whose mind doth never Wealth pursue,
 Nor turn to take a second view :

ODE III.

*He adviseth his Friend Delius to be content,
 and live merrily.*

AN even mind in every State,
 Amidst the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
 Dear mortal *Delius* always show ;
 Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
 Nor too intemperate joys appear
 Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow :

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
 Run slowly clog'd with Hopes and Fears,
 And sit too heavy on thy Soul ;
 Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flowers
 Mirth softly drives thy easy hours
 And cheers thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl :

Where Poplars white the lofty Pine
 And Myrtles friendly Branches joyn,
 And hospitable shades compose ;
 Where near a purling Spring doth glide
 In winding Streams, and softly chide
 The interrupting Pebble as it flows.

There

There bring thy Wine ; thy Odors spread,
Let fading Roses crown thy Head,
Whilst Wealth, and Age and Life will bear ;
For you must leave your Groves, your House,
And Farm where yellow *Tiber* flows ;
And thy heap'd Wealth shall fill thy greedy Heir :

For whether sprung from Royal Blood,
Or from themeanest of the Crowd ;
'Tis all a Case, for nought can save ;
The Hand of Fate doth strike at all,
And thou art surely doom'd to fall,
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave :

Our Lots are cast, Fate shakes the Urn,
And each mans Lot must take his turn
some soon leap out, and some more late :
But still 'tis sure each Mortals Lot
Will doom his Soul to *Charon's* Boat,
To bear th' eternal Banishment of Fate.

ODE IV.

*To Xanthias Phoceus who fell in Love with his
Captive.*

Dear *Xanthias* tis a faulty shame,
Blush not to own a Noble flame
Rais'd by thy Captives Charms ;
The fair *Brisëis* once could move

Achilles

Achilles stubborn Soul to Love,
And force the haughty Heroe to her Arms :

Tecmessa's Charms subdu'd her Lord,
And Conquering *Ajax* soon ador'd ;
By fair *Cassandra's* Eyes
When *Hector* fell, and left his *Troy*
To weary *Greeks* an easy Prey,
E'en midst his Triumph great *Atrides* dies :

See what a Beauteous Majesty,
And how commanding is her Eye,
Her look proclaims her State ;
She Mourns, she Mourns, a Royal Race,
And Parents equal to her Face,
And grieves to see so strange a whirl of Fate :
Ne're think her, Friend, of Common Blood ;
Nor sprung from the dishonest Crow'd
A mind so bravely bold,
So chaste as to resist the Arts
That take the mean unguarded Hearts,
The force of pressing Youth, and Charms of Gold :

Her Face, her Neck, her Breast and Arms
I praise not taken with her Charms ;
Suspicious thoughts remove ;
Let almost forty feeble Years
Secure thy mind from jealous fears,
And tell that *Horace* is too old for Love:

ODE

ODE V.

To his Friend in Love with a young Girl.

THy Heifer, Friend, is hardly broak,
Her neck uneasy to the Yoke;
She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear
The weight of the obliging Steer:
In flowry Meads is her delight,
Those charm her Taste and please her sight:
Or else she flies the burning Beams
To quench her Thirst in cooler Streams;
Or with the Calves thro Pastures plays,
And wantons all her easy days:
Forbear, design no hasty Rape
On such a green, untimely Grape:
Soon ruddy Autumn will produce
Plump Clusters, ripe, and fit to use:
She now that flies, shall then pursue,
She now that's courted doat on you:
For Age whirls on, and every year
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:
Soon Lalage, shall soon proclaim
Her love, nor blush to own her Flame:
Lov'd more, for she more kindly warms
Than *Phloe* coy, or *Cloris* Charms,
So pure her Breast, so fair a White
As in a clear and smiling Night,
In quiet Floods the Silver Moon
Or *Cretan Gyges* never Shone;
Who, plac'd amongst the Maids, defies
A skilful Stranger's prying Eys;

So

So smooth his doubtful looks appear,
So loose to Womanish his Hair :

ODE VI.

To SEPTIMIUS.

He wishes for a quiet retreat in his Old Age.

S*Eptimius* that wouldst stem the Main,
And go with me to distant *Spain*;
To fierce *Cantabrians* never broak,
As yet unlearn'd to bear our Yoke:
And *Syrtes* Sands, where th' Ocean roars,
And rowling Waves wash swarthy *Moors*;
May *Tibur's* Walls the *Tuscan* Seat
Afford my Age a safe retreat,
Oh! there, now tir'd with Wars and Seas,
May I enjoy a happy Ease!
If Fate denies this small Desire,
My hasty steps shall soon retire
Where smooth *Galeus* cuts his way;
Around whose Banks, white Fleeces play
And felt *Phalantus* easy sway:
Oh how those little Plains do please,
how fit for Happiness and Ease!
Where Honey fills the Combs, and strives
With fair *Hymettus's* sweetest Hives:
Where Olives from the fruitful Soil,
Nor yield to the *Venafrian* Oyl:

Where

Where Springs are long, and Winters mild,
Nor hoary Frost deforms the Field;
Where *Bacchus* friendly Mountains spread,
And *Almon* rears his fruitful Head;
Where choicest Grapes in Clusters twine,
Nor envy the *Falernian* Vine:
These happy Seats must us receive,
There you and I, dear Friend, must live,
Till Death's approaching hands surprize,
And close thy Poet *Horace* Eyes;
Then you a little Tomb shall rear,
And cool my Ashes with a Pious tear:

ODE VII.

A Welcome to his Friend Pompy.

Dear *Pompy* that hast often try'd
Whilst once we fought on *Brutus* side
How near pale Death rough Wars attends;
What Genius now hath sent Thee home,
And who restor'd Thee back to *Rome*,
Pompy, the best of all my Friends?

With whom in Mirth and Wine and Play,
Whilst sweetest Roses Crown'd my Head,
and did their Fragrant Odors spread;
I often broak the lingring Day:

The bloody Wars, *Philippy's* Field
Ignobly having lost my Shield,

With

With thee I saw, secure from Wound;
I saw the flight, when haughty Proud
To *Cæsar's* stronger vertue bow'd,
And basely bit the bloody ground:

Me *Mercury* secur'd from Fears,
He kindly wrapt me up in Night,
And sav'd me from the dangerous fight,
But Thee the Tide bore back to Wars:

Now then restor'd to ease and rest,
Pay *Jove* thy thanks and promis'd Feast,
Now tir'd with Wars, from danger free
Beneath my cool and pleasing shade
On flowry Beds supinely laid
Enjoy the Casks design'd for Thee:

See here they stand, these Bowls employ,
Forgetful Wine profusely pour,
From largest Shells rich Oyntments shour,
There's no extream in real joy:

Who Parsly twines, or Myrtle Boughs
To grace our Mirth, and shade our Brows?
Who Crowns prepares for every Guest?
Whom will the happy Dye design
The just disposer of the Wine,
And great Controuler of the Feast?

Let Mirth, and Joy, and Wine attend,
I must be Mad, I must appear
As wild as the mad *Thiadians* are;
'Tis decent at the welcome of a Friend:

O D E V I I I.

To his forsworn Mistress.

B *Arine* did revenge or'take,
And blast as oft as you deceive;
Were but one Nail, one Tooth more black,
Thy Vows I would at last believe:

But still more fair, more bright thy Face,
More Crowds of Lovers flock to view,
As each false Oath procur'd a grace
And tempted Thee to prove untrue:

It profits Thee to be forsworn
By all that other Mortals fear,
Th' eternal Gods, thy Mothers Urn,
By whirling Heaven, and every Star:

The merry Nymphs approve thy Arts,
And *Venus* fair forgives thy Wiles,
And *Cupid*, sharpening flaming Darts
On bloody Whetstones, gently smiles:

Besides new Slaves still flock to Thee,
And happy He that takes the Chain;
And those that threaten to be free
Forgive the jilt, and serve again:

Thee still the thrifty Father fears,
And Mothers for their wanton Boys.
New Brides lest you detain their Dears,
And rob them of their promis'd joys:

ODE

ODE IX.

*He adviseth his Friend to grieve no more
for dead Myfles.*

Not always Snow and Hail and Rain
Descend, and beat the fruitful Plain;
Not ruffling Storms still tofs the *Caspian* Floods:
Not every Month doth lazy Frost
Bind up the *Armenian* Coast
Nor furious Storms still vex the groaning Woods:

Call'd forth by Spring's enlivening Breez
The Leaves return to naked Trees;
But you, dear Friend, still mourn in Weeping strains
Lost *Myfles*; when Noon burns the Skies
When night comes on, or when it flies
No change appears, Thy love and Grief remains:

Yet Aged *Nestor* dry'd his Tears,
His Grief was shorter than his Years;
Nor did he still his dying Son bewail:
His Sisters, and the *Trojan* Train,
And *Priam* wept, but smil'd again,
Nor always mourn'd young *Troilus* hasty fall.

Thy soft Complaints at last forbear,
Let Mirth succeed, and Smiles appear
Let's sing, and *Cæsar* be our lofty Theme;
How rough *Niphates* Hills obey,
And *Tigris* bound by *Cæsar's* sway
Less furious grows, and rous a milder stream:

The

The *Scythians* now with broken Bows
Confin'd to their own Frost and Snows
Have cool'd the raging fury of their Pride ;
In narrow bounds with nimble force
They ride their fierce impetuous Horse,
And view with longing Eyes the *Roman* side.

O D E X.

A middle Estate of Life is the best.

W^Hile they, that with a cautious fear
Not always thro the Ocean Steer,
Nor, whilst they think the Winds will roar,
Do thrust too near the rocky Shore:
To those that choose the golden Mean :
The Waves are smooth, the Skies serene ;
They want the baseness of the Poors retreat,
And envy'd Houses of the Great :
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,
High Mountains feel the Thunder's stroak ;
And lofty Towers, when Storms prevail,
Are ruin'd with a greater fall :
A Breast prepar'd in either State
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate ;
'Tis *Jove* the same that Winter brings
And melts the Frost by pleasing Springs :
Tho Fortune now contracts her Brow,
And frowns; yet 'twill not still be so :
Apollo sometimes Mirth pursues
His Harp awakes his sleepy Muse,
Nor always bends his threatening Bow :

F

When

When Fortune sends a Stormy Wind
Then show a brave and present Mind,
And when with too indulgent Gales
She swells too much, then furl thy Sails.

ODE XI.

He adviseth his Friend to live Merrily.

WHat fierce *Cantabrians*, what the *Scythians* dare,
Make, Friend, no object of thy care;
Whilst raging Floods, and *Adria's* Tide
Confine their force, and arms divide,
Secure we laugh at all the threats of War:

Let no concern, no cares for Life approach,
It lasts not long, and asks not much;
But see our years do swiftly move,
Our Nimble Youth and Beauty fades,
Dry Age with Cares will crowd our Heads:
And leave no room for easy Rest and Love:

Spring Flowers not always equal Beauties wear,
Nor Moons with equal Beams appear
As when at full they brightly shin'd;
Then why should you disturb your Mind
So much too narrow for eternal Care?

Why underneath a pleasing Myrtle shade
On flowry Banks supinely laid,
Are we so slow to spend a Day;
And whilst grey Hairs are crown'd with Rose,
Or

Or odorous Oyl our Heads o'reflows
Drink all our Troubles and our Cares away ?

Brisk *Bacchus* soon will fordid Cares refine,
And make dull *Melancholly* shine ;
What Boy waits there, what Boy to bring
Some cooler Streams from yonder Spring
To quench the fury of my flaming Wine ?

dare,

What ready Servant waits to call my Miss,
And who coy *Lyde* will entice ?
Bid *Lyde* come, we are in hast ;
Bid *Lyde* come, her harp prepare,
Like *Spartans* loosely bind her hair ;
For Love may Ebb, and then her time is past.

ODE XII.

To MECÆNAS.

ds :

*Wars and Battles are not a Subject fit for his Muse,
but Love and Lycimnia he can Sing.*

THE stout *Numantines* lingring fall,
The *Romans* Scourge dire *Hannibal*,
No more, my Learned Lord, require,
No more the rough *Sicilian* Flood
Dy'd deep with *Carthaginian* Blood,
To fit to the soft Measures of the *Lyre* :

Rose,
Or

Nor *Centaur's* eager to engage,
Nor fierce *Hylæus* Drunken rage,
Nor Giants tam'd by *Hercules*
Who dar'd to reach old *Saturn's* Crown,

Who dar'd to storm his shining Throne
And break the quiet of eternal Ease :

And you, my Lord, with equal flights
Great *Cæsar's* Wars, and conqu'ring Fights
Shall better tell in lasting Prose ;
And how in Triumph *Cæsar* led
The *Persian* and the haughty *Mede*,
And scatter'd Slavery midst his threatening Foes :

My Muse bids me imploy my Verse,
And soft *Lycymnia's* Songs rehearse ;
She bids me all her Charms improve,
Her taking Air, her shining Eyes,
By Nature fitted to surprize ;
And mind still faithful to thy mutual Love :

Lycimnia fair, the Pride of *Rome*,
How well her Charms and Arts become !
How movingly her Beauty pleads,
When toying she and richly drest
At Great *Diana's* solemn Feast,
Begins the Dance, and leads the Beauteous Maids :

For what *Achemenes* possessest,
And for the Wealth of all the East,
Would you, my Lord, exchange your Fair ?
Would you, my Lord, for all the Gold
The stuf *Arabians* houses hold
Exchange one braid of sweet *Lycimnia's* hair ?

When e're her head she gently moves,
To take the earnest of her Loves

A balmy Kiss ; or else denies
 With easy forwardness, which shows
 That She is more content to lose
 Than He that begs to win the Prize ;
 Or when She runs to snatch an eager Kiss.

ODE XIII.

*Upon a Tree that was like to fall upon him as he was
 walking in his Field.*

A Fatal Star did then command
 The Skies, and guide his impious hand
 Who planted Thee, to the disgrace
 Of's Farm, and ruin of his Race :
 'Tis certain He his Father kill'd,
 He slew, and fed upon his Child,
 He Stab'd his Friend before his God
 And Stain'd the 'Image with his Blood :
 To him *Medea's* Arts were known,
 The whole World's Sins he made his own,
 Who first disgrac't my Field with Thee,
 Thou impious Stock, thou cursed Tree,
 Thou cursed Tree whose hasty fall
 Design'd thy Master's Funeral :
 What each should fly is seldom known,
 We unprovided are undone :
 The Waves that foam round *Thracian* Shores
 Are dreaded by the swarthy *Moors*,
 They think cold Death doth use to trace
 The Snow and Frozen Hills of *Thrace*,
 Nor fear it from a warmer place :

The *Roman* dreads the Darts, the Force,
 And Conquering flights of *Parthian* Horse:
 The *Roman* Chains the *Parthian* fears,
 Their steddý Troops, and weightý Spears:
 Yet Death when Arm'd with a Disease
 From other Parts will rudely seize,
 She comes unlookt for, sweeps away
 Unthinking Nations in a Day,
 And huddles up her easý Prey:
 How near had I, how nearly seen
 The Kingdom of the swarthy Queen?
 Judge *Æacus*, the story'd Grove,
 The seat of Piety and Love:
 And *Sappho* who in humble strains
 Of her base Country-men complains,
 In sweetest tunes proclaims her Love,
 But mourns at her reproach above:
Alcæus too whose golden strings
 VVith manlier strokes found greater things;
 He tells the dangers and the fears
 Of Flights, of Sailing, and of VVars:
 VVith silent rever'nce Ghosts admire
 The wondrous fury of his Lyre:
 The Vulgar Shades throng most to hear
 Of Kings depos'd, of seats of VVar,
 And Drink them with a greedy Ear:
 No wonder this, Hell's furious Guard
 With silent wonder stood and heard;
 His Ears lay down, and, whilst he play'd,
 A hollow Grin his joy betray'd:
 No His was heard, the Furies Snakes
 Lay hush't, and quiet on their necks:

Delight

New Motes are dug, large Ponds we make
That Rival e'en the *Lucrine* Lake :
Round lofty Firrs weak Ivy twines,
Unmarry'd Plains profusely spread
A useless melancholly Shade
O're larger Fields than marry'd Elms and Vines :

Our Beds of Roses, Myrtle Bowers
And all the Luxury of Flowers
Their fruitless Shades and Smells afford:
They now those fruitful grounds possess
Where Olives rose with vast Increase,
And with great Bounty fed the former Lord:

Thick Laurells plac't by purling Streams
Shut out the *Mid-days* burning Beams
And give us shade to drink and play ;
Was this by *Romulus* allow'd ?
Was this the way our Fathers shew'd
To rise to Empire, and extend our sway ?

No, then each single Man's Estate
Was small, the Publick Stock was great,
The Publick-Weal imploy'd their Care ;
No private Man profusely Skill'd
Did then his large Piazza's build
To take cool Breezes of the Northern Air :

The little Hut their Father's House
The Laws forbid them to refuse,
But live content in mean Aboads ;
Enjoyning all their Shrines and Towns

To

To build with new and costly Stones,
To grace their Country, and to please their Gods.

ODE XVI.

The contented Man the most happy.

FOr ease the Seaman asks the Gods
When tost in the *Egæan* Floods ;
When darkness spreads to heighten fears,
And not one friendly Star appears :

For ease the Warlike *Thracians* plead,
The *Persian* and the quiver'd *Mede* ;
For ease too precious to be sold
For costly Gems, or bought with Gold :

For neither Power nor Wealth controul
The sad disorders of the Soul,
Nor yet remove the Cares that wait
About the Palace of the Great :

Blest he with little, on whose thrifty Board
That Salt still shines that call'd his Father Lord,
No vexing fears his Breast can seize,
No fordid Lust will break his ease :

Why these extended Cares, and Strife,
And trouble for so short a Life ?
VVhy do we ply our Sails and Oars,
And fondly visit forreign Shores ?

Can

ods.

Can he that flies his Country find
That he can leave himself behind ?

“ For baneful Care will still prevail,
“ And overtake us under sail ;
It dogs the Horseman close behind,
More swift than Roes, or Stormy Wind :

A man contented with his present doom
Hates to look on for what's to come ;
With mirth he sweetens bitter Fate ;
There is no perfect happy State :

The stout *Achilles* dy'd in haste,
Long Age did old *Tithonus* waste ;
Those years swift time denies to Thee
Perhaps his hand shall reach to me :

Round Thee ten thousand Heifers low,
Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plow ;
In his gilt Coach neigh generous Mares,
The Purple dies what e're he wears.

A Farm as large as my desire
With some few heats of *Lyrick* fire
On me hath stubborn Fate bestow'd,
With Pride enough to Scorn the Crowd :

Can

ODE

ODE XVII.

To MECÆNAS.

*He is resolv'd not to survive him, and congratulates
his Recovery.*

VVhy am I kill'd with thy Complaint ?
'Tis more than any God will grant,
'Tis more, my Lord, than I can bear ;
That you on whom my hopes rely,
That you my great support should dy,
And leave thy Melancholly *Horace* here :

Did you my better half decay
For what should I, the other, stay ?
What comfort could compose my Mind
When neither whole, nor yet so dear
I should be doom'd to linger here,
And feel my worser part still left behind ?

The same black Day shall seize on both,
It is a fixt, and Solemn Oath,
Wee'l go, I've Sworn, We both will go ;
Tho you may first begin the Race,
I'll follow with a nimble pace,
And joyn you ere you reach the Waves below :

Did fierce *Chimera* dart her fire,
To make my frighted Soul retire,
Yet still I would attend you State ;

Tho

Tho hundred handed *Gyas* Rose,
In vain should all his strength oppose,
For Justice bids, and 'tis approv'd by Fate :

What ever Star did at my Birth prevail,
Whether my Fate was weigh'd in *Libra's* Scale,
Or Fatal *Scorpio's* Beams did shine ;
Or *Capricorn's* disturbing Rays
Those Tyrants of the Western Seas,
'Tis Strange how much your Stars consent with mine :

From *Saturn's* fatal influence
Jove's milder Rays were your defence,
He clog'd the Wings of hasty Death ;
When thrice with an auspicious voice
The States of *Rome* proclaim'd their joys,
And with their own supply'd their fading Breath :

My Head had felt a falling Oak,
But *Faunus* did divert the stroke ;
Faunus, the Witts kind guardian God,
The Shrine you vow'd the Gods prepare,
Let offer'd Bulls reward thir Care :
For me a Lamb shall shed his meaner Blood.

ODE XVIII.

Against Covetousness.

NOr Ivory, nor *Indian* Stuff,
 Nor Gold adorns my gawdy Roof;
 No Cedar Beams press costly Stone
 From Quarries of the torrid Zone,
 Where burning Rayes the Marble mould,
 And joyn the Mass with flowing Gold :
 Nor yet have I an Heir unknown
 E're seiz'd on *Attalus* his Throne ;
 No honest Clients hang my Rooms
 With Purple stretcht on *Tyrian* Looms :
 But yet I make a fair pretence
 To Honesty and Innocence,
 And store of Wit, and these compleat,
 And make me fought to by the great :
 This is my Wealth, This all my Store,
 Content I ask the Gods no more ;
 Nor my great Friends : O bounteous Fate,
 How happy in my mean Estate !
 Days push on Days with equal pace,
 New Moons still hast to the decrease,
 But you e'en whilst the Bell doth toll,
 And sadly warn thy flying Soul
 Rich Stones provide, large Piles you rear,
 Unmindful of your Sepulcher :
 Thy Moles, and thy incroaching Mounds
 Remove thy floods to streighter bounds,

For

For greedy you would seem but poor
Confin'd by Nature's narrow Shore :
Nay more you leap the Sacred bounds
And seize your meaner Clients Grounds ;
No Fence too high, no Ditch too deep
For Wealthy Injury to leap :
Expell'd by greedy Avarice
The Wife with her dear Husband flies,
With all her Gods, (too weak defence
For Poor and injur'd Innocence,
They suffer in the common harms)
And fordid Infants in her Arms :
Yet after all this toyl and heat,
This Fraud and Treachery to be great,
The last retreat the Rich must have,
The last and surest, is the Grave :
What wouldst thou more ? to Swains and Lords
An equal Room just Earth affords,
Nor does she take a Prince's Bones
With greater Rev'rence than a Clowns :
Ne're surly *Charon* brib'd with Gold
Brings back the Cunning or the Bold ;
Nor will He waft *Prometheus* o're
And land him on the living Shore :
Proud *Tantalus* and all his Line,
Tho Kings, His lasting Chains confine ;
And whether we his aid Implore
Or not, He's ready still to ease the Poor, (Shore:
Free him from want, and place him on the happy

ODE

ODE XIX.

In praise of Bacchus.

BORN out by an unusual rage
I saw (believe it future Age)
Where *Bacchus* taught the Nymphs a Song,
In distant Vales; from every Wood
With prickt-up Ears the Satyrs stood,
And smiling Fauns compos'd a list'ning throng:

Evæ! new fear disturbs my Soul,
With troubled joy my Passions roul
Whilst full of the impetuous God:
Evæ! spare, mighty *Liber*, spare,
Urge not the violent rage too far:
Spare, *Liber*, dreadful with thy angry Rod:

Now boldly I can speak thy Praise,
Rehearse the stubborn *Thyades*,
Too fierce to bear the easy Yoke:
Thy streams of Wine, thy milky Spring,
And in repeated Numbers Sing
Distilling Honey from the melting Oak:

Thy happy Bride's refulgent Hairs,
That grace the Skies with brighter Stars;
What Fate the Impious *Theban* strook,
How Aunt and Mother strangely tore
The trampling Wolf, and rooting Bore;
And fierce *Lycurgus* falling by his hook:

Indus

Indus and *Ganges* own thy sway,
And Thee the barbarous Seas obey,
You flush't o're craggy Mountains lead,
O're Hills and Dales, o're Springs and Lakes
The *Thracian* Rout, whilst harmless Snakes
In innocent folds twine round each drunken Head.

When impious Giants climb'd on high,
And dar'd to storm thy Fathers Sky;
Thy single hand secur'd his Crown:
You with a Lyons dreadful Jaws
And frightful Nails retriev'd the Cause,
Bold *Rhetus* quell'd and sav'd the falling Throne:

Tho much more us'd to soft delight,
Unfit, unable for a fight
You once were thought, and doom'd to ease:
Yet when your Heat and Vertue rose,
What fury seiz'd your haughty Foes?
How equally inclin'd to Wars and Peace?

When beauteous with your gawdy horn
You did from Hells black Shades return,
Thee *Cerberus* saw, and show'd the Way;
He wagg'd his Tail, grew wondrous kind,
He lick't thy Feet, he fawn'd and whin'd;
Nor did one grin an impious rage betray:

ODE XX.

He promiseth himself immortal Fame.

NO weak, no common Wing shall bear
My rising Body thro the Air ;
Now chang'd I upward go ;
I'll grovel here on Earth no more,
More high than Envy's self can soar,
I leave Mortality and things below :

Not Me, not Me, the meanly Born,
Whom the proud Fools and haughty scorn,
Not Me shall Death controul :
Not I, whom you I know not what,
Mecænas, call, will yield to Fate:
Nor shall the *Stygian* Waves confine my Soul :

Rough Skin o're both my Legs is spread,
And shining Feathers Crown my Head ;
Above I'me turn'd a Swan :
O're both my Hands light Plumes do spring,
My Arm is chang'd into a Wing,
And now I move with greater speed than Man :
On stronger, and on swifter Wing,
Than *Icarus* fled, I rise and Sing :
A sounding Bird I soar,
I'll see the distant Northern Pole
I'll see the Southern Billows roul,
And spread my Wings o're *Bosphorus* groaning Shore.

My

My Songs shall to the *Colchian* Ears,
And *German* that conceals his fears
Of *Roman* Troops be known:
The *Moors*, and in my numerous Verse
The *Scythians* Skill'd shall Songs rehearse :
The *Spaniard* too, and He that drinks the *Rhone*.

Mourn not, no friendly drops must fall,
No sighs attend my Funeral,
Those Common Deaths may crave :
Let no disgraceful Grief appear,
Nor damp my Glory with a Tear:
And spare the useless Honors of a Grave.

The End of the Second Book.

HORACE'S ODES.

Book the Third.

ODE I.

*Not Wealth or Honor, but Peace, and Quietness
makes a happy Life.*

BEgon, begon, I hate ye all
Both you great Vulgar, and you small;
Nor Mysteries, Prophane, behold :
To Boys and Maids unstain'd with Crimes
The Muses Priest in Sacred Rhimes
Doth unknown Songs and wondrous Truths unfold

The awful Kings o're Nations sway,
Their Subjects tremble and obey ;
The Kings themselves are rul'd by *Jove*,

Wh

Who broak the Giants Pride, and won
Eternal safety to his Throne
And by his powerful Nod doth all things move :

One man doth larger Fields possess,
One stands more fair for Offices,
The drudging Darling of the Crowd
Whilst One his Manners, or his Friends,
Or his Obsequious Train commends,
And One in Fame is greater, or in Blood:

Yet equal Death doth strike at all,
The haughty Great, and humble Small,
She strikes with an impartial Hand;
She shakes the vast capacious Urn,
And each Man's Lot must take his turn ;
Thro every glass she presses equal Sand :

Whilst Swords hung o're proud *Damocles*,
Not all the Tyrant's sweets could please :
Not Musicks Airs could calm his Breast :
The black remembrance of his faults
Still crowding back upon his thoughts,
Disturb'd and rob'd his troubled Soul of rest,

But humble quiet ne're flies o're
The lowly Cottage of the Poor :
The pleasing Shade and purling Streams
She loves to haunt, she loves the Plains,
And cheers the Plough-man loos'd from Pains
With still Security, and easy Dreams :

He that desires but what's enough
Against the force of Fate is proof:
Unstain'd He lives, and pure from Sin:
Let violent Tempests break the Woods,
And angry Whirlwinds toss the Floods;
He still hath Quiet, and a Calm within.

Let Hail his ripening Olives beat,
Or let them shrink with too much heat,
His barren Field deceive his hopes;
Or let his naked Trees complain
Of too much Drought, or too much Rain;
Or Frost untimely nip his rising Crops:

Now still our stately Squares encrease,
The Fish will find their Ocean less;
The Moles thrown in extend the Shoar;
The Lord grown weary of the Land
Now builds upon the Ocean's Sand;
And scorns the Bounds that Nature fixt before.

But Fear, and Melancholly Cares attend,
And where the Master climbs, ascend;
They soon o'rtake his flying Mind:
Born on by the same nimble gales
They press the Poop where e're He sails,
And when he rides black Care sits close behind.

Well then, since neither Gold, nor Gain,
Can quiet bring or fears restrain;
Since Purple bright as shining Stars
Can ne're dispel our Cloudy Cares;
Since all the Spices of the East

Can

Can never calm our troubled Breast,
 Why should I madly toyl to raise
 On envy'd Pillars Palaces ?
 Why spend my time, and wast my health ?
 Why should I strive to change my Field,
 And those delights my Farm can yield,
 For larger Lands, and more disturbing Wealth ?

ODE II.

*Youth must be bred in Wars and Want, and taught to
 be Religious.*

LEt vigorous Boys be train'd to bear
 The streights of Poverty in War ;
 Be hardly bred, improve thy Force,
 And bravely gall the *Parthian* Horse ;
 And let the *Persians* tremble at his Spear :

And let him live, and lie abroad
 Mid'st Dangers, Slaughters, Fears, and Blood ;
 Be tost with all the Storms of Fate,
 And hard'ned up to prop the State ;
 His Country save, and rise into a God :

Him from their Walls, when fierce in War,
 Let Tyrants Mothers view, and fear ;
 And let their Brides despairing sigh
 Ah may not my unskilful Spouse
 That furious Lion madly rouse,
 How fierce He drives, and how our Armies fly !

He

He nobly Bleeds, he bravely Dies
That falls his Countries Sacrifice ;
The flying Youth swift Fate o're takes
It strikes them thro the trembling backs,
And runs too fast for nimble Cowardice.

Vertue, unlearn'd to bear the base
And shameful baffle of disgrace,
Nor takes, nor quits the tottering Throne,
As fickle Crowds shall smile or frown ;
Nor from their wavering Breath receives the place :

True Vertue that unbarrs the Skie
To those that are too brave to Die,
Thro wondrous ways doth upward go,
Scorns the base Earth and Crowd below ;
And with a soaring Wing still mounts on high :

And just Rewards the Gods decree
For fair, obedient Piety ;
Not He that scorns or scoffs His God,
Or blabs his Mysteries abroad,
Shall live in the same House, or sail with me :

Oft *Jove* doth heedless Thunder throw,
And mix the Good and Bad below :
But lame Revenge still stalks behind,
Do's slowly dodg the guilty mind,
And only stays to take the surer blow :

ODE IV.

To the Muses acknowledging their Power and Kindness.

D Escend, my Muse, compose a long
A pleasing and a grateful Song,
Or to the Pipe or sounding Flute,
Or gently move *Apollo's* Lute :
D'y'e hear ? or airy frenzy cheat
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit ?
I seem to hear, I seem to move
And wander thro the happy Grove
Where smooth Springs flow, and murmuring Breez
Do's wanton thro the waving Trees :
In lofty *Vultur's* rising grounds
Without my Nurse *Apulia's* bounds
When young, and tir'd with sport and play,
And bound with pleasing sleep I lay,
Doves cover'd me with myrtle boughs
And with soft murmurs sweetned my repose :
A wonder this, and strange to all
That liv'd in fat *Ferenti's* Vale ;
High *Acherontia*, *Bantine* groves
Admir'd the kindness of the Doves :
'Twas strange that I midst Thorny Brakes,
Secure from Bears and creeping Snakes
Should lie so long ; that Doves should spread
The Sacred Laurel round my Head,
And I a Child not fear the Woods

The

The Care and Darling of the Gods :
 Yours, Muses, yours, I live your Care
 On *Sabine* Hills, or cold *Præneste's* Air:
 Or whether watry *Baiæ* please,
 Or wanton *Tibur* lulls me into ease :
 Because your Springs, your Sport, and Grove
 Are all the objects of my Love ;
 When *Brutus* lost *Philippi's* Field,
 I safely fled, and scorn'd my Shield,
 'Twas Sin to guard or to defend
 By mortal Arms the Muses Friend:
 By you the proud *Sicilian* Rock
 I brav'd, and scap't the curst Oak :
 Whilst you my feeble Ship shall guide,
 I'll singly stem the proudest Tide ;
 I'll travel thro the farthest East,
 Where never Mortal foot hath prest ;
Britans Inhospitable Flood
 And *Thracians* pleas'd with Horses Blood,
 On *Scythian* Sands I'll boldly tread,
 And stoutly see the quiver'd *Mede* :
 When *Cæsar*, great as all our Hopes,
 In Towns hath hid his weary Troops,
 You cheer his Soul, you soften Cares,
 And ease the harsh fatigue of Wars :
 You, Kind, instruct him how to live,
 Give good advice, and joy to give :
 We know, we know how mighty *Jove*
 (Whose guiding Nod rules all above,
 Who governs with an equal hand
 The raging Sea, and quiet Land ;
 Whose easy and Almighty sway

The

The Gods, and Ghosts, and all obey ;)
With Thunder strook bold *Titans* down,
And beat their fury from his Throne ;
We know how impious Giants fell
From climbing Heaven to deepest Hell :
That horrid Troop, those impious Bands,
Relying on their numerous hands,
Whilst they on Mountains climb'd on high
Spread no small terror thro the Sky ;
And shady *Pelion*, rais'd above
The high *Olympus*, frighted *Jove* :
But how could Brawny *Mimas* rise,
How large *Porphyryon's* frightful size
Against the Thunder of the Skies ?
How bold *Typhæus* aim a stroak,
How impious *Encel* dart his Oak ?
Too weak their force, and soon repell'd
By Virgin *Pallas* sounding Shield :
Here *Vulcan* fought, a greedy God,
On that side Matron *Juno* stood ;
And *Phæbus* there, a dreadful Foe
Still arm'd with an unerring Bow :
Who loves to haunt the *Lycian* Woods,
And in the pure *Castalian* Floods
Wash his loose locks ; who Songs inspires,
And fills his Priests with pleasing fires,
On *Patara* and *Delos* Fame
Bestows, and takes from both a Name.

Rash force by its own weight must fall,
But Pious strength will still prevail ;
For such the Gods assist, and bless,

But

But hate a mighty Wickedness.
 Proud Gyges proves this fatal truth,
 And hot Orion's lawless youth,
 E'en Virgin Pallas scarce could scape
 The Lustful fury of a Rape ;
 'Till her Bow reach't him, whilst He strove,
 With fiercer Darts than those of Love :
 The Earth on her own Monster thrown
 Now mourns the ruin of her Son,
 She grieves that her proud Children fell
 By Thunder strook to deepest Hell :
 Nor do hot Ætna's flames decay,
 Yet cannot eat the load away :
 Hot Iytius Liver, Vulturs' tear,
 They watch as soon as parts appear,
 And seize them streight ; the Doom was just,
 He punisht in the seat of Lust ;
 Wrath waits on Sin, three hundred Chains
 Perithous bind in endless pains.

ODE V.

To AUGUSTUS.

*Praising him for enlarging their Empire, and discom-
 mending Crassus's Souldiers which draws on
 the Story of Regulus.*

HIs Thund'ring proves that mighty Jove
 With wondrous Force rules all above,
 And now as mighty Actions shew
 That Cæsar is a God below ;

O're

O're *British* Shores our Empires spread,
Our Arms have reacht the haughty *Mede* :
Could *Craffus* Souldiers lead their lives,
So meanly yokt to barbarous Wives ?
Could they grow old (degenerate race,
Inverted Souls, and *Rome's* disgrace ?)
In Hostile Arms, the *Mede* obey
And fight for a Barbarians pay ?
Forget their Rites, their Name, and Blood,
Whilst *Jove* was safe, and *Rome* yet stood !
Wife *Regulus* did this prevent,
He scorn'd base Terms that *Carthage* sent,
Nor would he e're by his advice
Tempt future Age to Cowardice :
He knew that Vertues Crowns would fade
Unless the Captive Youth were made
Unpittied Preys to barbarous Foes,
And bore the Slavery they chose.
I saw, said He, our Eagles shine
And basely fill a Punick shrine,
With hanging Wings our fears upbraid
By which they were so soon betray'd :
I saw how Coward Armies stood,
And yield without a drop of Blood ;
I saw when they their Arms resign'd,
Their Slavish Hands drawn back behind,
I saw our Free-men bound led home,
Bound Conquer'd Citizens of *Rome* !
Their Gates unbar'd, they plough'd the soyl
Which *Roman* Troops did lately spoyl :
Redeem'd perhaps, more free from fear
More fierce they shall return to War,

More

More bold, more careful of their Fame;
 You add new losses to your shame :
 Wool once infected with a stain
 Ne'er takes it's Native white again :
 And when true Vertue falls, it lies,
 Prest down, and never cares to rise :
 If trembling Does when freed from Snares
 Will fight, then He'l forget his fears
 Then He'l be stout who basely chose
 To trust the Treachery of his Foes :
 He, He no doubt, will brave appear,
 And beat them in another War,
 Whose Arms could tamely bear the Cords
 And Whips of domineering Lords,
 Who sold his precious Liberty
 For meaner Life, and fear'd to Die :
 Resolv'd for Life He did not know
 To which he should his safety owe
 His *Roman* Courage or his Fear,
 And mixt dishonest Peace and War ;
 Oh shame ! Great *Carthage* ! rais'd more high
 On the Disgrace of *Italy* !
 His Wives chaste Kifs, his pratling Boys
 The former Partners of his joys,
 Now grown a Slave, thrown down by Fate,
 And less'n'd from his former State
 He shun'd ; with manly modesty
 On Earth he cast his stubborn Eye
 Whilst thus by strange advice He fought,
 And fixt the wavering Senate's Vote ;
 Then thro his weeping Friends He ran
 In hast, a glorious banisht man :

What

What Cords and Wheels, what Racks, and Chains,
 What lingring Tortures for his Pains
 The Barbarous Hangmen made, He knew ;
 And hightning Fame told more than true :
 Yet He his Wife and Boys remov'd,
 His hindring Friends, and all he lov'd,
 And thro the Crow'd he made his way
 That wept, and beg'd a longer stay ;
 As free as if when Term was done,
 And Suits at end, He left the Town,
 From Business and from Cares retreat
 To the cool pleasures of a Country Seat.

ODE VII.

To ASTERIA.

*He tells her that her absent Husband is Constant,
 and adviseth her to have a care of her solliciting
 Neighbour.*

AND why does fair *Asteria* mourn ?
 And why despair of his return ? (store,
 The first Spring Winds shall thy Dear Love re-
 Soft Gales shall waft the charming Youth
 Of constant and unshaken truth
 With Wealthy lading to the *Roman* Shore :

He's driven to a distant Coast,
 Whilst Winter binds the Floods with Frost ;
 Sleep grows a Stranger to his Eyes :

He

He mourns in melancholly Creeks,
 Whilst falling Tears freez on his Cheeks,
 And lengthens out the lingring Night with sighs :

Whilst some from *Chiloë* strive to move
 And draw him to another Love ;
 They tell the fury of her Flame ;
 They tell how melted in thy Fires
 The miserable Maid expires,
 And use all Arts that Treacherous Wit can frame :

They tell how *Phædra's* treacherous Tears
 Did urge believing *Prætus* Fears,
 And with what Lustful heat she strove ;
 What Crimes she feign'd to hasten on
 The Death of chaste *Bellerophon*,
 And take sharp vengeance for her slighted Love :

How neer chaste *Peleus* reacht his Fate
 And felt the force of Woman's hate,
 Whilst from *Hyppolite* He fled ;
 A Thousand tales, those Bawds to Vice
 They still force on him, to entice
 Or fright him to despairing *Chloë's* Bed :

In vain, in vain, He hears no more
 Than Rocks when Winds and Waters roar ;
 Nor owns the Conquest of her Eyes :
 But, fair, take heed, and guard your Heart,
 And let not fond *Eunipe's* Art
 Steal in, and your unguarded Soul surprize.

Tho none with equal manly force
 In *Mars* his Field can guide his Horse,

Tho

Tho none appears so brave in Arms ;
 Tho none with equal Art divides
 The headlong force of *Tiber's* Tides,
 Yet scorn the winning beauty of his Charms :

Shut all your doors at Evening's shade,
 Nor when you hear a Serenade
 Look down with a regarding Eye :
 Although he vows, and mourns his pains,
 And calls Thee cruel, and complains ;
 Be cruel Still, and more and more deny.

ODE VIII.

To MECÆNAS.

*Whom He invites to an Entertainment which He
 made for joy of his deliverance from the falling
 Tree.*

Vhat I, a Batchelor, intend
 My learned Lord, and noble Friend,
 In *Mars* his Calends you admire ;
 What mean those Flowers that Crown my Head,
 The Coals on green-turf Altars laid
 Where in small Censures thankful sweets expire :

To *Bacchus* pleasing Feasts I vow'd,
 And a White Goat's attoning Blood,
 When I had scap't the falling Oak :
 This day, as years run round, a Feast,

H

Shall

Shall pierce my Casks ; and claim the best,
That long stor'd up hath drank digesting Smoak :

Drink, drink, let numerous Cups extend
The Life of thy deliver'd Friend,
Cups large as thy extensive joys :
Let watching Tapers chase the Night,
Till rising Morn restore the light ;
Let mirth attend, and banish Strife and Noise.

Forget, forget thy publick Cares,
And take no thought for state Affairs,
We hear the *German* Troops o're thrown ;
The *Medes* now hate their Former Lords,
They fight, nor yet expect our Swords ;
But sadly conquer for us with their own :

Our ancient Foe the Pride of *Spain*
The fierce *Cantabrian* takes the Chain,
Tho late, at last He's forc't to yield :
The *Parthians* fly, the *Scythians* now
Their Arrows break, unstring their Bow,
And are resolv'd to quit the fatal Field :

Neglect the various turns of State,
The sports of Chance, or nods of Fate,
Grown private watch not o're Affairs ;
But smile, and eagerly receive
The Goods the present time can give ;
And leave behind the Grave Fatigue of Cares.

ODE IX.

A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

WHilst I was welcome to your Heart;
 In which no happier Youth had part,
 And full of more prevailing Charms
 Threw round your neck his dearer Arms;
 I flourish'd richer, and more blest
 Than the great Monarch of the East.

Lydia.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
 Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia the celebrated Name,
 The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
 I flourish'd more than she renown'd
 Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found:

Horace.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse
 And every Grace adorn, subdues;
 For whom I'd gladly die to save
 Her dearer Beautys from the Grave:

Lydia.

Me lovely *Calais* doth fire
 With mutual flames of fierce desire,
 For whom I twice would die to save
 His Youth more precious from the Grave:

Horace.

What if our former Loves return
 And our first fires again should burn,

If *Chloe's* banisht to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia* ?

Lydia.

Tho He is shining as a Star,
Constant, and Kind as he is Fair;
Though light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would Live, would Die with Thee

Duke.

ODE X.

*He tells Lyde that perhaps He shall not always be
able to endure her Scorn.*

DId *Lyde* Drink cold *Tanaïs* Flood,
A *Scythians* Bride that fed on Blood;
Yet would you grieve to see the Kind,
The constant *Horace* grasp the Floor,
Extended by thy cruel Door,
Expos'd to th' fury of the Native Wind.

Dost hear what Tempests beat thy Gate ?
How all rush on as arm'd with Fate ?
And how thy pleasing Groves are tost ?
With what severe and piercing light
The Moon and Stars now guild the Night,
And glaze the scatter'd Snow with hoary Frost ?

Thy haughty Pride and Scorn remove,
Ingrate and Enemy to Love ;

My

My passions Tide may ebb again;
 No *Scythian* Mother brought Thee forth,
 And hardned by the freezing North,
 That ardent Lovers thus should court in vain.

If all my Prayers and Gifts are weak,
 Nor violent paleness of my Cheek
 The Lover's Livery, can move;
 If that thy Husband scorns thy Charms,
 And takes a Songstress to his Arms,
 Can n're provoke Thee to my firmer Love.

O stiff as Oaks to warm desire
 Too hard to burn in my soft Fire,
 As fierce as Snakes on *Lybian* Shore;
 Tho now my patient side can bear
 Thy Door, the Rain, and piercing Air,
 Yet time will come when 'twill endure no more.

ODE XI.

To Mercury, and his Shell, whom He desires to move
 Lyde, and tells the Story of Danaus's Daughters:

Sweet Mercury (for taught by you
 The listning Stones *Amphion* drew)
 And pleasing Shell, well skill'd to raise
 From seven stretcht strings the sweetest Lays;
 Once mute, but now a Friend to Feasts,
 To cheer the Gods, and Rich-mens guests,
 Play Tunes, as may provoke to hear
 E'en *Lydes* coy denying Ear.

She like a Colt frisks o're the Plain,
 A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;
 Unable yet to bear the force
 And strength of the obliging Horse:
 You Tigers, you the listning Woods
 Can draw and stop the rapid Floods,
 E'en *Cerberus* thy force confest,
 Well-pleas'd He lay, and lull'd in rest,
 Tho thousand hissing Serpents spread
 And guard around his horrid Head,
 And Gore foam'd round his tripple Tongue
 He gently list'ned to thy Song:
Ixion, *Tytius* heard below,
 And smil'd but with a gloomy Brow:
 The leaky Tub awhile was dry,
 And *Danaus* Race stood idle by,
 Whilst thy harmonious Tunes did please
 They smil'd at their unusual ease;
 Begin sweet Lays, let *Lyde* hear
 What Crimes they did, what Pains they bear,
 Tell how their Tub can nought retain,
 But still gives space for idle pain;
 How Vengeance comes, tho moving slow,
 And strikes the guilty Souls below:
 They could, (could Hell contrive a blacker deed)
 Their Husbands stab, and smile to see them bleed:
 But one more Worthy of the Name of Wife
 The hopes and end of every Virgin's Life,
 Her perjur'd Father bravely disobey'd,
 And lives thro future Age a glorious Maid:
 With Love and Pity in her look
 She wakt her Spouse, and thus she spoke,

Fly,

Fly, fly, lest Fate should seize thy breath,
 And sleep be lengthned into Death :
 Fly, fly, thy unexpected Fate,
 My Sisters Rage, and Fathers Hate,
 Like Lionesses on a Steer
 They grin, and tear, ah me ! they tear :
 More tender I'll not strike the blow,
 Nor keep Thee from a fiercer Foe :
 Me let me Father load with Chains,
 Joyn Wit and Cruelty in Pains ;
 Me let him send to *Lybian* Shores,
 Mid'st Poysonous Snakes, and swarthy *Moors*,
 For saving you, I'll gladly bear,
 Nor show I'me Woman by a Tear :
 Fly, fly, dear Partner of my Bed,
 Whilst Night can hide, and *Venus* lead,
 Fly, fly, let happy Omens wait,
 And guide Thee thro' gloomy Fate ;
 Remember me, and o're my Grave
 Write this in a complaining Epitaph :

ODE XII.

*He congratulates Neobule's Happiness who lov'd a
 deserving Man.*

'Tis hard to be deny'd to prove
 The soft Delights of pleasing Love,
 'Tis hard to be deny'd to play,
 And with sweet Wine wash Cares away ,

H 4

Still

Still to be tost with doubting fear
 Lest angry Friends should prove severe,
 And with sharp chidings wound our Ear.
 Young wanton *Cupid's* Darts and Bow
 Have forc't thy Spindle from Thee now,
 Thy Wool, and all *Minerva's* toyls
 Are charming *Hebre's* Beauties spoils;
 He lives thy minds continual Theme,
 And you can think on nought but him;
Hebre, a Youth of Manly force,
 None sits so well the manag'd Horse;
Bellerophon would strive in vain
 To guide with so gentle a Rein:
 In all He shows a Manly grace,
 In Cuffing stout and swift in Race,
 When His oyl'd Arms have cut the Flood
 In swimming strong; He takes the Wood,
 Thro Plains pursues the flying Doe,
 And shoots with an unerring Bow;
 Or else for Bores His Toyls He sets,
 And takes them foaming in his Nets.

ODE XII.

To His pleasant Spring.

B *Lundusia's* Spring more clear than Glass,
 That bubbles thro the rising Grass:
 Thee Wine should sweeten, Crowns adorn,

But

} But now a wanton Ridgling dies
A Pious humble Sacrifice,
His flowing blood shall Paint the rising Morn :

With budding Horns He dares to fight;
His fury hastens to delight ;
Courage with Love together grows :
In vain, in vain ; His wanton Blood
Shall surely stain thy cooler Flood,
And pay the mighty Debt his Master owes :

The furious Dog-Stars burning Beams
In vain attempt thy living Streams,
In vain they strike thy Sacred Deep ;
You yield delightful liquid Snow
To Oxen wearied with the Plow,
And cool the thirsty Heat of wandring Sleep :

You rankt shall be midst noble Springs,
And high in Fame, whilst *Horace* Sings,
The shady *Beech* that rising grows
Where, by great *Neptune's* Trident strook
A Passage opens thro the Rock
And whence thy prattling Stream of Water flows.

O D E

ODE XIV.

He resolves to be merry at Cæsar's return.

CÆsar, who like *Alcides, Rome,*
Did march to bring the Laurel home,
Bought with his Death ; from distant *Spain*
Is now return'd in Peace again :

Let *Cæsar's* Queen, with one content
With Pious thanks just Gods present ;
His Sister too, as bright in Charms
And great as *Cæsar* in his Arms :

And you whose Sons kind Fates restore
With humble modesty adore ;

Ye smiling Maids, ye Girls and Boys
And you that tast the Marriage joys,
With Mirth salute our Conquering Lord,
Nor drop one inauspicious Word.

This Day, to me a real Feast,
Black Cares shall banish from my Breast :
I'll fear no Tumults, fear no Pains,
Nor violent Death, whilst *Cæsar* Reigns :

Boy bring me Oyl, and Crowns prepare,
And Wine that knew the *Marfan* War,
If any Cask could hidden lie
From wondring *Spartacus* his Eye :

Bid sweet *Næra* spread her Charms,
 And hast to fly into my Arms,
 But if the Cursed Porter stay,
 And ask Thee questions ; Come away :

Now Snowy time hath coold my rage,
 I am not eager to engage,
 But yet I know when I was wont
 To storm at such a rude affront ;
 Whilst Youth was warm, but Love is cold,
 And I can bear now I am old.

ODE XV.

He adviseth an Old Woman to be Modest.

THou Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
 Forbear, and toy in Love no more,
 Confine thy Lust and end thy shame,
 Nor strive to blaze with dying flame :
 Now near to Death that comes but slow,
 Now Thou art stepping down below :
 Sport not amongst the Blooming Maids
 But think on Ghosts, and empty Shades :
 What suits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
 Gray *Chloris* will not Thee become,
 A Bed is different from a Tomb :
 Thy Daughter with a better Grace
 Tho wrinkles plough her wither'd Face,

3

Might burn, and rage, break Young Men's doors,
 And wait the Relicks of her hours;
 Let *Notbus* Love force her to play
 Like wanton Kids ith' heat of *May*;
Lucerian Wool with Purple stain'd
 Not Harps become thy wither'd hand,
 The Purple Rosy Crowns disgrace
 The Earthy paleness of thy Face;
 And Drink until the Hog'shead's dry,
 Then suck the dreggs, no blood will fly
 To thy pale Cheek, nor softness to thy Eye.

ODE XVI.

All things obey Gold.

A Tower of Brass, Gates strong and barr'd,
 And watchful Dogs suspicious Guard
 From creeping Night Adulterers,
 That sought imprison'd *Danaë's* Bed,
 Might have secur'd one Maiden-Head;
 And freed the old *Acrisius* from his fears:

But *Jove* and *Venus* soon betray'd
 The jealous Guardian of the Maid,
 They knew the way to take the hold;
 They knew the Pass must open lie
 To every hand and every Eye,
 When *Jove* himself was Bribe, and turn'd to Gold:
 Gold

doors,

Gold loves to break through Gates and Barrs,
It is the Thunderbolt of Warrs ;
It flies thro Walls, and breaks a way,
By Gold the Argive *Augur* fell,
It taught the Children to rebel,
And made the Wife her fatal Lord betray :

When Engines, and when Arts do fail,
The golden Wedg can cleave the Wall ;
Gold *Philip's* Rival Kings o'rethrew ;
Rough Sea-men, stubborn as the Flood
And angry Seas that they have Plow'd,
Bribes quickly snare, and easily subdue :

barr'd,
ard

Care still attends encreasing store,
And craving Appetite for more ;
Mecænas, Honor of our Knights,
How justly was thy Friend afraid
To raise his too conspicuous Head
And soar too lofty, and to envy'd heights ?

Those that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the Sky :
I love a mean, and safe retreat ;
And naked now with haste retire
To Humble Those who nought desire ;
And joy to leave the Party of the Great :

Gold :
Gold

In my scorn'd Farm a greater Lord
Than if my crowded Barns were stor'd
With all the stout *Appulian* reaps ;
Than if to Me *Pactolus* ran

And

And rould in flowing Tides of gain,
Whilst I was Poor amidst my mighty heaps,

A purling Spring, a shady Grove
To raise my Song, and ease my Love,
My Farm that ne're deceives my hopes
Make me seem happier to the Wife,
Tho not to base and vulgar Eyes,
Than He that boasts his Fruitful *Lyba's* Crops :

Tho no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their grateful Tribute to my Hive,
No Wines by Rich *Compania* sent
In my Ignoble Casks ferment ;
No Flocks in *Gallick* Plains grow Fat,
Yet I am free from pinching want,
And beg'd I more, my Lord would grant ;
And to my Wishes equal my Estate :

But now more safe, and more securely blest
Than if my Hand grasp't East and West :
He, that asks much, must still want more ;
Happy, to whom Indulgent Heaven
Enough, and sparingly hath given,
And made his Mind as narrow as his Store.

ODE XVII.

He adviseth his noble Friend Ælius Lamias to live merrily.

Great Sir from ancient *Lamus* Sprung,
 As noble a descent, as long;
 (From Him, the Spring, thy generous Blood
 In undisturbed Streams has flow'd;
 From him the *Lamias* took their name,
 And swell the Annals of our Fame,
 Thy generous Blood rould nobly down
 From him that fill'd the *Formian* Throne
 Where swoln with Rain, swift *Liris* roars,
 And washes fair *Marica's* Shores,
 A Potent Scepter grac't his Hand,
 And measur'd out a wide Command)
 Tomorrow furious Winds shall spread
 The troubled Shore with useleſs Weed,
 And fill the Woods with scatter'd Leaves,
 Unless the cawing Crow deceives,
 The Crow that ſtill foretells a Rain
 And Storm, and never caws in vain:
 Now Pile thy Wood whiſt ſound and dry,
 To morrow morn a Pig ſhall die,
 And Wine ſhall cheer thy Slaves and Thee,
 From Country Toyl, and Buſineſs free,
 And all enjoy a ſhort liv'd Liberty.

}

ODE XVIII.

To FAUNUS.

Whose Favour and Protection He desires.

F *Aunus* that flying Nymphs pursues,
 And Courts as oft as they refuse,
 If Yearly Ridglings stain thy Grove,
 If the large Bowl the Friend of Love,
 Still flows with Wine; if Prayers invoke,
 And thy old Shrines with Odors smook,
 Defend my Fields, and sunny Farm,
 And keep my tender Flocks from harm:
 Or'e grassy Plains the wanton Flocks,
 The Village with their idle Ox,
 Sport o're the Fields, all finely drest
 When cold *December* doth restore thy Feast:
 The Lambs midst ravenous Wolves repose,
 The Wood to thee spreads rustick Boughs,
 The Ditcher with his Country Jugg,
 Then smiles to Dance where once he dugg.

ODE XIX.

A merry Ode to his Friend who was a Student.

How many years divide
Old *Inachus* and *Codrus* Reign
Who for his Country bravely dy'd,
You seek with mighty pain,
These are the idle Labors of thy Brain!

Old *Æacus* you can derive from *Jove*,
And tell what mighty Kin he had above;
You all the *Trojan* Wars can write,
But never mind what Wine will cost,
Who make a Feast, and who invite,
And who a Fire prepares at Night
Now Winter spreads the Fields with hoary Frost.

A Glas! come fill me to the rising Moon,
To Midnight, and to Morning one;
Wee'l never part whilst Stars do shine;
Forget thy Books, those idle Dreams,
Fill round, Three Bowls or Nine
Are sober Jollity's extreams.

He that th' uneven Muses loves,
With Three times Three his heat improves,
A staring Poet, rais'd by every Bowl;
The sober Grace with th' naked two,
Afraid of Brawls, but Three allow,
And only cheer, but never heat the Soul:

I must be Mad, what means the Flute ?
 Why hangs the Pipe and silent Lute ?
 I hate a niggard, quickly spread
 The sweetest Roses round my Head ;
 Let *Lycus* hear the roaring noise,
 And she the Neighbouring Mifs
 That doth his feeble Love despise,
 And let them pine, and envy at our joys :

Thee Beauteous with thy bushy Hair,
 And like the brightest Evening Star
 Ripe *Chloë* seeks with warm desires ;
 Whilst I a dull expecting Fop
 Still linger on with lazy hope,
 And slowly melt in *Glycera's* tormenting Fires.

ODE XX.

He adviseth his Friend not to strive to part a Lover and his Mistress.

DOst see what Dangers must attend,
 Thy Pious Duty to thy Friend ;
 'Tis hard to rob a Tygress of her Young :
 Ah baffled, Thou shalt soon retreat,
 And midst the shame of a defeat
 Unequal Foe confess her force too strong.
 When she with Fury rais'd shall move
 Thro throngs of Youth that offer Love,

And strive to win her Heart ; to seize the Fair ;
 Then shall we see who wins the Day,
 And who shall seize the Beauteous Prey,
 And in *Nearchus* have the greatest share:

Whilst you your winged Arrows draw,
 She whets her Teeth, and spreads her paw ;
 Whilst he that must bestow the Prize
 Sits unconcern'd with gloting Eyes ;
 On all around his Amorous glances spread,
 His perfum'd loose and wanton Hair,
 Permitting to the waving Air,
 As sweet as *Nireus* or as *Ganymed*.

ODE XXII.

He Dedicates his Pine to Diana.

Kind Guardian of my Hills and Grove
 Who thrice implor'd dost hear, and save
 The teeming Women from the Grave,
 Great here on Earth, in Hell, and great Above.

This Tree be thine that long hath stood
 To shade my House ; as Years roul round
 A Bore that Aims a side-ways wound
 Shall Yearly stain the Trunk with offer'd Blood.

ODE XXIII.

*Innocence pleases Heaven more than
Sacrifice.*

A Fat and costly Sacrifice
Is not the welcom'd Tribute to the Skys,
They'r more delighted with the small expence
Of Honesty and Innocence.

Let rustick *Phydile* prepare
At each new Moon an humble Prayer,
And at her old *Penates* Shrine
Pour one small bowl of Country Wine,
And stain their Altars with a greedy Swine;
No scorching Winds shall blast her fruit,
Her Corn be free from barren smut;
Nor let her darling Children fear
The shivering Agues of the dying Year.

The Sacrifice *Albanian* Pastures feed,
Or Snowy *Agidum's* cold Mountains breed
'Midst fruitful Oaks a pamper'd Beast,
Shall stain the Axes of the Priest:
But why should You profusely try
With slaughter'd Flocks to bribe the Sky,
Since Myrtle Crowns, and from the neighbouring
Flood

Few sprinkled drops shall please the God
More than whole Rivers of their offer'd blood?

If with an unpolluted hand,
Which neither Blood nor wicked Arts have stain'd,
A little Meal and Salt you bring
'Twill prove a more prevailing Offering
Than all the Spices of the Eastern King.

ODE XXIV.

*Nothing can secure a Man from Death, And
Covetousness is the Root of all Evil.*

THough You had all the Spice and Gold
Arabia sweats, and the rich *Indies* hold ;
Tho You extend Your Palaces
O're the *Tyrrhene*, and *Pontick* Seas ;
When strong Necessity
Shall fix her Adamantine hooks on Thee,
When she shall drag away
The trembling melancholy Prey,
Not all thy Wealth shall save
Thy Mind from fear, or body from the grave.

Happier the wandring *Scythians* live,
Who all their house in one small Waggon drive,
Where no unequal bounds
Do parcel out the Land in private grounds,
The Corn grows freely for the Common good ;
And when one Year their Fields they plow'd,
They sit at Ease, whilst others toyl,
And equal pains manure the Publick Soil.

There all the Cups the Step-dames hands present
To unsuspecting Heirs are innocent :

No Wife confiding on her Dower,
Or rich Gallant usurps her Husband's Power ;

None there a lawless sway pretends,
Her Portion is the virtue of her Friends,

And cautious Modesty
That closer draws the marriage tye,
They fear to sin, or sinning doom'd to dye.

He that would prize his Country's good,
And stop the Issue of our Civil blood ;

He that would stand in Brass as fixt as Fate,

Be nam'd the Father of the State ;

Let him restrain this Brutal rage :

A glorious Man in future age !

Since Envious We despise
Vertue when present, when it flies
Stand and gaze after it with longing Eyes !

But sad Complaints are vain,

Vice only yields to pain,

Her Sword strict Justice needs must draw,

And cut it off by necessary Law ;

And what are Laws ! State Pageantry !

Unless obey'd

With the same reverence they were made,
Unless our Manners and the Rules agree !

The Merchants dare to cut the Line,
Where beams still boyl the Metal in the Mine,

Nor can the frigid Coast

That lyes bound up with lazy Frost,

Nor

Nor all the Snow and Northern Ice,
 Ere cool the Sailer's flaming Avarice;
 In feeble Ships they dare to ride
 And boldly stem the highest Tide,
 When scarce three inches them and Death divide,
 For Poverty that great disgrace
 Still drives them on the vicious race;
 Whilst Vertue's Paths that lead on high
 Untrod and unfrequented lie,
 Few think it worth their while to climb the Sky.

To *Jove's* great Shrine let *Romans* bring
 Their Wealth, a grateful Offering;
 For those that thus their Treasures spend,
 Just blessings Crown, and joyful shouts attend:
 Or in the Neighbouring flood
 Let's cast our Jewels and our Gold,
 For which we have our Vertue sold,
 Our Gold the dear-bought cause of all our blood:
 Wealth, form'd near Hell, when here on Earth
 Brings up the curfed Region of its birth.

If we repent, and hate the Crimes
 And Follies of our own and Father's times,
 We must root out the very seeds of Sin,
 And plant new Vertue in;
 The Soil is soft, and if manur'd with care,
 And manly Arts, may bear
 A fruitful Crop, Vertue may sprout again,
 And with a Vast encrease reward the Tiller's pain.

Our Nobles Sons with an unequal force
 Now scarce can sit the Manag'd Horse,
 They Hate the Ring, nor dare to ride the Course:
 But Cards, unlawful Dice,
 And all the mysteries of Vice (know,
 That *Greece* e're taught, or *Rome* improv'd they
 For these they nobler Deeds forgoe;
 These are their Arts, their chief delights,
 The Pleasures of their days, and study of their
 (nights.

Mean while their perjur'd Fathers cheat,
 Grow grey in base Oppression, and Deceit;
 To their best Friends their Oaths are Snares,
 Whilst at the vast Expence
 Of Honesty and Innocence,
 They Heap up Wealth for their unworthy Heirs.
 Their Stores encrease, and yet, I know not what,
 Still they do something want,
 Which neither pains can get, nor Heav'n can
 To swell their Narrow to a full Estate. (grant,

ODE XXVI.

Now being grown Old, he bids farewell to Love.

ONCE I was gay, and great in Charms,
 Success still waited on my Arms,
 In *Venus* Battles bravely stout,
 I fought, and conquer'd when I fought:

But

But now my Arms and wanton Lyre
 Whose tunes could spread Harmonious fire,
 Whose moving strokes could soon impart
 Soft wishes to the tender heart,
 My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows
 That broak the Doors that did oppose,
 That did all Obstacles remove,
 Which hindred my pursuit of Love,
 In *Venus* Shrine unheeded lie
 With all my Love's Artillery :
 Great Goddess who o're *Cyprus* reigns,
 And scorching *Memphis* burning Plains,
 Let coy and scornful *Chloe* know
 The fury of thy *Cupid's* Bow ;
 And let her smart for her disdain,
 Enflame her Breast, and I shall love again.

ODE XXVIII.

To Lyde, On Neptune's Festival.

What should I do at *Neptune's* Feast,
 What better should my thoughts em-
 (ploy,
 What should I do but treat my guest,
 And show the greatness of my Joy ?
 Wine, *Lyde*, Wine ; storm sober Sense,
 My Bowl is strong, and that will make a weak
 defence.

Do'st

Do'st see how half the day is past ?
 And yet as if wing'd Time would stay,
 You still the precious minutes wast ;
 And lead me on with slow delay.

Wine, *Lyde*, Wine ; to raise my flame,
 Old lusty Wine, and seal'd with *Bibulus's* name.

I'll sing great *Neptune* bound by Rocks,
 I'll sing the *Nereids* Sea-green hair;
 And how they sit, and spread their locks
 To tempt the greedy Mariner :
 You to your Harp *Latona* sing,
 And *Cynthia's* Arrows shot from an unerring string.

Both her who drawn by murmuring Doves
 To *Paphos* guides with filken strings,
 Whilst *Cupids* wait, and wanton Loves
 Fan their warm Mother with their wings :
 Just songs and thanks shall praise the Night,
 For lingring Long, and giving space for gay delight.

ODE XXIX.

He invites Mæcenas to an Entertainment.

MY noble Lord of Royal Blood,
 That from the *Tuscan* Monarchs flow'd,
 I have a Cask ne're pierc'd before ;
 My Garlands wreath'd, my Crowns are made,
 My Roses pluckt to grace thy head ;
 As fair and sweet as e're *Præneste* bore.

Make

Make hast, my Lord, and break away
 From all the Shackles of delay,
 From watry *Tibur's* Fields retreat ;
 Let not low *Æsula* delight,
 Nor let her Vales detain thy fight,
 Or Parricide *Telegonus* his Seat.

From thy disgusting Plenty fly,
 Thy Palace leave that mounts on high
 And hides her head in bending Clouds ;
 Admire no more (but quickly come)
 The Wealth, the noise, and smoak of *Rome*,
 That happy Mansion of our future Gods.

Changes have often pleas'd the Great ,
 And in a Cell a homely treat ;
 But sweet and good, and cleanly dress'd,
 Tho no rich Hangings grace the Rooms,
 Or Purple wrought in *Tyrian* Looms,
 Have smooth'd a careful brow, and calm'd a trou-
 bled breast.

The Dog's and Lion's fury rise,
 With doubled beams they scorch the Skys ;
 The Swains retire to mid-day dreams :
 The bleating Flocks avoid the heat,
 And to the Springs and Shades retreat ;
 And not one breath of Air curls o're the Streams.

Whilst You still watch the turns of Fate,
 The careful guardian of our State ;

Intent

Intent on what the *Mede* prepares :
 What leads the quiver'd *Persian* forth,
 What moves the *Bactrian*, and the *North*,
 Are the distracting Objects of thy Cares.

Future Events Wise Providence
 Hath hid in Night from humane Sence,
 To narrow bounds our search confin'd :
 And laughs to see proud Mortals try
 To fathom deep Eternity
 With the short Line and Plummet of their Mind.

Those Joys the present Hours produce
 Take thankfully, my Lord, and use ;
 All other things like Rivers flow,
 In their own Channels thro the Plain
 They fall into the *Tuscan* Main,
 And bless the Country as they go :
 When Rain hath rais'd the quiet Floods,
 Whilst Neighbouring Mountains all around
 Are fill'd, and Eccho with the sound,
 They whirl the eaten Rocks and Woods,
 And drown the growing Labors of the Plow.

He's Master of himself alone,
 He lives, that makes each day his own :
 He lives that can distinctly say
 It is enough, for I have liv'd to day :
 Let *Jove* to morrow smiling rise,
 Or let dark Clouds spread o're the Skys :
 He cannot make the pleasures void
 Nor sower the sweets I have enjoy'd,
 Nor call that back which winged hours have born
 away. Still

Still Fortune plays at fast and loose,
And still maliciously jocosely,
Her cruel sport she urges on ;
Now smiles on me, on Me bestows,
And then upon another throwes
Vast heaps of Wealth, and takes them back as soon.

When e're she stays with what she brings
I'm pleas'd, but when she shakes her Wings,
I streight resign my just pretence ;
I give her back her fading Gold :
My self in my Vertue fold,
And live content with Want and Innocence.

When spreading Sails rough Tempests tear,
I make no lamentable Prayer ;
I do not bargain with the Gods,
Nor offer costly Sacrifice
To save my precious *Tyrian* dyes
From Adding Riches to the Greedy Floods.

E'en 'midst these Storms I'll safely ride,
My Bark shall stem the highest Tide ;
Tho Tempests toss, and th' Ocean raves,
Castor shall gather gentle Gales,
And *Pollux* fill my spreading Sails,
And bear me safe thro the *Ægean* Waves.

ODE XXX.

He promiseth himself Eternity.

TIs finish't ; I have rais'd a Monument
More strong than Brass, and of a vast extent :
Higher than *Egypt's* statelyest Pyramid,
That costly Monument of Kingly Pride ;
As High as Heaven the top, as Earth the Basis wide :
Which eating showers, nor *North* wind's feeble blast,
Nor whirling Time, nor flight of Years can waste :
Whole *Horace* shall not dye, his Songs shall save
The greatest portion from the greedy Grave :
Still fresh I'll grow, still green in future praise,
Till Time is lost, and *Rome* it self decays ;
Till the chief Priest and silent Maid no more
Ascend the Capitol, and *Jove* adore :
Where violent *Ausid* rouls thro humble Plains,
And where scorch'd *Dannus* rul'd the labouring
Swains,
There shall my fame resound, there all shall cry
'Twas I, the great from mean descent, 'twas I
That first did dare to bind the *Grecian* Song,
And unknown numbers in the *Roman* tongue :
Muse take thy Merits due, and proudly raise
Thy Head, and gladly Crown my Brows with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.

ODES.

Book the Fourth.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

1. *He is now grown Old and unfit for Love.* 2. *Desires her to go and visit Young Paulus.* 3. *Yet He still thinks on his lovely Boy Ligurine.*

1. **L**ong interrupted War
 Thou *Venus* dost again renew,
 And former hate pursue;
 Oh spare, for Pitty, *Venus*, spare.

I am not what I was
 In lovely *Cynera's* easy Reign
 When heat warm'd every Vein,
 And manly Beauty filld my Face.

Cease

Cease *Queen* of soft Desires
To bend my Mind grown stiff with Age,
And *fifty* years engage
To crackle in thy wanton Fires.

But Youth and Beauty hear,
Go where their tender wishes call,
And let their sighs prevail ;
Go free young Virgins of their fear.

2. There is a Noble game,
In *Paulus* House, go drive thy Doves,
And revel with thy Loves,
His Heart deserves thy choicest Flame :

For He is great in Charms,
The chiefest Honor of the Bar,
He'll make successful War,
And spread the Glory of thy Arms :

When He the lovely smiles,
When he the happy Man shall prove,
And win by naked Love
His giving Rivals costly spoils ;

Of *Cedar* grac't with Gold,
A stately Pile shall proudly rise
As glorious as the Skies,
And thy blest *Image* gladly hold ;

Before Thee *thrice* a day
With Incense sweet thy Shrine shall smoke,

And

And Boys and Maids invoke,
And dance, and praise Thee as they pray ;

In wanton order move,
Whilst Pipe, and Flute, and charming Lyre
Compose the joyful Quire,
And naked all, and fit for Love.

No Maids, no wanton Boys,
No Empty hopes of mutual Love
My feeble passions move,
Or quicken my dead Soul to joys :

E'en Crowns and VVine displease,
I cannot roar and drink all Night,
Old Age doth cramp Delight,
And lead me down to lazy Ease :

3. But Ah ! what's this my Dear !
Dear *Ligurine*, ah tell me why
These drops forsake my Eye,
And tender sighs fan every tear.

Why doth my flowing Tongue
In unbecoming silence fall ?
And why do sighs prevail,
And in the midst surprise my Song ?

Thee, Thee, my lovely Boy,
Now now I clasp, and now in Dreams
Pursue o're Fields, and Streams ;
Thee, Thee, my Dear, my flying Joy :

ODE II.

To ANTONIUS JULUS.

1. *None can imitate Pindar.* 2. *Commends Antony, and proposes Cæsar's Actions as a fit subject for his Muse.*

1. **H**E that to equal *Pindar* tries,
 With Waxen wings he vainly flies
 Too near exalted Fame ;
 And must expect a Fate like his
 Who fell, and gave the Sea a name.

As violent Rivers swoln with Rain,
 Break o're the neighbouring fruitful Plain
 With an impetuous stream ;
 So *Pindar* doth all Banks disdain,
 And overflows the highest Theme.

In all He doth deserve the Crown
 Whether He rushes boldly on,
 And rous new words along ;
 Through lawless *Dytherambicks* thrown ;
 Or Thunders in a looser Song :

Or Gods, or Gods next Kindred Kings,
 In mighty numbers mighty things,
 Or valiant *Heroes* names
 That kill'd the *Centaur*s, nobly sings,
 And quench'd the fierce *Chimæra's* flames.

Or praised him that swiftly rode,
 And Crown'd return'd almost a God
 From the *Olympian* race;
 Or Verses on the Brave bestow'd,
 More sounding and more strong than Brass.

Antony,
 and for

Or softly sings with pious grief
 A Youth snatcht from his weeping Wife,
 And bears their names on high,
 Their vertuous manners pleasant life,
 And doth forbid their Loves to dye.

The *Theban* Swan vast whirls of Air
 Thro highest Regions swiftly bear
 When he designs to rise,
 When He his lofty head doth rear
 And shoots it thro the Cloudy Skies.

I like a *Bee* with toil and pain
 Fly humbly o're the flowry Plain,
 And with a busy tongue
 The little Sweets my Labors gain,
 I work at last into a Song.

2. But You shall sing in higher strains
 What Conquests mighty *Cæsar* gains,
 How great his Pomp appears,
 When justly Crown'd he leads in Chains
 The *German* Trophies of his Wars.

Greater than him no Age can know,
 Nor, if they would, the *Gods* bestow;
 No, they can bless no more

If they their bounty strove to show,
And would the *Golden Age* restore :
Then thou shalt sing our feasting days,
Our City's Joy, and publick Plays
At *Cæsar's* wisht return :
Then thou shalt sing how strife decays,
And *Courts* their peaceful Clients mourn.

And there if any patient Ear
My *Muses* feeble Song will hear
My voice shall sound thro *Rome* :
Thee, *Sun*, I'll sing, Thee, lovely fair ;
Thee, Thee I'll praise when *Cæsar's* come :

As you great *Poet* march along
From every Heart and every Tongue
A joyful sound shall move,
To Triumph be the Song,
VVhilst Incense smoaks to Gods above :

Ten fair large Bulls, ten lusty Cows
Must dy to pay thy richer Vows ;
Of my small stock of Kine
A Calf just wean'd now Youthful grows
In Pastures fat to fall for mine :

Unus'd to push doth wildly run,
And as the third-days rising Moon
So bend his tender horns ;
All over Red, but where alone
A milky spot his front adorns.

ODE III.

*To his Muse.**By her favor he gets immortal Reputation.*

AT whose blest birth propitious rays
The *Muses* shed, on whom they smile
No dusty *Isthmian* game
Shall stoutest of the Ring proclaim,
Or to reward his toyl
Wreath Ivy Crowns, or grace his head with Bays.

Nor Victor, Laurel round his Brows,
In an *Achean* Chariot ride :
No glorious feats of War
His happy Skill, and Arms declare
When He hath broke the pride,
And baffled dreadful threats of haughty Foes.

But fruitful *Tibur's* shady Groves,
Its pleasant Springs and purling Streams,
Shall raise a lasting name,
And set him high in sounding fame,
For *Lyric* Verse the noblest Themes,
Great as his Mind, and various as his Loves.

Rome Empress of the Nation's Writes,
Writes me amongst the *Lyrick* Train ;
And hence I Honor raise,
Immortal Love and lasting praise
Secure from fears, and pain,
For sharp-tooth'd Envy now but faintly bites.

Sweet *Muse* that tun'st the charming Lyre,
 And draw'st soft sounds from stubborn string,
 That can'st the Envious please
 And soften fury into ease,
 Teach silent Fish to sing,
 And tunes as sweet as dying Swans inspire.
 'Tis thine, *sweet Muse*, thy gift alone,
 That as I walk all cry 'tis He;
 That warms with *Lyrick* fire,
 'Tis He that tunes the *Roman* Lyre;
 And that I please, I own,
 Suppose I please, I have it all from Thee.

ODE V.

Great *Hero's* Son, *Rome's* gracious Lord,
 How long shall we thy absence mourn!
 Thy promis'd self at last afford,
Rome's sacred *Senate* begs: Return.

Great Sir restore your Country light;
 When your auspicious beams arise,
 Just as in Spring, the Sun's more bright,
 And fairer days smile o're the Skys.

As tender Mothers wait their Sons
 Whom Storms have tost above a Year,
 And every nimble day that runs
 They load with vows, and pious fear.

e,
ring,

They ne're their Eys from th' Shores remove,
Longing to see their Sons restor'd ;
Thus *Rome*, inspir'd with Loyal Love,
Expects her great, her gracious Lord.

The Ox doth safely Pastures trace,
And fruitful *Ceres* fills our Plains,
The Merchant sails o're quiet Seas,
And unstain'd Faith, and Vertue reigns.

No base Adultry stains our Race,
Strickt Law hath tam'd that spotted Vice ;
The Child can shew his Father's face ;
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its rise.

d,
n!

Who doth the dreadful *Germans* fear
The *Scythian* Rage, or *Parthian* Bow,
Or Who the threatning *Spaniards* War,
Whilst *Cæsar* lives, and rules below ?

In his own Hills each sets his Sun ;
To Widow Elms he leads his Vine,
And chearful, when his toyls are done,
Invokes Thee o're a Glafs of Wine :

To Thee our Prayers, and Wines do flow
To Thee the Author of our Peace,
As much as grateful *Greece* can shew,
To *Castor*, or great *Hercules* :

Long may You live, your days be fair,
Bestow long Feasts, and long Delight ;
This is our sober morning Prayer,
And these our drunken Vows at Night.

Th

ODE VI.

To Apollo and Diana.

Great God, whom *Niobe's* Race did know
A sharp revenger of a haughty Tongue,
Whom Lustful *Titus* wrong
Provokt to draw his fatal Bow ;
And stout *Achilles* found too great a Foe.

Tho fierce in Arms, tho *Thetis* Son,
Tho Death did wait upon his Sword, and Fear,
Attended on his Spear ;
Tho wretched *Troy* almost or'e thrown
Confest his force, He bow'd to Thee alone.

Like Oaks which biting Axes wound,
Or Cypress tall which furious Storms divide
He spread his ruin wide :
He felt the fatal Dart, He groan'd
And hid his noble Head in *Trojan* ground :

Not He in great *Minerva's* Horse
Had cheated *Troy*, and *Priam's* heedless Court
Dissolv'd in Wine and Sport ;
But hot, and deaf to all remorse
Had fiercely storm'd our Walls with open force :

And when strong Fates had *Troy* or'come
Too savage He, ah ! ah ! with *Grecian* Flames
Had burnt the breeding Dames,

And

And in their Mothers burning Womb,
Poor harmless Infants found a hated Tomb :

But your kind Prayers, and *Venus* Face
Prevail'd on Fate, made angry *Juno* kind,
And bent *Jove's* mighty mind
To grant a more auspicious place
To raise a Town for great *Æneas* Race :

Fain'd Artift on the Muses Lyre,
That bath'ft thy yellow Locks in *Zantus* Flood,
Sweet, smooth-fac't charming God,
Improve the rage thou didft inspire,
Encrease my heat and ftill preserve my Fire :

From *Phæbus* all my fancy came,
Twas *Phæbus* firft that taught me how to fing,
And ftroke the fpeaking ftring ;
He Art inspir'd, He rais'd my Fame,
And gave the glory of a Poet's name :

You noble Maids, and noble Boys,
The chafte *Diana's* chiefeft care below,
Whofe dreadful Darts and Bow,
Fierce *Tygers* fear ; obferve my voice,
Obferve the meafures of the publick joys :

Juft praifes give *Latona's* Son ;
And fing the Moon with her encreafing light
The beauteous Queen of Night,
Kind to our Fruits, and fwift alone
To turn the headlong Months, and whirl 'em down.

When Marriage bands confine thy Love
 Then boast, as years brought round the Feast, I plaid
 The Tunes that *Horace* made ;
 I sang his Verse ; and This did prove
 A pleasing Tribute to the Gods above.

ODE VII.

TO MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

*The Spring coming on, from the consideration of our
 frail State, He invites him to be merry.*

THE Snows are gone, and Grass returns again,
 New Leaves adorn the *Widow* Trees
 The unswoln Streams their narrow banks contain,
 And softly role to quiet Seas :

The decent *Nymphs* with smiling *Graces* joyn'd,
 Now naked dance i'th' open Air
 They frolick, dance, nor do they fear the Wind
 That gently wantons thro their Hair.

The nimble hour that turns the Circling Year
 And swiftly whirls the pleasing Day,
 Forewarns Thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care
 Nor cramp thy Life with long delay :
 The Spring the Winter, Summer wafts the Spring,
 And Summers beauty's quickly lost,
 When drunken *Autumn* spreads her drooping Wing
 And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.

The

The Moon tis true her Monthly loss repairs,
She streight renews her borrow'd light ;
But when black Death hath turn'd our shining years,
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we shall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,
And walk amongst the mighty Dead
Where *Tullus*, where *Aeneas* went before :
We shall be Dust, and empty shade :

Who knows if stubborn Fate will prove so kind,
And joyn to this another day ?
What e're is for thy greedy Heir design'd,
Will slip his Hands, and fly away :

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,
Torquatus there is no return,
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,
Nor goodness shall unseal the Urn :

For Chast *Hyppolytus* *Diana* strives,
She strives, but ah ! she strives in vain ;
Nor *Theseus* Care, and Pious force reprieves,
Nor breaks his Dear *Perithous* Chain.

ODE VIII.

To Marcus Censorinus.

*Verse is the best and most lasting Present that
a Man can send his Friend.*

I Would be kind, I would bestow
Dear *Censorine*, on all I know,
Plate, Statues, Brass prepar'd ;
Or Bowls the stoutest *Greeks* reward :
On You my Friend, and half my heart,
Some curious Piece of noble Art ;
Could I the famous Works command
Of *Scopas*'s or *Parrhasius* hand,
One skill'd in Stone, and one in Paint
To frame a Man, or make a Saint :
The Art declar'd the frame divine,
And *God* appear'd in every Line.
But I am poor, and your Estate
Too large for these, your Soul too great
To want such Toys : but You delight
In noble Verse, and I can write ;
I'me rich in these, can please a Friend,
And show the worth of what I send :
Not stately Pillars rais'd in Brass,
Nor Stones inscrib'd with publick Praise,
Tho such new Heat and Vigor give,
And make the buried *Heroes* live ;
The hasty flight, the wondrous fall,
And threats thrown back on *Hannibal*,

Not

Not Impious *Carthage* bright in flames,
His praise, who came increas't in Names
From conquer'd *Africk*, Vertues show
With half the Glory Verse can do:
If Books were dumb, what small Regard
Would Vertue meet, what mean Reward?
And who had *Rome's* great Founder known
Tho sprung from *Mars*, tho *Ilia's* Son,
If envious silence had with-held,
His great Deserts, and Fame conceal'd?
From Shades below, and gloomy Night
By Poet's power, and force of Wit
Good *Eack* freed, serenely reigns
A Mighty King in happy Plains:
The *Muse* forbids great worth to dye;
On whom she will bestows the Sky:
Thus Great *Alcides* carves the Feast
With *Jove* himself, a noble Guest:
Thus shining *Castor* kindly saves
A feeble Ship in roughest Waves;
And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
Our modest Vows, and speeds our Prayers.

ODE

ODE IX.

To LOLLIVS.

*His Songs ſhall never dye ; and he is reſolv'd to
make his Friend Lollivs his Name live for
ever.*

Vain fear to think thoſe Words will dye
Which born by *Aufid's* whirling ſtream,
With unknown Art I firſt did try
In *Lyric* numbers joyn'd
With charming ſtrings to bind,
And gently raiſe my noble Theme.

Tho King in Verſe great *Homer* reigns,
And doth Equality reſuſe ;
Yet *Pindar* lives in lofty ſtrains,
Alcæus nobly charms,
The *Cæan Lyrick* warms
With grave *Stefickorus* ſtately Muſe :

We read *Anacreon's* wanton toys ;
Whiſt they our paſſions gently move,
No Envy blaſts, no Age deſtroys ;
And *Sappho's* charming Lyre
Preſerves her ſoft deſire,
And tunes our raviſht Souls to Love.

Not only *Helen's* Heart was fir'd,
When baſely careleſs of her fame

She *Paris* Princely Train admir'd,
His Curls surprizing grace,
His Dress, his Art, his Face,
And lewdly fed her lawless Flame.

Not *Teucer* first drew fatal Bows ;
Not *Troy* but once felt *Grecian* rage ;
Not only *Sthenelus* brav'd his Foes,
The great first-born of Fame,
That fought, and overcame
And lives in Verse to future Age.

Not *Hector* first the glory won
Of bravely spending Royal Blood
To guard his hopes, his darling Son ;
Nor first profuse of Life
To save a Vertuous Wife
And do his dying Country good.

Before that Age a thousand liv'd,
And sent surprizing Glories forth,
But none the silent Grave surviv'd ;
In Night their Splendor's gone,
They fell, unmourn'd, unknown ;
Because no Verse embalms their Worth.

What worth doth lazy sloth excel,
If 'tis withheld from sounding Fame ?
Thy Glories I will loudly tell,
And in immortal Verse
Thy living praise rehearse,
Nor suffer Age to waste thy Name :

A Generous Mind in Action bold,
Wife in debate, in Council grave,
Too strong for all-attracting Gold :
 Let Fortune frown or smile
 Thy soul is constant still,
In either State 'tis great and brave :

Not *Consul* only for one Year,
But still the Chair as oft obtain'd
As equal justice rul'd the Bar,
 As oft as Crimes accus'd,
 And guilty Bribes refus'd
With haughty look she nobly Reign'd :

Believe not those that Lands possess
And shining heaps of useless Ore
The only Lords of Happiness,
 But rather those that know
 For what kind Fates bestow,
And have the Art to use the Store :

That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of Poverty
Who more than Death will baseness fear,
 Who nobly to defend
 Their Country or their Friend
Embrace their Fate, and gladly dye.

ODE X.

To scornful LIGURINE.

*Age will come, Beauty wast, and then he will be
sorry for his present Pride.*

AH lovely yet, and great in Charms,
Ah coy, and flying from my Arms !
When an unlook't for Beard shall hide
And scatter'd hairs spread o're thy Pride ;
When all those wanton Curls shall fall,
Thy Rosy Color yield to Pale,
Thy Cheeks grow wan, thy Body pine,
And leave a different *Ligurine*,
Ah thou shalt say, when e're the glass
Shall show Thee quite another Face, !
Ah whilst I was a vigorous Boy,
Why did I not this Mind enjoy !
Or since I now so freely burn
Why won't my former Face return !

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

On Mecænas his Birth Day, He invites her to a Feast.

I Keep some Casks of racy Wines
Full nine years old; to Crown thy hair
My Parsly grows; my Ivy twines,
To grace thy head, and make Thee fair :

My Rooms well furnish'd joy proclaim,
My Altar Crown'd with Sacred Wood
And *Vervine* chaste, expects her Lamb,
And thirsts to drink the promis'd Blood.

All hands at work, my Boys and Maids
With busy hast the Feast prepare,
My Torches raise their trembling Heads
And roll dark Volumes thro the Air :

But now to tell what joys to Night
I call Thee to ; I keep the *Ide*
That *April's* Month the choice delight
Of Sea-born *Venus* doth divide :

A Day of Joy and Mirth appears,
And almost dearer than my own ;
It shuts *Mecænas* former years,
And brings another gently on :

That

That *Telephus* whom you desire
 Aricher Maid, and Beauty gains
 Young, Wanton, Gay, and full of fire,
 And holds him fast in pleasing Chains :

to a
 Burnt *Phaëton* checks hopes too high,
 From Heaven by dreadful Thunder thrown;
 And *Pegasus* refus'd to fly
 And threw his mortal Rider down :

Then *Phillis* stop thy rising Flame,
 And all ambitious thoughts remove,
 'Tis Sin to hunt too great a Game,
 And fly at an unequal Love :

Come, come, my last, my dearest Miss,
 The last I can I must adore ;
 No Face shall e're provoke a Kiss ;
 And other Beauty warm no more :

Come learn, my Dear, some pleasing Song,
 Which you with a surprising Air
 Might warble o're your charming Tongue ;
 For Songs are good to lessen Care :

ODE XII.

To VIRGIL.

He describes the Spring, and invites him to Supper.

THE soft Companions of the Spring
The gentle *Thracian* Gales
Spread o're the Earth their flowry Wing,
And swell the greedy Merchants Sails :

The Streams not swoln with melted Snow
In fair *Meanders* play,
To quiet Seas they smoothly flow,
And gently eat their easy way.

The Swallow with the Spring returns,
And as she builds her Nest,
Her murder'd *Itys* sadly mourns
And sighs, and beats her troubled Breast.

The swallow *Athens* lasting shame,
For tho her Cause was just,
Her Breast conceiv'd a lawless flame,
And ill reveng'd the Tyrant's Lust.

The Swain whilst Flocks securely feed
Sits down, and sweetly plays,
He softly blows his Oaten Reed,
And pleaseth *Pan* with rural Lays :

The Season, *Virgil*, brings us thirst;
 And if you Mirth design
 VVith Noble youths, bring Oyntment first,
 And I'll provide Thee racy VVine :

For one small Box of Oyntment brought
 I will a Cask prepare,
 'Tis strong to tame a lofty thought,
 Check hopes, and wash down bitter Care.

Now if you'll make a joyful Guest
 I'll not, as Nobles do,
 Bear all the Charges of the Feast
 But must expect a share from you.

Think Life is short, forget thy fears,
 And eager thoughts of Gain,
 Short Folly mix with graver Cares,
 'Tis decent sometimes to be vain.

ODE XIII.

To LYCE.

He insults over her now she is grown old.

THe Gods have heard, *Lyce*, the Gods have heard
 The Gods have heard my Prayer,
 As I have wish'd, and you have feard,
 Your'e old, yet would be counted fair :

You toy, you impudently drink to raise
Your lazy dull desire,
You strive to highten to a blaze
VVith your cold breath the dying fire.
In vain, 'tis all in vain, coy *Cupid* flies,
A better Seat He seeks,
In young soft *Chloe's* Face he lyes,
And gently wantons in her Cheeks :
Coy he flies o're dry Oaks, he scorns thy Face,
Because a furrow'd Brow
And hollow Eyes thy form disgrace,
And o're thy head Age scatters Snow.
Nor can thy costly dress the Eastern Shore
VVith all the Gems it bears
Thy former lovely Youth restore,
Nor bring thee back thy scatter'd Years,
Those Years which the *Eternal* wheel hath spun,
And drawn beyond thy Prime,
Thro which swift Day hath nimbly run
And shut in known Records of Time.
VVhere is that Beauty, where that charming Air,
That shape, that Amorous Play,
Oh what hast thou of her ! of Her !
VVhose every look did Love inspire,
VVhose every breathing fan'd my fire,
And stole me from my self away !
To lovely *Cynera's* Face set next in Fame
For all that can surprize,
For all those Arts that raise a Flame,
And kindly feed it at our Eyes ;

But hasty Fate cut charming *Cynera* short,
 That Fate that now prepares
 Old *Lyce*, old as *Daws* for sport,
 And scorn as grievous as her Years.

When our hot Youths shall come, and laugh to see
 The Torch that burnt before ;
 And kindled aged Lechery,
 To Ashes fall'n, and warm no more.

ODE XIV.

To AUGUSTUS.

*That His Deserts are much greater than any
 Rewards Rome can bestow.*

HOW can the *Senate's*, how the *People's* care,
 Tho All with gifts that swell with honors
 A lasting Monument prepare (strive,
 To make thy glory live,
 And thy great Name thro future Ages bear !

O greatest Prince the circling Sun can view !
 Whom stout *Vindilici* unlearn'd in fear,
 From glorious Conquests lately knew
 How great He is in VVar,
 And felt that all that Fame had told was true.

Brave *Drusus* led thy conquering Legions on,
 And si rce *Genauns* a stubborn Nation broak ;
 The furious *Brenni's* force o'rethrown

Now gladly take the Yoke,
The Glory of their Slavery proudly own.

Strong Castles fixt on Mountains vastly high,
Almost as high as his aspiring thought,

VVith a repeated Victory
Thrown down; He climb'd and fought
Where Fear or winged Hope scarce dar'd to fly.

Next Elder *Nero* great in Arms appear'd,
And *Rhati* fought; A sight for Gods to see
VVhat slaughters broak their Souls prepar'd
For Death with Liberty,
And led the Conqueror to high Reward.

As raging VVinds with an impetuous Course
When stormy Stars assist, do tofs the flood,
So fierce He breaks thro armed force,
Thro Darts and streams of blood
And threatning flames He spurs his eager Horse:

As branched *Aufidus* doth Moles disdain,
And thro *Apulian* Fields doth whirl his VVaves,
VVhen rais'd by Snow or swoln with Rain,
Against his Banks He raves,
And threatens Floods to all the fruitful Plain.

Thus *Claudius* violent did in Arms appear,
No Bands, no barbarous Troops his force could stay,
The Front, the Body, and the Rear
Secure he swept away,
And o're the Field He scatter'd dreadful War:

VVhilst

Whilst You your Forces, You your Counsel lent,
What mortal Courage could his Arms oppose ?

VWhen to his Aid your Gods you sent,
He thunder'd on his Foes,
And threw among them Slavery as He went.

Since suppliant *Egypt* in her empty Throne
Receiv'd Thee Lord, the Fates that strive to bless,

Thy Title to the Empire own
By fifteen Years Success ;
And still increase the Glory of thy Crown.

The fierce *Cantabrian* not to be o'recome
Before thy Arms, the *Indian* and the *Mede*,

The wandering *Scythians* lurk at home,
And Thee they wisely dread ;
O present guard of *Italy* and *Rome* !

The Waves that beat the *British* monstrous shore,
Cold *Ister*, *Nile*, and *Tanais* rapid stream,

Fierce *Spaniards* now rebel no more,
And *Gauls* that death contemn
Lay down their Arms, and quietly adore.

ODE XV.

He praiseth Augustus.

WHEN I would sing of noble Fights,
 Of lofty things in lofty flights;
 Kind *Phœbus* Harp my Temples strook,
 The trembling strings in Consort shook,
 And answer'd to the tunes he spook:
 Thy Ship is weak, he said, forbear,
 And tempt not raging Seas too far.
 Thy Age, great *Cæsar*, gracious Lord,
 Hath Plenty to our Fields restor'd:
 Proud *Parthians* captive Arms resign
 To Mighty *Jove's* and *Cæsar's* Shrine.
 Now noisy VVars and Tumults cease,
 And *Janus* Temple's barr'd by Peace:
 Wild Lust is bound in modest chains,
 And Licence feels just order's reins:
 Strict Vertue rules, good Laws command;
 And banisht Sin forsakes the Land:
 You all those generous Arts renew,
 By which our Infant Empire grew;
 By which her Fame spread vastly wide,
 And carry'd in Majestick pride
 From *East* to *West* serenely shone,
 As far and glorious as the Sun.
 Whilst *Cæsar* lives and rules in Peace,
 No Civil VVars shall break our Ease,
 No Rage that fatal Swords prepares,
 And hurries wretched Towns to VVars:

Not

Not cruel *Getes* tho bath'd in blood,
Not those by *Tanais* faithless flood,
Not those that drink *Danubius* Stream
Shall glorious *Cæsar's* Laws contem :
We on our Feast, and working days
'Midst jovial Cups will gladly praise ;
Our Pious Wives, and prating Boys
Shall first the Gods with humble voice,
And then with Pipes and sounding Verse
The Heroes noble Acts rehearse ;
Anchises, *Troy* our Songs shall grace,
And brave *Æneas* *Venus* happy race.

The End of the Fourth Book.

EPODES.

EPODES.

EPODE I.

MY Lord, my best, and dearest Friend,
 The chieftest Bulwark of the State ;
 In tall *Liburnian* Ships defend
 Great *Cæsar's* Cause, and prop his Fate.

Before his danger thrust your own :
 But what shall He that breaths in You,
 That scorns to live when You are gone,
 What shall forsaken *Horace* do ?

Shall I sit down and take my Ease ?
 But without You what joys delight ?
 Or steel my softness, stem the Seas,
 Or bolder grow, and dare to fight ?

Or shall I arm my feeble breast,
 And wait on You thro *Alpine* Snow,
 Or farthest Regions of the *West*,
 Where *Cæsar* bids the Valiant go ?

You

You ask why thus I boldly press,
And what should feeble I do there,
My fear, *My Lord*, will be the less;
For absence still increases fear.

S. Thus Birds on Wing are most affraid
That Snakes will come when they're away,
Tho present they're too weak to aid,
And save the easy Callow prey.

I would be stout, discard my fears,
The greatest dangers bravely prove,
And venture this or other Wars
In hopes, *my Lord*, to keep your Love.

But not to have more Oxen groan
Beneath my Plows, nor feed more Swains;
Nor yet as Heat or Cold comes on,
To drive my Sheep to other Plains:

Not to enlarge my Country Seat,
Or get vast heaps of shining Ore;
Your bounty, Sir, hath made me great,
And furnish'd with sufficient store.

I do not heaps of Gold desire,
To hide, and have no heart to use,
As *Chremes* did; nor Wealth require
On baser Lusts to be profuse.

EPODE II.

The Pleasures of a Country and retir'd Life.

H Appy the Man beyond pretence,
(Such was the State of innocence)
That loose from Care, from business free,
From griping Debts and Usury,
Contented in an humble Fate
VVith his own Oxen Ploughs his own Estate :
No early Trumpet breaks his ease,
He doth not dread the angry Seas :
He flies the Bar, from noise retreats,
And shuns the *Nobles* haughty Seats.
But Marriageable Vines he leads
To lusty Oaks, and kindly VVeds :
Or carelessly in Vallies strays
And smiles to see his Oxen graze :
He prunes his Vines, or grafts his Trees ;
Or sheers his Sheep or takes his Bees ;
From Combs well prest his Honey flows
Almost as sweet as his repose :
Or when the mellow Autumn rears
His Fruitful Head he gathers Pears,
Or Purple Grapes, and these reward
VVith pleasing gifts his Holy Guard ;
Thee, *Sylvian*, and, *Priapus* Thee
A Tribute fills from every Tree :
Now smiles beneath a Myrtle shade
On flowry Banks supinely laid,
VVhilst neer his Head there creeps a Spring,
And the free Birds around him sing :

Or

Or Fountains with their murmuring Streams
Invite to short, and easy Dreams :
Or when cold *Jove* hath turn'd the Year,
And Rain and Snow and Frost appear,
He takes his Hounds, strong toys he sets,
And drives fierce Bores to secret Nets.
Or springs Tiles in every Bush,
To take the Black-bird and the Thrush :
Or Fearful Hare, or stranger Crane
All sweet rewards do cheer his pain.
Who midst these pleasing joys does bear,
The numerous ills of Love and Fear ?
In Towns the Tyrant passions Reign,
And spread their Cares, but fly the Plain,
But if a Wife more chaste than Fair,
(Such as the ancient *Sabines* were,
Such as the Brown *Apulian* Dame,
Of moderate Face, and honest Fame)
With equal Care, his Care shall meet,
And keep the House and Children sweet ;
Against He comes provide a Fire ;
As pure and warm as her desire :
And with an Honest chearful smile
Receive him weary from his toyl :
Pen up her self, and Milk the Kine,
Then draw a Pot of Country Wine,
And streight with what her Fields afford
Doth furnish out an easy board :
I would not change for all the State
And costly trouble of the Great ;
Their Oysters, Trouts, and all the store
Of Luxury would take no more ;

Or

Their

Their Fish that catering Storms, to please
 Their Palate, tofs from Eastern Seas,
 The Pheasant, Partridge, Quail and Teal
 Would not go down, nor tast as well
 As Olives pluckt from laden Boughs,
 Or Sorrel that in Pasture grows ;
 Or Mallows sweet extreamly good
 For Bodies bound poor wholsom Food,
 Or Lambkins kil'd a sheering Beast :
 Or rescu'd from a greedy Beast :
 Amidst these dainties, Oh the vast delight
 To see fed Sheep come home at Night !
 To hear the weary Oxen low
 And almost tir'd trail back the Plow !
 To see my merry Clowns carouse,
 And swarm about my cleanly House !
 This *Alpius* said, the fam'd, and known,
 The griping Userer of the Town,
 Resolv'd to leave his Cares and Strife
 And quickly lead a Country Life,
 One week He call'd his Money in,
 The next He lent it out agen :

EPODE III.

To MECÆNAS.

He shows his dislike to an Onion that made him sick.

IF any, let's suppose so damn'd a Rage
 Forget their Duty and their Age ;

And

And eager to enjoy the whole Estate,
 With impious hands shall hasten Fate,
 And their old Fathers coming Death prevent,
 Let *Onions* be their Punishment.
 O Reapers Stomachs ! Ah ! what Poyson Reigns,
 What secret fire runs o're my Veins ;
 Hath Viper's blood, or hath *Canidia's* breath
 Blown o're my Meat, and mingled Death ?
 When *Jason* did *Medea's* fancy move,
 And she fixt on him for a Love,
 Before the rest, she gave him this to tame
 The fiery Bulls, and quench their Flame ;
 By Presents dipt in this *Creusa* dy'd,
 And *Jason* mourn'd his promis'd Bride :
 Such furious heat as rages o're my Veins
 N'ere scorcht the dry *Apulian* Plains,
 Nor did the flaming Poyfnous gift infest
 With half such Heat *Alcides* Breast :
 My merry *Lord* if e're you tast of this
 May every Maid deny a Kiss ;
 But stop her Mouth, cry foh ! refuse delight,
 And ne're lie near Thee all the Night.

EPODE IV.

To Vulteius Mena, a Freed-Man of Pompey.

AS much as Lambs with Wolves agree,
 So much, *base Sot*, do I with thee ;
 With *Spanish* whips thy Sides are torn,
 Thy Legs with heavy shackles worn :

M

The

Tho Fortune smiles and swells thy Mind,
 It gilds, but cannot change the Kind:
 Do'st see when Thou with ruffling Gown
 Do'st sweep the *Mall*, how many frown,
 How each that views Thee, screws his Face,
 And justly scorns the gawdy As!
 He lately whipt at the Carts tail,
 The very scandal of the Jayl,
 Now vastly rich a mighty Spark
 In Coach and Six flies o're the Park:
 At Plays he takes the Box, in spight
 Of *Otho's* Law, a doughty Knight!
 What Honor is't to free the Waves
 From *Pirates* rage, and tame the *Slaves*,
 What honor can attend the VVar
 Where *He* a *Captain* claims a share?

EPODE V.

*Against the Witch Canidia, where he discovers the
 Cruelty and Baseness of such Creatures.*

BUt O what ever God dost fill the Sky,
 And rule the Earth and Men below,
 What means that rout? and why
 Each *Fury* bends on me an angry brow?

By all thy brood, if e're *Lucina* came,
 To real Births, and eas'd thy throws;
 By *Honor's* useles name,
 By *Jove* that sees, and will revenge my Woes.

Why

And

Thus

And

Canid

And

A Scr

And

Each

Go m

Whil

Like

But h

And j

Why

Why doth that Stepdame's frown affright ?
 That rage thy gaily form disgrace ?
 A hunted *Tyger's* spight,
 Andgrinn ing fury fit upon thy Face ?

Thus sadly spake the naked lovely Child,
 Which e'en a *Thracian's* Soul might move,
 Make raging fury mild
 And in a flinty Bosom kindle love :

Canidia, Serpents wreath'd her shaggy brow,
 Appear'd, and these Commands she gave ;
 A Funeral Cypress Bough,
 And a wild Fig-tree rooted from a Grave ;

A Scritch-Owls Feather, Eggs besmear'd with blood
 Of croaking Frogs, a Tyger's paws,
 A swelling angry Toad,
 And Bones snatcht from a hungry Bitches jaws :

Each powerful Herb that in *Iberia* springs
 To raise strong Love, or Anger tame,
 And all that *Colchos* brings,
 Go mix, and burn them in a Magick Flame.

Whilst ready *Sagana* from beechen Cup
 Pour'd *Stygian* Water o're the Floors,
 Her hair an end stood up
 Like Hedg-hogs bristles, or a running Bores :

But hardned *Veja* deaf to all remorse
 A little Grave had quickly made ;
 She rais'd her feeble force,
 And joy'd to sweat, and groan upon the Spade :

Where fixt Chin-deep the power unhappy guest
 By looking on his meat must dye,
 Whilst they renew the Feast,
 And He stands famisht, feeding at his Eye :

 That His dry Marrow, and his raging Heart
 When his weak Senses fail may prove
 Fit for their Magick Art,
 And make Ingredients for a Cup of Love:

 All thought that lustful *Floria* too was one
 That came to view the horrid sight,
 She that can charm the Moon
 And force the Stars from their fixt seats of light :

 Here fierce *Canidia* whilst her unpar'd Nail
 She gnaw'd with an envenom'd Tooth,
 Oh what did she conceal !
 What horrid words broak from her impious mouth

 Thou Night, thou Moon and all Ye meaner lights
 That charm dull Mortals into sleep,
 And when our sacred Rites
 Are done, an undisturbed silence keep ;

 Assist me now with all your strength and rage,
 That I might pay the debts I owe,
 Your greatest force engage
 To wreak my spight on my unhappy Foe ;

 Whilst cruel Beasts asleep in Woods are safe,
 Let the *Saburran* Mastiff's bark,
 ('Twill make the Neighbours laugh)
 At the old Leacher creeping in the dark :

Whe

When fierce desire hath raging fury bred
 Then let him walk as Lusts perswade
 With Oyntment round his Head
 As strong as e're my skilful hands have made :

Ah! what's the matter! where's the Power of Charms
 Which fierce *Medea* once did prove,
 When with t' ese conquering Arms
 She furiously reveng'd her injur'd Love !

When with a Garment lin'd with secret flame
 (What will not jealous rage inspire ?)
 She burnt the lovely Dame,
 And wrapt false *Jason's* youthful Bride in fire!

Ah! sure no powerful Herb hath scap't my sight,
 In shady Groves or purling Streams ;
 And yet He sleeps all night,
 No wanton Mifs disturbs him e'en in Dreams :

Ah! Ah, some Witch more skilful sets Thee free,
 Unhappy *Varus*, doom'd to ill,
 Thou shalt return to Me ;
 I'll force Thee back by an unusual skill ;

With unresisted Art I'll bind thy Soul,
 No Charms shall then thy mind restore ;
 I'll mix a stronger Bowl,
 And urge Thee still as Thou dost scorn the more :
 (move

First Heaven shall downward, Earth shall upward
 And to the Center Stars retire ;
 E'er thou shalt cease to Love,
 Or burn like Brimstone in a smoaky Fire:

The injur'd Boy inrag'd no longer strove
 To soften them by mournful Prayer
 And gentle pitty move,
 But spoak these dying words in deep despair :

Poor Charms too weak to alter Humane Fate,
 And hinder Plagues from rage Divine ;
 No Blood shall expiate
 So solemn, and so great a Curse as mine.

When I am dead then I'll a Ghost by Night
 With crooked Nails your jaws invade,
 At every turn affright ;
 For that's the force and fury of a Shade.

Then will I sit upon your fearful Breast,
 And there my dreadful watches keep ;
 Disturb approaching rest,
 And drive away the lazy hand of Sleep.

Thro every Street the Crowd in eager haſt
 Shall brain the ugly Hags with Stones,
 And when Death comes at laſt, (Bones: As ſh
 The Crows ſhall ſcatter, Wolves ſhall break your Li
 If any L

And this my Parents (ah they muſt ſurvive,
 And ſeek in vain, and mourn for Me)
 Tho many years they grieve,
 Grown gray in Tears, ſhall liv e and ſmile to ſee.

E P O D E VI.

Against Cassius Severus a very scurrilous and abusive Rhymers.

BAse coward Curr when harmless strangers come,
 You snarl and bark about the Room;
 But when a fierce and shagged Wolf appears,
 How soon you whine, and hang your Ears!
 Come, make at me, if you resolve to fight,
 For I have Teeth, and dare to bite:
 The generous Mastiff I of Noble sense
 The careful Shepherd's kind defense;
 With Ears an-end thro Snow and Frost pursue
 What ever Beast I have in view: (shook
 When Thou the Woods with frightful sounds has
 Thou leap'st for every little Brook:
 Take heed, take heed, to Rogues a deadly Foe
 I'me still prepar'd to strike the blow;
 As sharp as fierce *Archilochus* his Song
 Like *Hipponax* revenge a wrong;
 If any malice wounds my Fame, shall I
 Like a poor Child sit down and cry?

EPODE VII.

*To His Citizens that are ready to engage in another
Civil War.*

Where, *Mad men*, where? where, so averse to Peace
Your rusty Swords that slept in ease
Why drawn? What hath not every Country flow'd
And every Sea with *Roman* Blood?
Not to pursue your angry Fathers hate,
And urge proud *Carthage* rival Fate,
Nor make the untoucht *Britans* Slaves to *Rome*
And lead them chain'd in Triumph home;
But what the *Parthians* often pray to view
These Arms are now prepar'd to do:
Against your self, ah me! you raise them all,
And *Rome* by her own hand must fall:
E'en Wolves are to more gentle thoughts inclin'd
And prey but on another kind:
What is it Madness, is it stupid Rage
That doth the brutal Arms engage?
Or is it Sin? speak, not one word will come;
'Tis cruel Fate that urges *Rome*:
Since *Remus* fell about thy rising Walls
His loud-tongued blood for Vengeance calls;
The Issue then began, and still hath flow'd,
For Blood must be reveng'd with Blood.

EPODE

EPODE IX.

To MECÆNAS.

He wishes for the good News of Cæsar's Victory over Mark Antony, that they might be merry as formerly, when Sextus Pompejus was overthrown.

When will the happy morning come,
 And bring the welcom News to Rome,
 That I, my Lord, with you may Dine,
 And in your stately House
 Full Bowls carouse,
 Preserv'd for this expected Joy, of racy Wine !
 Where Pipes shall joyn the speaking string,
 And tuneful Voices gladly sing,
 As you, my Lord, and I have done ;
 When Pompey turn'd his Head
 And basely fled
 Confessing Cæsar's Fortune greater than his own :

His flaming Ships blaz'd o're the Wave ;
 Whilst flying by the light they gave,
 He left those Chains which faithless He
 Had loos'd from servile Hands,
 And threatned Bands
 To happy Rome, by Cæsar's Will, and Nature free :

A Roman (who will credit give
 What future Age this truth receive ?)

Turn

Turn'd Woman's Slave with servile Hands
 A Common Souldier bears
 The drudgery of Wars, (mands:
 And can endure her wither'd *Eunuchs* base Com-

Amidst the Arms, dishonest fight !
 The Sun that view'd withdrew the Light,
 As once at curst *Thyestes* Feast ;
 As 'twere asham'd to see

The *Canopy*
 And the great *Roman* lolling on a *Woman's* Breast.

To Triumphe, break delay,
 Why doth the golden Chariot stay ?
 And not the promis'd Oxen fall ?

To Triumphe bring
 The greatest King,
 The Common good, the comfort, and the joy of All ;

Jugurtha's Wars, and Noble Toyls
 Ne're show'd his Equal grac'd with Spoils ;
 Nor Conquer'd *Africk* sent to *Rome*,

Altho his lasting Name
 Is great in Fame,
 And ruin'd *Carthage* lies to make his noble Tomb :

Where will the conquer'd *Roman* fly
 From *Cæsar's* Hand, and *Cæsar's* Eye ?
 What will the Conquer'd *Roman* do ?

What Winds, what servile Gales
 Will swell his Sails,
 That on his Master *Cæsar's* may so freely blow ?

More

mands: More Bowls and larger Bowls my Boy,
 Com: As large as my extensive joy,
 Let Mirth advance my good design;
 'Tis sweet to ease my Cares
 For *Cæsar's* Wars,
 And drown all Melancholly thoughts in noble Wine.

E P O D E X.

He wishes Mævius the Poet may be Shipwrackt.

f All: **T**hat curfed Ship that ftinking *Mævius* bore
 With an ill Omen left the Shore;
 South-wind, before, you raife the fwelling Tides
 And ftoutly beat her feeble fides,
 You East-wind turn the Sea and break the Oars,
 And whirl her Sails to diftant fhores,
 The North-wind rage as when he tears the Woods
 On lofty Hills, and tofs the Floods:
 No Friendly Star fhine thro the Cloudy Night
 But fad *Orion's* watry light:
 omb: Hah! let him now no fmoother Waves enjoy
 Than thofe that toft the *Greeks* from *Troy*,
 When *Pallas* hatred from the flaming Town
 On wicked *Ajax* Ship was thrown.
 Hah! Hah! what fweat fhall from thy Seamen flow,
 And what Death-pale fpread o're thy Brow!
 w? What Woman's crys, and what unmanly Tears
 What vows to *Jove's* relentless Ears!

VWhen

VWhen South-winds rattling o'reth' *Ionian* Tide
 Shall beat thy Ship, and break her side
 Then if I see thee spread a dainty dish
 To hungry Fowl, and greedy Fish,
 A Goat and Lamb shall then my Vows perform,
 And both shall die to think the Storm.

EPODE XI.

To PETTIUS.

Love hinders him from Writing any more.

AHI have lost my old delight,
 Now Muse can now my fancy move,
 My Rhymes displease, I hate to write,
 Now I am very deep in Love :

Love that doth still my Heart surprize,
 And single me from constant game,
 From Boys and Maidens charming Eyes
 He thro my Marrow scatters Flame.

Three Stormy VVinters now have shook
 The leavy Honor from the Tree,
 Since I disdain'd *Inachia's* Yoke,
 And dar'd to set my passion free.

Oh what a Town-talk then was I,
 How Fopps did wanton, with my Fame,
 And (when I think on't how I die)
 All ridicul'd my foolish Fla me !

w Tide
ide

rform,
n.

ore.

Oh how it grates to mind the Feasts
Where thoughtful silence seem'd to prove,
And a deep sigh would tell the Guests
That Poet *Horace* was in Love !

When Wine unlockt my easy Soul
How often I with sighs have told
The Poor Man's Wit could not controul
The giving Rival's mighty Gold !

Yet, Faith, if vext my rage will rise,
And when these hated Chains are broak,
I'll leave these dull complaints, be wise,
And scorn to take another Yoke.

Yet after this was stoutly said,
And *constant* I resolv'd to hate ;
My heedless Feet my mind betray'd,
And brought Me to the usual Gate :

That cruel Gate, and us'd to scorn,
VVhere I have layn, and layn deny'd ;
VVhere I whole tedious Nights have born
And craz'd my Health, and bruis'd my Side.

Lycestris now of greater Charms
Than all that grace proud VVomankind,
Doth gently force me to his Arms ;
VVith pleasing Bands he draws my Mind :

And now let my free Friends advise,
Or let them blame ; 'tis all in vain,
Too feeble they to break the tyes
VVhen Love and Beauty make the Chain.

Of

Of freedom I must still despair,
 Unless some Maid or lovely Boy
 With killing looks, and Charming hair,
 Shall draw me to another joy.

EPODE XIII.

He adviseth his Friends to pass their time merrily.

Dark Clouds have thickned all the Sky,
 And *Jove* descends in Rain;
 With frightful noise rough Storms do fly
 Thro Seas and Woods, and humble Plain.

My noble Friends the Day perfwades,
 Come, come, let's use the Day;
 Whilst we are strong, e're Age invades,
 Let Mirth our coming years delay:

Put briskly round the noble Wine,
 And leave the rest to Fate,
Jove, chance, will make the Evening shine,
 And bring it to a clearer State:

Now, now your fragrant Odors spread,
 Your merry Harps prepare;
 'Tis time to cleanse my aking Head,
 And purge my drooping thoughts from Care.

Thus

Thus *Chiron* sang in lofty strain
 And taught *Achilles* Youth ;
 Great *Thetis* Son, the pride of Man,
 Observe, I tell Thee fatal truth :

Thee, Thee for *Troy* the Gods design
 Where *Simois* streams do play,
Scamander's thro the Vallies twine
 And softly eat their easy way :

errily. And there thy thread of Life must end
 Drawn o're the *Trojan* Plain,
 In vain her Waves shall *Thetis* send
 To bear Thee back to *Greece* again :

Therefore, Great Son, my Precepts hear ;
 Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,
 And merry Talk divert thy Care,
 And make Life pleasant since 'tis short.

E P O D E XIV.

To MECÆNAS.

*Love hinders him from making the Iambicks which
 He had so often promis'd.*

YOu ask, *My Lord*, why lazy sloth hath spread
 A dark oblivion o're my Head ;
 As I had drank forgetful *Lethe's* Stream ;
 And this is your continual Theme ;

Thus

This

This the Complaint I am Condemn'd to hear,
 Like Death it pierces thro my Ear :
 A God forbids me, (ah ! a cruel God
 Regardless, Sir, of what I vow'd)
 (To other things my easy Mind he drew)
 To finish what I promis'd you :
 Thus soft *Anachreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
 And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd :
 He to his Harp did various grief rehearse,
 And wept in an unpolisht Verse :
 E'en, Sir, you Love, but if no brighter Flame
 Burnt *Troy*, carest thy lovely Dame :
 By *Phyrne*, ah ! thy *Horace* is undone,
 False, fair, and not content with one.

EPODE XV.

To NEÆRA.

He complains of breach of Promise.

T Was Mid-night, and the rising Moon
 Amongst the lesser Stars serenely shone,
 When you the false, the Perjur'd you
 Devoutly Swore you would be always true :
 Scarce half so close doth Ivy twine
 Round Oakes, as you did then your Arms in mine :
 As long as Wolves pursue the Sheep,
 As long as Winter Storms shall toss the deep :
 As long as wanton Gales shall move
Apollo's Locks, so long shall be my Love.

Perjur'd

Perjur'd *Neæra* false as Hell,
 Yet fair as Heaven, and ah belov'd too well,
 How shalt thou mourn at my disdain !
 For sure if *Horace* be but half a Man,
 He'l scorn to bear repeated slights,
 Nor tamely see his Rival's happy Nights ;
 But with an equal Flame pursue
 A Face as fair, tho not so false as you :
 And know when I begin to hate,
 He ne're be kind, I am as fixt as Fate :
 And Thou, the Blest, who'ere thou art
 The fancy'd happy Master of her Heart ;
 That dost thy Conquests proudly boast,
 And Triumph'st in the spoils that I have lost,
 Tho Thou art rich as Misers Dreams,
 And tho *Pactolus* brought Thee all his Streams,
 Tho Fam'd *Pythagoras* Arts be thine,
 Thy Face more fair than *Nireus*, half Divine ;
 Yet thou shalt mourn to find that she
 Doth prove as false as once to Me,
 And then 'twill be my turn to laugh at Thee.

EPODE XVI.

To the People of Rome.

*He adviseth them to leave the Town, which He
thinks doom'd to Civil Wars.*

NOW Civil VVars do wast another Age,
 And Rome must fall by her own rage ;
 What neighbouring *Marfi* with an envious Hand,
 What threatning *Porſen's* *Thuſcan* Band,
 fierce

Fierce *Spartacus*, and *Capua's* rival Fate,
 The force of all the *German* State ;
 What in unsetled times the faithless *Gaul*,
 The Mother-hated *Hannibal*,
 Could not destroy, We, VVe, an impious Brood
 Devoted still, and doom'd to Blood,
 Shall ruin now by force of Civil VVars,
 And leave our Towns to VVolves and Bears :
 Ah me ! the barbarous Horse with sounding Feet
 Shall tread our Graves, and beat our Street,
 And madly, scatter, Oh too proud ! unjust !
 Rome's glorious Founder's quiet dust !
 Perhaps the most, or better part would know
 VVhat way to shun the falling blow,
 I like that way the *Phoceans* once have gone ;
 They all forsook their cursed Town,
 And did their Lands, their Fields and Shrines restore
 To ravenous VVolf and angry Bore :
 Let's go, let's go, and seek a place to live
 Where Chance directs, or Wind shall drive :
 Agreed ? or do's some better Course appear ?
 Come let's imbarck the *Omen's* fair :
 But first let's swear wee'll then return again
 When Rocks shall float upon the Main,
 When lowly *Po* shall pour his Crystal Urn
 Ore *Alpine* Tops then VVe'll return ;
 When *Appennine* runs out, and cuts the Floods,
 When nimble Dolphins graze in VVoods, (joyn,
 VVhen wondrous Lust strange kinds shall strangely
 Fierce *Tygers* leap the willing Kine,
 The fearless Does shall court the Lyon's Love
 And cruel Hawks gallant the Dove :

VVhen

VWhen Goats grown smooth shall leave the flowry
 And dive and wanton in the Main : (Plain,
 To this, and such as cut off sweet return

VWhen we have all devoutly sworn,
 Let's go Curst Town, but let the soft and base,
 Still stick to their unhappy place :

You Men of worth unmanly grief give o're
 And nimbly pass the *Thuscan* Shore,
 The Ocean waits, and in smooth calmness smiles,
 Let's go and seek the happy Isles,

VWhere Fields untill'd a Yearly Harvest bear
 And Vines undress'd bloom all the Year :

VWhere Olives ne're the Farmers hopes do mock,
 And ripe figs grace their proper Stock :

There Hony flows from Oaks, from lofty Hills,

VWith murmuring pace the Fountain trills,
 There Goats uncull'd return from fruitful Vales

And bring stretcht Duggs to fill the Pails :
 No Bear grins round the Fold, No Lambs He shakes;

No Field swells there with poysonous Snakes :
 More we shall wonder on the happy Plain ;

The VVatry *East* descends in Rain,
 Yet so as to refresh, not drown the Fields,
 The temperate *Glebe* full Harvest yields ;

No heat annoys, the Ruler of the Gods
 From Plagues secures these blest Abodes :

Here *Jason* never fixt swift *Argos* Oars,

Nor base *Medea* toucht these Shores ;
 Ne're *Cadmus* came when forc't by angry Fates,

Nor stout *Ulysses* weary Mates :
 No rot here Reigns, no Star here taints the Meads,
 And poysonous Heat unkindly sheds ;

When *Jove* allay'd the golden Age with Brass,
 For Pious men He kept this place :
 Now *Iron* hardens the old *Brazen* Age,
 And Fraud grows up, and Wars, and Rage,
 And every Ill, I press a quick retreat,
 And shew the good, the happy seat.

EPODE XVII.

To CANIDIA.

*He confesseth Her Magick Power, and begs pardon for
 abusing Her.*

Now, now thy Power I Conquer'd own,
 And humbly beg by *Pluto's* Throne,
 By Powers below, by *Proserpine*,
 by fierce *Diana's* angry shrine,
 By all those Charms that can remove;
 And call down Stars from Seats above,
 Recall thy stroak, thy Charms forbear,
 Spare me at last, *Canidia*, spare:
Achilles *Teleph* nobly spar d,
 Tho with his *Myssian* Bands He VVarr'd:
 Tho boldly He oppos'd His Fate,
 And buoy'd the sinking *Trojan* State :
 Stout *Aedlor* doom'd to Beasts a Prey
 The *Trojan* Matrons bore away
 When *Priam* midst the *Grecian* Fleet
 Had fall'n at proud *Achilles* Feet :
 By *Circe's* leave *Ulysses* Men
 Receiv'd their former shapes agen ;

The'r

Their Limbs, their Minds, and Voice restor'd,
 They spoke, not grunted to their Lord :
 Enough, enough hath vext my Soul,
 O Tar's and Tinker's lovely Trull !
 My Youth, my rosy Cheeks are gone,
 And left pale Skin stretcht o're the Bone :
 My Head grows white, it feels thy Bane,
 No Ease doth lay me down from Pain,
 Dayes urge the Nights, and Nights the Dayes,
 Yet my swoln Heart can find no Ease:
 Now I'm convinc't, 'tis now confest
 Thy force hath reacht my troubled Breast :
 Now I'm convinc't by wondrous Harms
 My Head is split with Magick Charms:
 My slow Belief I sadly Mourn ;
 VVhat more ? O Earth, O Floods, I burn !
 Not half the Heat *Alcides* bore
 VVhen fir'd by *Nessus* Poysonous Gore :
 Not half the Heat in *Ætna* Reigns,
 That scorches o're my boyling Veins :
 Yet still you heat till I'm calcin'd
 To Dust, and scatter'd by the Wind:
 What end of Pain ? What hope for ease :
 Speak, Speak, I'll suffer what you please,
 I'm eager to avoid my Fate
 And satisfie at any rate ;
 A Hundred Bulls shall pay their blood,
 Or Lying Verse proclaim Thee good ;
 Chast, Modest, Just, thou shalt appear,
 And walk midst Stars a glorious Star :
 Great *Castor* vext at *Helen's* wrong
 With blindness pay'd the railing Song ;

Yet

The'r

Yet Prayers prevail'd, He heard his Cries,
 And soon restor'd the Poets Eyes :
 And now forget my curst Offence,
 Restore (thou canst) my perish'd sence,
 O nobly Born and nobly Bred,
 Thou ne're hadst skill to raise the Dead,
 Unbind the Poor Mans quiet Urn
 Or make his shivering Soul return ;
 Nor scatter Ashes o're a Tomb ;
 As chaste as fruitful is thy Womb,
 And e're thy Child-bed Cloaths are clean,
 Strange Breeder Thou art well agen.

CANIDIA's Answer.

I'Me deaf, I'me deaf, thou beg'st in vain ;
 Rocks beaten by the raging Main,
 Not half so deaf will sooner hear
 The naked sinking Mariner :
 Could'st Thou *Cotytto's* Rites reprove,
 Disclose my Mysteries of Love,
 Could Censuring you my Tricks proclaim,
 And fill the Country with my Fame ?
 At all my Arts prophanely ~~lash~~,
 Yet dare to fancy to be safe ?
 In vain thou shalt, in vain enrich
 With precious Gifts the famous Witch ;
 In vain strong Drugs and Charms require ;
 Fate shall be slow to thy desire ;
 Wretch, hated Life shall still remain
 That thou might'st bear new racks of Pain :
 False *Tantalus* doth beg for rest
 Deluded by the hanging Feast.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd the griping *Vultur's* Prey
Prometheus begs a dying Day :
Poor *Sisyphus* would fix his Stone
But *Jove* forbids it to be done.
Now thou from Towers shalt madly fall,
Now run thy Head against a Wall ;
And tir'd at last with squeamish pain
Shalt tye the noose, but tye in vain :
Then on thy neck I'll bravely ride,
And make Thee bend beneath my Pride :
Shall I that can when e're I please
Wast men by waxen Images ?
Shall I that can, as thou hast known,
(Curst prying Thou !) eclipse the Moon,
Drawn down the Stars from Seats above
And mix a furious Cup of Love,
Shall powerful I now grieve to see
My force too weak to baffle Thee ?

The End of the Epodes.



Willi Galpin

MBurghers

Boo

S

(1.)
be
hi
ch
(3)

V
Why
Or t
The
With
Burse
Ah m

SATYRS.

BOOK I.

The Heads of the first Satyr.

- (1.) *Against the general Discontent of Mankind, none being content with his own Condition, still thinking his Neighbour happier, and yet would refuse to change with him.* (2.) *Against Covetousness.*
 (3.) *That the Covetous is the most discontented.*

1. **W**Hence comes, my Lord, this general discontent ?

Why All dislike the *State* that *Chance* hath sent,
 Or their own *Choice* procur'd ? why All repent ?

The weary *Souldier* now grown old in Wars,
 With bleeding *Eyes* looks o're his *Wounds* and *Scars*;

Curse that Ere I the trade of War began,

Oh me ! the Merchant is a happy Man :

The *Merchant*, when the Waves and Winds are high, }
 Crys, happy happy *Men at Arms*; for why, (Victory. }
 You fight, and streight comes Death, or joyful }
 The *Lawyer* that's disturb'd before 'tis light
 By restless Clients, or that wakes all night ,
 Grows sick; and when He finds his rest is gone,
 Crys, happy *Farmers* that can sleep till Noon:
 The weary *Client* thinks the *Lawyer* blest,
 And craves a *City Life*, for that's the best.
 So many Instances in every state,
 That mourn their own, but praise their Neighbours }
 'Twould tire even bawling *Fabius* to relate. (fate, }
 But to be short, see I'll adjust the Thing:
 Suppose some *God* should say I'll please you now,
 You *Lawyer* leave the *Bar* and take the *Plough*;
 You *Souldier* too shall be a *Merchant* made,
 Go, Go, and follow each his *proper* trade:
 How? what refuse? and discontented still?
 And yet They may be happy if They will.
 Now would not this vex *Jove*, and make him rage?
 Hath he not reason now to scourge the Age?
 And puff and swear He'd never hear again?
 No, They should vow, and pray, but pray in vain:
 Yet not to *laugh*, and let my *Muse* be loose, }
 As 'twere my whole design to be *jocose*, }
 Altho I may be *grave* when not *morose*:
 And *mirth* commends, and makes our Precepts take,
 Thus Teachers bribe their Boys with Figs and Cake
 To mind their books; these Things deserve to have
 A *serious* handling: Come now let's be grave:
 2. The *Souldier* fights, the busy *Tradesman* cheats,
 And finds a thousand tricks and choice deceits;

The

The heavy *Plough* contents the labouring *Hind*,
 The *Merchant* strives with every Tide and Wind ;
 And all this Toyl to get vast *heaps* of Gold,
 That They might live at *Ease* when they are old :
 When they have gotten store for numerous years,
 They may be free from Want, and from its fears :
 As the *Small Ant* (for she instructs the Man,
 And preaches Labor) gathers all she can,
 " And brings it to increase her heap at home
 " Against the *Winter* which she knows will come :
 For when that comes she creeps *abroad* no more,
 But lyes at home, and feasts upon her store.
 But neither *Heat*, nor *Cold*, nor *Wars* restrain,
 Nor *Dangers* fright Thee from pursuit of gain ; }
 Only that Thou may'st be the *richest* Man :
 What pleasure is't with busy toyl and care }
 To gather heaps of Gold to hide with fear, }
 Tho under ground scarce safe we think it there ? }
 Why, should I spend one Cross 'twould still wast on, }
 'Twould all run out, and I should be undone ; }
 Why prethee what is't good for till 'tis gone ? }
 In thy vast *Barns* great stores of Corn do ly,
 Yet thou canst eat perhaps no more than I :
 The *Slaves* that bear the weighty *Flasks* of bread,
 With *small* and *barly* *Loafs* are hardly fed.
 They sweat 'tis true, and with the burthen groan,
 But eat no more than He that carries none :
 Besides, what difference prethee is't to Me }
 That feed no more than *Nature's* Luxury, }
 To plough *three thousand* Acres or but *Three* ? }
 Oh but 'tis sweet to take from *Barns* well stor'd ;
 What, if You take no more than mine afford ?

Mine but *half full*? why dost Thou praise *thine*
 My *small one* is as good as thy *great* store. (more;
 If you would fill a *Cup* come tell me why,
 Why not from this *small Spring* that runs hard by,
 As well as from that yonder *rowling* Flood,
 Since this will give *enough*, and quite as good?
 For Hence whilst eager on their *useless* prey
 The rapid stream whirls them and Banks away:
 He that seeks but *enough*, is free from fear,
 His Life is *safe*, and all his water clear:
 But most are lost in a *Confounded* Cheat, (great;
 They would have more, for when their Wealth is }
 They think their *Worth* as much as their Estate: }
 Well then, what *must* we do to such a one?
 Why, let him, 'tis his Will to be undone:
 Since He, as the *Athenian* Chuff, will cry
 The People hiss me, True, but what care I?
 Let the poor fools hiss me where e're I come,
 I bless my self to see my bags at home:
 Poor wretched *Tantalus*, as Storys tell,
 (And that's the worst, the Curfed'st Plague in Hell)
 Stands up chin deep in an o're flowing Bowl,
 But cannot drink one drop to save his Soul: (free;
 What dost Thou laugh? and think that Thou art
 Fool change the Name, the Story's told of Thee:
 Thou watchest o're thy heaps, yet 'midst thy store
 Thou'rt almost starv'd for Want, and still art poor:
 You fear to touch as if You rob'd a Saint,
 And use no more than if 'twere Gold in paint:
 You only know how *Wealth* may be abus'd,
 Not what 'tis good for, how it can be us'd;

'Twill buy Thee Bread, 'twill buy Thee Herbs, and
 What ever *Nature's* Luxury can want: (grant
 But now to watch all day, and wake all night,
 Fear Thieves and Fire, and be in constant fright, }
 If These are Goods, if these are a delight:
 I am content, Heavens grant me sleep and ease,
 If These are Goods, I would be poor of These:
 Ay, but suppose I should be sick; what then?
 Why then the richest are the happiest men:
 Then are the great advantages of Wealth,
 'Twill make the Doctor ride, and bring me health:
 'Twill get a Friend that may condole My pain,
 And tell me that I shall do well again:
 'Twill get a Nurse, a Purge, and save my Life,
 And keep me well for my dear Friends and Wife:
 Prethee fond fool for this ne're vex thy Head,
 For she and all that know Thee wish Thee dead:
 And reason good, since you your Gold prefer
 To all your Friends, your Children, and to Her:
 How then canst Thou expect that They should
 prove
 So kind to Thee, when Thou deserv'st no Love?
 Why, to be *Covetous* yet keep thy Friends,
 That *Chance* or that indulgent *Nature* sends;
 It is a *foolish* hope, absurd and vain, }
 As his, to teach an *Ass* to take the rein
 And freely run a race upon the Plain.
 Well, fix a *bound* at last to thy Estate;
 And then leave off when Thou hast gotten that;
 And let not, as Thou dost encrease thy store,
 Thy fears rise too that Thou shalt once be poor.

Act not *Uvidius*, (come, the Story's short,
 The tale is tragick, yet 'tis pretty sport)
 A Rogue as rich as if He had a Mine,
 He did not *tell*, but *measure* heaps of Coin:
 And yet so *close*, he went as meanly clad
 As any thread-bare Servant that he had;
 His Shoes still *clouted*, and He always cry'd,
 That He shou'd *starve* for want before he dy'd:
 Him his *Whore* snapt, and with a lusty blow
 (Well struck I faith) she cleft the slave in Two:
What then must I spend all? No, that's as bad:
 There's something betwixt staring and stark mad:
 Why still to the Extreame You madly run,
 For when I chide Thee for a greedy Clown,
 I do not bid Thee spend, and be undone:
 No, there are bounds when *Nature* did begin
 Then fixt, and all is Good that lyes within,
 And all without on either side is Sin.

3. But to return to that where I began,
 Is none so pleas'd as the *rich greedy* Man?
 Is none like him contented with his state,
 But rather praise and crave another's fate?
 When others *Cows* do give more milk than his
 Is He not vext? doth He not *pine* at this?
 Doth He compare himself, and doth he see
 That almost all are *poorer* far than He?
 Doth He not strive to raise his vast Estate?
 Be richer now than this Man, now than that?
 Yet *richer* still appear as He goes on,
 And *those* He must Excel, or Nothing's done.
 Just as our *Racers* when They run the Course,
 Still keep their Eye upon the foremost Horse,

And

And strive to out-strip *him* ; but never mind
 The *lazy* distanc't Jade that lags behind :
 Hence 'tis scarce any thinks his state is blest,
 Nor when Death calls like a contented Guest
 Will rise from Life, and lay him down to rest :
 But stay, enough, and lest mine seems as long
 As *Crispin's* tedious Books, I'll hold my Tongue.

SATYR II.

The Heads of the second Satyr.

1. *Men keep no mean, as He confirms by Examples.*
2. *He lashes the Adulterers.*

1. **T**He *Players, Pimps, and Hectors* of the
 Town,
 The *Rooks, the Gamesters*, all lament and moan
 For their *Tigellius* that is dead and gone :
 For He was a *free* Soul, a *Prodigal*,
 He had a fair *Estate*, and spent it all :
 Others t'avoid that Name refuse to spend
 One single *Cross* upon a needy Friend ;
 Their heaps are *Sacred*, and they spare their Gold,
 Altho he dyes for *Want*, and starves with Cold :
 Now if you take the first to task, and say,
Why dost Thou squander thy Estate away ?
Why wast thy Ancient Lands on Paltry guests,
And borrow Money to maintain thy Feasts ?

He answers streight, *I hate to be confin'd,*
I have no sordid, nor a narrow Mind;
No, I a free and generous humor love;
 And this some discommend, and some approve.
Fusidius rich in Money out at Use,
 And Lands, yet fears to be esteem'd profuse;
 For *five times double* He would Sums ingage,
 And sues *Young Heirs* when newly come of Age:
 The greatest *Prodigals* He presses most,
 And lends them Money till their Lands are lost.
 Who when He hears all this would not complain,
 Good God! yet thus He damns himself for gain:
 "And one would scarce believe a Man for Pelf
 "Should be so great an Enemy to himself:
 That He in *Terence* when His Son was gone,
 Tho He laments, and crys He is undone,
 The most unhappy Man the Sun can see,
 Yet liv'd not half so bad a Life as He:
And all this proves whil'st Fools one Vice condemn
They run into the Opposite Extream:
Malthin with Gowns below his heels is grac't,
 Another *Humorist* tucks them to his wast:
Rufillus smells like any Civet Cat,
Gorgonius like a Goat, or worse than that:
 Men keep no Mean; One, when his Blood boils o're,
 Will take a *Matron* only for his Whore,
 Whil'st others all but *common Fades* refuse,
 They fly the sober Whores, and rake the Stews:
 A certain famous Bully of the Town
 When He did leave the Stews, was often known
 To use old *Cato's* words, *Go bravely on:*

Here

*Here our hot Youths should come to cool their flame,
And never use the marry'd City Dame :*

But *Cupien* says, I'll not be prais'd for this,
That *Cupien* that admires a Matron Miss.

2. Now you that with these base *Adulterers* ill,
And Punishment as bad as is their Will ;

Must needs be pleas'd to hear my *Muse* explain }
What small delight they with great danger gain,
And how their Pleasure's sadly mixt with Pain : }

For one found faulty with another's Wife

Must from a Window leap to save his life :

Another's finely kickt and jilted too,

Or taken, bribes the Slaves to let him go :

Another's kickt into the Common Shore,

There stifled, and a thousand Mischiefs more ,

Another's Guelt, his Dancing days are gone,

And All but *Galba* say 'twas justly done.

But come let's see now how the Matter falls,

Is't safer trading with the *Abigals* ,

Whom *Salust* so admires, and so adores,

As much as those that use the marry'd Whores ?

Now did not this Man make his gifts too great,

But fit, and equal to his small Estate :

He might be counted kind, preserve his Name,

Not ruine his Estate, nor lose his Fame :

But what cares He for this ? He boasts alone

He knows no Matron, and He tempts not one :

Or as *Marsæus* whom a jilting Whore

An *Actress* hath undone, and made him Poor :

Methinks, says He, *I lead a civil Life,*

I never meddle with another's Wife :

Ay,

Ay, but with *Whores* and *Players*; and by that
Thy Fame is ruin'd more than thy Estate :

Is it enough to say, when *faults* are done,
I did it not with such or such a one ;
And not take Care to shun the *Action* still,
The *Action* that's intrinsically ill,
And scandalous in its self ? to wast thy Time,
Thy Fame, or thy Estate is such a Crime,
'Tis bad on whomsoe're you lose it all,
Or Matron, Common-Whore, or *Abigal* :
Young *Villius* He to *Sylla's* Daughter kind,
Almost a Son in Law, so oft He fin'd
Poor wretch, thus cheated, smarted o're and o're ;
Being soundly beaten, stab'd, kickt out of Door, }
Whilst poor *Longareus* clasp't the jilting Whore : }
Suppose his *Whore-Pipe* now being vext at this,
Should ask him, *did I want a Noble Miss,*
A Whore of Quality to cool my Flame ?
No, I had been content with meaner Game :
What answer could be given ? what be said ?
Only, forsooth, She was a Noble Maid :
But how much better *Nature's* Laws provide,
How great the gifts bestow'd, how small deny'd ?
If you distinguish well, if well design,
No things *forbidden* with the *granted* joyn :
Is it all one ? can you no difference see
Whether the Fault be in the *Things*, or *Thee* ?
Then tempt no *Matrons*, for suppose you gain,
The Sweet is little, but immense the Pain :
'Tis true her costly *Jewels* court our Eye,
But yet She's not more soft, more plump her thigh,

No, tho such Gems as soft *Cerintbus* wore,
 She does no better than a *trading* Whore :
 Besides, her Trade is fair, I like it well,
 She freely shows what e're She has to sell :
 And you may turn her, and view every part,
 And see that all is Nature, and not Art :
 She does not show her best to tempt the Eye,
 And strive to cover a Deformity,
 All's seen, and if you like it, you may buy :
 Our *Fockys*, when a Horse is set to sale,
 Take off the Covering-Cloaths, and look on all ;
 Lest by a well-shap't Neck and cleanly made
 The greedy Chapman be at last betray'd,
 And buys a spavin'd or a founder'd Jade :
 This care is good, thus when you choose a Lass,
 Be not too Eagle-ey'd to view a grace ;
 And blind as *Hypsea* is to spy a fault,
 For such as judge by halves are often caught :
 How neat her Arm and Leg! 'tis true, but stay,
 Her Waist is short, Nose long, her Feet are splay.

Besides, a *Matron's* Face is seen alone
 But *Kate's* that Female Bully of the Town,
 For all the rest is cover'd with the Gown :
 But if you'd tast, for that doth raise thy heat,
 A Dainty but forbidden Dish of Meat :
 There are a thousand stops, a thousand spies,
 A Chamber-maid, a Foot-boys curious Eyes,
 These must be see'd, and each will claim his share,
 Besides a Gown doth hide the precious Ware :
 But now a *trading* Girl is freely show'd,
 You see her Naked, or almost as good ;

Her Coats are thin, and you may fairly try
 If strait her Waist, Feet Good, if plump her Thigh, }
 There's free admission to the Chapman's Eye :
 Wou'd you be cheated ? the Occasion's fair,
 Since you would buy before you see the Ware.

As *Hunters* trace their Hares thro frost & snow, }
 Like not the Flesh as well as others do,
 As if they caught it only to bestow :
 Just so my Love, it scorns an easie prey,
 But hotly follows that that flies away : (tame

What can'st Thou think that this mean Verse can
 Thy wild Desires, that this can quench thy Flame :
 And doth not Nature steddly Rules ordain ,
 Fixt Laws which should thy wildest wish contain, }
 And which divide the solid Goods from vain ?
 Doth She not tell, what she would have supply'd,
 And what She cannot bear to be deny'd ?
 When *Thirst* doth burn thy Throat, and call for ease,
 Will nothing but a *golden* Goblet please ?
 And when thy *Hunger* bites, and fain would eat,
 Is all refus'd but rare, and dainty meat ?
 Or when thy *Lust* calls for a speedy Joy, }
 And Thou hast ready a mean Girl or Boy,
 What wilt thou rather burn than those employ ?
 I'm of another Mind, I'm not so nice,
 I love a *Miss* that comes at easie Price :
 And says, *Yes, when my Husband's out of Doors,*
 Or, *Sir, One Guiney more, and I am yours :*
 Says *Philodem* let patient Eunuchs Court
 Such formal Ladies, I'm for quicker Sport :
 I love a *Miss* that flies into my Arms,
 And sets at easie rate her tempting Charms,

Let

Let her be strait and fair, of comely grace,
 And let her bring no more than *Nature's* face :
 Whil'st we embrace, whil'st She my Arms doth fill,
 She's my *Egeria*, or what e're I will :
 Then I'll fear nothing, for no harm can come,
 No jealous Husband is returning home,
 No Doors broke open, or the Servants rais'd,
 Whil'st She poor Wretch starts from my Arms amaz'd,
 And with a guilty shriek crys I'm undone,
 Oh now I'm caught, and all my Joynture's gone;
 (For that's the Punishment of marry'd Whores)
 Whil'st I poor guilty Rogue sneak out of Doors,
 Unbutton'd, and barefoot, to shun the Shame,
 And save my Purse, my Flesh, or else my Fame :
 Then leave the marry'd Women, be advis'd,
 'Tis sad, ask *Fabius* else, to be surpris'd.

S A T Y R I I I.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

- (1.) *He lashes Tigellius a Songster, an Enemy of his, and a most unsettled Fellow.* (2.) *Those that quickly spy others faults, but cannot see their own.*
 (3.) *Faults of Friends should be extenuated.*
 (4.) *Against the Stoicks Opinion that all Faults are equal.*

1. **A**mongst their *Friends* our *Songsters* all agree
 Of this one fault, not one of them is free ;

Ask

Her Coats are thin, and you may fairly try
 If strait her Waist, Feet Good, if plump her Thigh, }
 There's free admission to the Chapman's Eye :
 Wou'd you be cheated ? the Occasion's fair,
 Since you would buy before you see the Ware.

As *Hunters* trace their Hares thro frost & snow, }
 Like not the Flesh as well as others do,
 As if they caught it only to bestow :
 Just so my Love, it scorns an easie prey,
 But hotly follows that that flies away : (tame

What can'st Thou think that this mean Verse can
 Thy wild Desires, that this can quench thy Flame ?
 And doth not Nature steddily Rules ordain ,
 Fixt Laws which should thy wildest wish contain, }
 And which divide the solid Goods from vain ?
 Doth She not tell, what she would have supply'd,
 And what She cannot bear to be deny'd ?
 When *Thirst* doth burn thy Throat, and call for ease,
 Will nothing but a *golden* Goblet please ?
 And when thy *Hunger* bites, and fain would eat,
 Is all refus'd but rare, and dainty meat ?
 Or when thy *Lust* calls for a speedy Joy, }
 And Thou hast ready a mean Girl or Boy,
 What wilt thou rather burn than those employ :
 I'm of another Mind, I'm not so nice,
 I love a *Miss* that comes at easie Price :
 And says, *Tes, when my Husband's out of Doors,*
Or, Sir, One Guiney more, and I am yours :
 Says *Philodem* let patient Eunuchs Court
 Such formal Ladies, I'm for quicker Sport :
 I love a *Miss* that flies into my Arms,
 And sets at easie rate her tempting Charms,

Let

Let her be strait and fair, of comely grace,
 And let her bring no more than *Nature's* face :
 Whil'st we embrace, whil'st She my Arms doth fill,
 She's my *Egeria*, or what e're I will :
 Then I'll fear nothing, for no harm can come,
 No jealous Husband is returning home,
 No Doors broke open, or the Servants rais'd,
 Whil'st She poor Wretch starts from my Arms amaz'd,
 And with a guilty shriek crys I'm undone,
 Oh now I'm caught, and all my Joynture's gone;
 (For that's the Punishment of marry'd Whores)
 Whil'st I poor guilty Rogue sneak out of Doors,
 Unbutton'd, and barefoot, to shun the Shame,
 And save my Purse, my Flesh, or else my Fame :
 Then leave the marry'd Women, be advis'd,
 'Tis sad, ask *Fabius* else, to be surpris'd.

S A T Y R I I I.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

- (1.) *He lashes Tigellius a Songster, an Enemy of his, and a most unsettled Fellow.* (2.) *Those that quickly spy others faults, but cannot see their own.*
 (3.) *Faults of Friends should be extenuated.*
 (4.) *Against the Stoicks Opinion that all Faults are equal.*

1. **A**mongst their *Friends* our *Songsters* all agree
 Of this one fault, not one of them is free;
 Ask

Ask them to Sing you cannot have a Note,
No, they have gotten Cold, or a soare Throat :
 But unrequested then They strain their Voice,
 And trouble all the Company with their Noise :
 This humour hath *Tigellius* often shown ;
 If by his Father's Friendship and his own
Cæsar, that could Command. did beg a Song ;
 'Twas all in vain, He might have held his Tongue :
 Yet take him in the vein, and He would sing
 From Morn till Night, a *Health to Charles our King* :
 Sometimes to squeaking *Treble* his voice would raise,
 Then sink again into the deepest *Bass* :
 A most unsettled fellow, He would run
 As if He fled a Robber, or a Dun ;
 And streight as in Procession gravely go,
 Now with two hundred Servants, now but Two :
 Sometimes He'd talk of *Heroes*, and of Kings,
 In mighty swelling Numbers mighty Things :
 And then again, let gracious Fortune give
A little Meat and Drink enough to live :
Let her a Coat to keep out Cold present,
Altho'tis thick and coarse, yet I'm content :
 Yet give this sparing thing, this moderate,
 This Man of mean desires a vast Estate,
 In Nine days time 'tis every Penny gone,
 And He's grown Poor again, and is undone :
 He wakes all Night to Sing, to Drink, and Play,
 Then goes to Bed, and snores it all the Day :
 No Mans designs like his do disagree,
 None lives so contrary to himself as He.
 2. Ay, but says One, have you no fault like this ?
Yes, Sir, I have, Perhaps as great as his :

When

When *Menius* rail'd at *Novius*, how, says One,
Do'st know thy self, or think thy faults unknown?
Ay, but says *Menius*, I forgive my Own:
This is a foolish, and a wicked Love,
And such as sharpest Satyrs should reprove,
When thou art Blind and Senseless to thine own,
How do'st thou see thy Friend's Disease so soon:
That scarce a Serpent can so quickly spy,
Nor any Eagle hath so good an Eye.
Well then go on, pursue thy mean design,
As Thou do'st find their faults, so They will thine;
Perhaps He's pettish, and He's apt to rage,
He cannot bear the Railery of the Age,
Perhaps he doth not wear his Cloaths gentile,
His Shoe is not well made, nor sits it well:
He may be flouted, and be jeer'd for this;
Yet He's an *honest* Man as any is:
He is thy *Friend*, and tho the *Case* be foul,
It holds a Learned, and a Noble Soul.
Lastly, look o're thy self with strictest Care,
And see what seeds of Vice are rooted there,
What Nature plants, and what ill Customs bear.
This search is good, for a neglected Field,
Or Thorns, or useles Fern will quickly yield.
Well, let us bring our selves at last to this,
As ardent *Lovers* when they Court a Miss;
Or spy no faults, or love those faults they spy,
Thus *Agne's* Polypus pleas'd *Balbine's* Eye;
I wish this Error in our Friendship reign'd,
Or had the credit of a Vertue gain'd,
As *Fathers* hide *Sons* faults or else commend,
We should excuse the failures of our Friend:

A Father that hath got a *Squint-ey'd* Boy
 Crys *what a pretty Cast adorns my joy!*
 And calls his *dwarfish* Son that's often sick,
 As that Abortive *Sisyphus*, his Chick:
 Is one *too Close*? be tender of his fame,
 And call him *thrifty*, 'tis the softer Name:
 If He will *brag too much*, if He is vain,
 Then say he is a *brisk*, and *merry* Man:
 If He will *rage*, if he will *rudely* flout,
 Then say He is a *downright* Friend, and stout:
 If He will *buff*, his *Airy* Soul commend,
 And this I think will get, and keep a Friend:
 But We unkindly and perversely nice,
 Do turn their very Vertues into Vice:
 If any lives a sober honest life,
 Puts up Affronts, and shuns disturbing Strife,
 A mean, we streight exclaim, and Chicken Soul:
 And one that's slow, We call a thick-scall'd Fool:
 Another in these *evidencing* Times
 When Envy loads our Honest Men with Crimes,
 Lives unsuspected, and with prudent Art
 He keeps himself secure on every part.
 Instead of Wise, of Provident, and Grave,
 Oh He's a Cunning and a Crafty Knave:
 If any man (as I have often done
 To you *Mecænas*, and now freely own)
 Impertinent Discourse or Questions brings,
 Or jogs Another whil'st He reads or sings,
 Or sits a musing upon other things: }
 We streight grow Mad, we'll hear no just defence;
 Pox, He's a Dolt, He wants even Common Sense;

What Customs, ah ! what Rules have Men design'd ?
 And how unjust, and to themselves unkind !
 There's none but hath some fault, and he's the best,
 Most Vertuous he, that's spotted with the least :
 A kind good natur'd Friend that strives to prove
 And know the Man that he intends to love,
 And weighs my Vertues, and my Faults, 'tis just
 (If happily my Vertues prove the most,)
 To let that Scale go down ; and if on this
 He'l be a Friend, I'll bate some things amiss,
 And make the same allowance in weighing his :
 For those that would not have their *Sores* offend,
 Must not disgust the *Pimples* of their Friend :
 And 'tis but just, that he that hopes to find
 A Pardon for his Faults, should be as kind,
 And give the like, and with a willing mind.

Soul :
 Fool :
 mes,
 4. But now since *Passion's* rooted in our Souls,
 As other faults that stick so close to Fools ;
 Why doth not Reason poise and mend our thoughts ?
 And see our rage proportion'd to the faults :
 When Supper's done a Slave removes the Dish,
 And spills the Broth, or else lets fall the Fish ;
 Now should the *Master* stab the Slave for this,
 He would be thought more mad then *Labeo* is :
 But how more mad are we, and more severe !
 Our Friends but little, and but seldom Erre,
 (And such small Faults good Natures ne're resent ;
 They sin as Men must do, and may repent.)
 But yet for this we hate, for this we shun,
 As Bankrupts, *Risio*, the notorious Dun ;
 Who, when the *Calends* come, severely sues,
 And if the Debtor doth not pay the Use,

What

B b

He's

He's clapt in Jayl, and hears a tedious Bill,
A killing Scroll, *Item*, and *Item* still :
My Friend got drunk, perhaps hath foul'd my bed,
Or bruis'd a Cup by neat *Evander* made,
Or snacht away a Chicken from my Plate,
And must I love my Friend the less for that ?
What should I do then if he prov'd unjust,
Refus'd to bayl me, Thiev'd or broke his Trust :
Those that hold Vices equal seem distress't,
When leaving *Sophistry* they come toth' Test :
This Fancy doth with Law and Custom fight,
And *Interest* too, that spring of Just and Right :
When Man first crept from Mother Earth's cold
Womb,

He was a miserable Thing, and dumb ;
Then they for Acorns fought, and shady Cave,
With Nails, then Clubs, the Weapons Nature gave:
And next with Swords which sad convenience found,
And malice taught them they were fit to wound :
Till Words and Names for Things, and Laws began,
And civiliz'd the brutish Creature Man :
Then they built Towns, and settled *Right* and Just,
And Laws to curb our Rapine, and our Lust ;
For long e're *Helen's* time a thousand dy'd,
Then thousands fought to get a beauteous Bride :
But unrecorded fell, like Beasts they stray'd,
Each caught his willing Female and enjoy'd :
Till one more strong kill'd him, and was preferr'd,
Just as the greatest Bull amongst the Herd :
Look o're the Word's old Records, there's the Cause.
'Twas fear of wrong that made us make our Laws :

By *Naked Nature* ne're was understood
 What's *Just* and *Right*, as what is *Bad* and *Good*,
 What *fit* and what *unfit* for *Flesh* and *Bood* :
 Nor Reason shews to break a Garden Hedge,
 Should be as great a Crime as *Sacriledge* :
 Let *Rules* be fixt that may our *Rage* contain,
 And punish faults with a *Proportion'd* pain :
 And do not flea him, do not run him through,
 That only doth deserve a kick or two :
 For I ne're fear that Thou wilt prove too kind,
 To too much *Pity vitiously* inclin'd,
 That can't hold *Vices Equal*, and believe
 To *Rob's* no greater Crime than 'tis to *Thieve* ;
 And who would punish all with equal hand
 If Thou wer't King, and had'st the full Command :
 If he that's wise and skilful in his Trade,
 Tho but a *Cobler*, must be neatly made,
 Be rich, be fair, be handsome and a King ;
 Why do'st Thou wish for't since Thou hast the
 Thing ?
But what Chrysippus said Thou dost not know,
No wise Man yet did ever make a shoe
 And yet the *Cobler's* a wise Man ; *how so ?*
 Why, as *Hermogenes*, tho He holds his Tongue,
 Is skill'd in *Musick* and can set a Song ;
 And fustling *Alfen* though he lost his Awl,
 And threw away his Last, and shut his Stall ;
 And broak his Threads, yet was a *Cobler* still ;
 Thus every *Tradesman* if he hath but skill
 Is wise, and therefore only King : but stay,
 Unless you use your Club, with wanton play

The waggish Boys will pluck thy formal Beard,
 Thou shalt be kickt, derided, scorn'd and jeer'd,
 Till thou do'st burst when Rage or Envy Stings,
 And snarl thou greatest King of mighty Kings.
 In short, whilst Thou a King shalt walk in State,
 And only foolish *Crispin* on Thee wait,
 To get a farthing Bath, I nobly live,
 The Faults I *Fool* commit, my friends forgive,
 And I as easily will pardon theirs,
 And so I'll live secure, and free from Cares,
 A happier Private Man, Than Thou a King.

SATYR IV.

The Heads of the Fourth Satyr.

- (1.) *Lucilius was bitter but uncorrect.* (2.) *Few read Satyrs, because they know they deserve the reproof.* (3.) *Whether Satyr be a Species of Poetry.* (4.) *A defence of his own Writings.* (5.) *The manner how his Father bred him to Vertue.*

1. **C**RATIN and EUPOLIS that lash't the Age,
 Those old Comedian Furies of the Stage;
 If they were to describe a vile, unjust,
 And cheating Knave, or scourge a Lawless Lust;
 Or other Crimes; regardless of his Fame
 They show'd the Man, and boldly told his Name;

This is *Lucilius's* way, He follows those,
 His Wit the same, but other numbers chose ;
 I grant he was a sharp and ready Wit,
 But *rude* and *uncorrect* in all he writ :
 This was his fault, He hastily would rhyme
 (As if 'twere such a wondrous thing in him)
 Two hundred tedious lines in one hours time :
 Yet when with force his muddy fancy flow'd,
 Some few pure Streams appear'd amongst the mud :
 In *writing much* 'tis true his Parts excell,
 Too lazy for the task of *writing well* :
 But grant that rare, what then ? *Crispinus* says
You talk of writing, Sir, You claim the Bays,
Come on Sir Critick, You shall have your fill,
(The wager be as little as you will)
Here's Pen and Ink, and Time and Place, let's try
Which can write most and fastest, You or I :
 Thanks Heaven that made me slow, and gave a Pen
 That writes but little, and but now and then :
 But you, like *Bellows*, till the Gold's refin'd,
 Are puffing still, and all but empty wind.
 2. *Fannius* was happy, whom the publick praise
 Preferr'd to *Phæbus* shrine, and Crown'd with Bays :
 But few read mine, and few my Books delight,
 And I scarce dare to publish what I write :
 Few like this way, for most know well enough,
 That they deserve, and fear my just reproof :
 Take any at a venture midst the Crowd,
 And you shall find him covetous or proud ,
 One marry'd *Whores*, another *Boys* desires,
 One *Silver's* white, and *Alpius Brass* admires :

Another runs from East to West to cheat,
Like Dust by Whirlwinds tost thro storms of Fate,
And all to keep or better his Estate :

All these hate *Poets*, these do fear our Rhimes,
Look he's stark mad, they cry, *fly, fly betimes* ;
He spares no Friend, *He will abuse the best*,
So he may laugh himself and have his Jest :

And then what e're He writes flies o're the Town,
To Pimps, to Hectors, and to Gamesters shown,
To every one He meets He tells the Tale,
Old Senseless Fops, Old Women, Boys and All :
Now hear what may for t'other side be shown ;

3. First, I'me no *Poet*, for to make me one

'Tis not enough to fetter words in Rhyme,
And make a tedious and a jingling Chyme ;
And chiefly since my numerous feet enclose
Such plain familiar Talk, and almost Prose ;

No, He alone can claim that name that writes
With Fancy High, and bold and daring flights,
And sings as nobly as His *Hero* fights.

And therefore some do doubt, (though some allow
If *Comedy* be *Poetry* or no,

Because it wants that Spirit, Flame, and Force,
And bate the numbers, 'tis but plain discourse :
Yet often there the careful Fathers rage,

They storm, and swear, and crack the trembling
Stage,

A Rogue, a Dog, I'll kick him out of Door ;

When his young Stripling courts a Jilting Whore,
And flights a noble Match ; or stow'd with drink,
E'en whilst 'tis day, He Sails behind his Link :

And would not *Pompon*, were his Father here,
 Expect as harsh a check, and as severe ?
 Well then 'tis not enough to keep due time,
 Observe just feet, and put plain words in Rhyme ;
 For break the Numbers, and the Verse affords
 But common angry talk, and usual words :
 Thus take what I, or what *Lucilius* writes,
 Tho now and then it Storms, and sometimes bites,
 Invert the Order and the Words transpose,
 No sign, as when you change (*When violent Wars*
Had burst their Brazen Gates, and broke the Bars:)
 Of Poetry appears, 'tis naked Prose.

4. But now enough, another Time shall show
 If 'tis a part of Poetry or no :
 But now I will enquire how Men should hate
 This way of writing Satyr, and for what :
Capri and *Sulce*, those Terrors of the Jail,
 Both hoarse with pleading walk the Common-Hall,
 Their green Bags stufft with Bills, Indictments,
 Breves,

A mighty Terror those to Knaves and Thieves ;
 But yet an *honest* Man that keeps his Oath,
 Nor robs nor steals, may safely scorn them both :
 If Thou'rt a Thief, as *Cæle* and *Byrrhus* are,
 I'me not like *Sulce* or *Capri*, why do'st fear,
 And why dread me ? My Book's not set to Sale,
 Thumb'd by the Rabble upon every Stall,
 The Rascal scum, *Hermogenes* and All :
 I seldom do rehearse, and when I do,
 I'me forc't because my Friends will have it so :
 But then in private, to my Friends alone,
 Not every where, nor yet to every one :

Thousands i'th' publick Market-place recite,
 And trouble all they meet with what they write:
 Nay whilst they Bath, They studiously rehearse,
 The *Eccho's* raise the Voice and grace the Verse:
 Thus act our *Fops*, and without fear or wit,
 Never considering if the Season's fit,
 Or time convenient: *Well, but what you write*
Doth hurt Mens fame, that's your perverse delight:
 Why this to me? Doth any Friend of mine
 Boldly affirm that this is my design?
 He that himself shall blame his absent Friends,
 Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends,
 Sports with their Fame, and speaks what e're He
 can,
 And only to be thought a Witty Man,
 Tells Tales, and brings his Friend in dis-esteem,
 That Man's a *Knave*, be sure beware of him:
 Set Twelve to Supper, one above the rest
 Takes all the talk, and breaks a scurvy Jest
 On all, except the Master of the Feast:
 At last on him, when frequent Cups begin,
 T'unlock his Soul, and show the spight within:
 Yet him you count a Wag, a merry Soul,
 A pleasant, innocent, and harmless Droll:
 But if I smile perchance, if I presume
 To laugh because *Rufillus* doth perfume,
 That Female Man; or nasty *Gorgon* note
 For studied filthiness, and smell of Goat:
 My smiles are Satyrs, and what e're I write,
 In me 'tis all detraction, and 'tis spight:
 In common Talk, as we have often done,
 If we discourse how *Petil* stole the Crown;

And

And you, as you are wont, his Cause defend,
He hath a kindness for me, He's my Friend,
My old Acquaintance He, He is indeed,
And faith I'me glad at heart that He is freed;
And yet I wonder how He 'scapt; 'tis right,
 This, this is base detraction, this is spight:
 This, If I know my self, ne're relisht me,
 My *Books* from this, I'me sure my *Mind* is free,
 But if some things appear jocosely writ,
 This you must pardon, this you must permit.

5. For my good Father did instruct me so,
 And by Examples taught me how to know
 What was unfit, and what was fit to do:
 For when He tutor'd and advis'd to thrift,
 And live content with that which He had left:
Mark Byrrhus, he would say, and Alpi's Son,
How poor They live, now They are both undone!
Two fit examples by unhappy Fates,
To fright young Heirs from spending their Estates:
 When He would fright me from a lawless Love,
 And Whores, He said, *Young Horace do not prove*
Like Sectan, do not lead so loose a Life,
And seek stoln joys, and with another's Wife;
Use what the Laws permit, and be advis'd,
Trebonius got no credit when surpriz'd:
Philosophers perhaps may show the Cause,
And talk of Reason and of Nature's Laws,
Why some things should be hated, some admir'd,
And why avoided some, and some desir'd,
 But 'tis enough for me to form thy mind,
 And leave it to the Ancients rules inclin'd,

*And whilst Thou want'st a Tutor, keep thy Name
 And manners spotless, and preserve thy Fame ;
 For when a Man, then thou must walk alone,
 No prudent care to guide Thee but thy own :
 Thus he advis'd ; What e're He'd have me do,
 He says, Look such a one doth so and so ;
 And sets a *Worthy* Man before my Eyes,
 And when he would forbid a Thing, He cries,
*Is not this bad when such and such a One
 Is scandaliz'd for't over all the Town ?*
 Unruly Patients when They chance to hear
 Their Neighbour's lately dead, begin to fear,
 Grow orderly and check their Appetite ;
 So others ill repute do often fright
 Young Men from following Vice and false delight :
 Hence 'tis that sound from greater faults I live,
 But small, and such as Friends may well forgive,
 I grant I have ; yet even those grow less
 By my own Care, or by my Friends advice ;
 For when I lye or when I walk alone,
 I usually revolve what I have done ;
*This may be better'd sure, and this commend,
 And make me greater, and a pleasant Friend :*
Sure this is bad, and this is not well don' ;
What shall I act like such and such a one ?
 All this I use to think on when alone :
 At leasure times I write my foolish thoughts,
 And this is one of Those my little faults,
 Which if you won't forgive, but prove severe,
 A Band of Poets to my Aid I'll rear,
 (For we can make a Band) and like the *Jews*
 Ile force you take that side you now refuse.*

SATYR V.

SATYR V.

The Heads of the Fifth Satyr.

(I.) *A Description of his journey to Brundisium, with all the various occurrences in the way.*

FROM stately *Rome* I walkt a little way,
 And reacht *Aricia* first, and there I lay;
 My Company as good as Man could seek,
 The Lawyer *Heliodore* a Learned Greek:
 Then *Forum Apii*, that's a paltry Town,
 With Tars and Pedlars throng'd, and those alone;
 We made two days on't hither, tho most but one;
 For to quick Travellers 'tis a tedious road,
 But if you walk but slow 'tis pretty good:
 Here 'cause the water did corrode the Taste,
 And hurt the Stomach, I resolv'd to fast;
 And envy'd those that Sup't; now Night appears
 And o're the Heaven spreads shades, and twinkling
 Stars:

And then the Boys and Tars began to roar,
A Boat, a Boat, so be, you Son of a Whore,
Pox, Thou wilt sink the Boat, enough, no more:
 And whilst They take the Fare we were to pay,
 And tye the Mule, a whole hour slips away:
 The Boat was full of Fleas, and those molest,
 And croaking Frogs all night disturb'd our rest:
 The Mule-man and the Boat-man fate up late,
 Both drunk, and sang a Catch of merry *Kate*:

At

At last the weary Mule-man rolls to Bed,
 With fiery Eyes, swoln Guts, and aking head :
 The Boat-man too resolv'd to work no more,
 But ty'd his Mule to graze along the shore,
 Then fell asleep, and there all night doth snore :
 And now the Sun climb'd o're the Eastern Hill,
 And show'd the Day, but yet our Boat stood still ;
 Till one, a surly fellow, leapt from far,
 And back and side He cudgel'd drowzy Tar :
 This made him work and follow our Command,
 And so at ten a Clock we came to Land :
Feronia was the place, and there we Dine ;
 Thence three miles farther to another Inn :
 My kind *Mecænas* was to meet me there,
 With good *Cocceius* sent on great Affair,
 On Embassies, 'twas their delightful toyl
 To make new Friends, and Enemies reconcile :
 And here because my travelling did inflame,
 I drest my Eyes, mean while *Mecænas* came,
Cocceius, *Capito*, and *Fronto*——
 That *Fronto* delicate in mind and face,
 And great with *Antony* as any was :
 At little *Fundi* we refus'd to bait,
 But laught at proud *Aufidius*'s Pomp and State ;
 A Scrivener lately, now with Mace and Gown
 He huffs, and proudly Lords it o're the Town :
 To *Formiæ* next ; There *Capito* meat affords,
Murena Lodging, so we liv'd like Lords :
 The next day was a happy joyful day,
 For then at *Sinuessa* on our way,
Plotinus, *Virgil*, *Varius* too attends,
 All worthy Men, and my obliging Friends :

Oh

Oh how did we embrace ! What shouts we gave !
 A Friend's the dearest thing a Man can have :
 Next night near *Campan's* Bridge our Stage was
 good,
 And there we Lodg'd, and as the Custom stood
 The Villagers presented Salt and Wood :
 Next Stage was *Capua*, there we made a stay,
 We came betimes, *Mecænas* went to play,
Virgil and I to Bed, my Eyes were sore,
 His stomach sick, and so we both forbore :
 And next we reach't *Cocceius* Farm at night ;
 A pleasant Seat, and stor'd with all delight :
 But now assist my Muse, and now relate
 How two base fellows quarrell'd, and for what :
 But first their Pedigree ; the generous, brave,
 And valiant *Messius* was a Noble Knave,
 An *Oscian* born ; *Sarmentus* was a Slave :
 Thus nobly born these Two, and nobly bred
 Began the Brawl, And first *Sarmentus* said,
Faith *Messius* Thou art like an untam'd Horse ;
 We laugh ; Well, well, says *Messius*, take your Course,
 And shakes his head ; Oh were thy horns not gone,
 How thou would'st push, since now when thou hast none
 Thou threatnest so ? but that's a scurvy place,
 Those plaguy Scars thy bristly front disgrace.
 And then breaks many a jest upon his face :
 On every Pimple, and on every Wart,
 And bids him Mimick *Polyphem* ; No Art,
 No Vizard thou dost need, for thou art rough,
 And Nature's given Thee ugliness enough.
 This *Messius* stomachs, and replies again,
 Well, Sir, when will you Consecrate the Chain

Oh
 You

*You vow'd the Lares : now you're mighty proud,
A Scribe, yet still your Ladies claim is good :
But why I wonder should'st Thou run away ?
A poor thin-gutted Rogue ; sure he might stay
That feasted on an half-penny Loaf a d.y.*

This made our Supper pleasant, thence we rood
To *Beneventum*, there our Inn was good :
But whilst our sedulous Host makes too much hast
To roast our Meat, and makes too strong a blast,
He had almost been burnt, the Chimny fir'd,
And flames as hungry to the Roofs aspir'd :
Then hungry We, and all our Servants came
To save the Meat, and House, and quench the flame :
Next day the known *Appulian* Mountains rise,
Which hot *Atabulus* scorches as He flies :
To pass these Hills had prov'd too great a toyl,
But small *Trevicum* gave us rest a while,
We staid, quite blinded in a smoaky house,
For all They had to burn was leaves and boughs :
Here I poor Noddy half the night or more
Expected a forsworn, a jilting Whore,
At last dull sleep did blunt my keen desire,
His lazy hand spread o're, and check't my fire :
But then some wanton Dreams, too loose to tell,
Supply'd her place, and did the feat as well :
Thence four and twenty Miles in four hours time,
To a small place whose name wo'nt stand in Rhyme :
But yet by Signs 'tis very eas'ly known :
First then, the Water's scarce o're all the Town ;
The cheapest Thing that Nature hath bestow'd
Here's dearly sold ; the Bread is very good :

This oft the wary Traveller approves,
And when He parts, He fills his Bag with Loaves :
For none *Canusium* yields but gristy Bread,
This Town was built by Valiant *Diomed*,
The Nymphs averſe, 'tis like the former, poor,
Nor can it boast one Quart of Water more :
Here *Varius* left us, but appear'd to be
Concern'd to part, and all as much as He :
Next night we reach't to *Rubi*, there we lay,
All very weary, for the tedious way
Was dirty, and beſides it rain'd all day :
Next Morn the Sky was fair, the Weather good
As far as *Bari's* Town, but worſe the Road :
Here we had ſport enough, and cauſe to ſmile,
For ſome that would our eaſie Faith beguile,
Would needs perſwade that in their Sacred Quire
Sweet Incenſe burns without the help of fire :
Ay, let the *Jews* believe it if they pleaſe,
Not I, I know the Gods muſt live at eaſe :
Nor when ſtrong Nature doth ſome wonders ſhow,
Can I believe They meddle here below :
Hence to *Brundusium*, there I left my Friends,
And ſo my Story and my Journey Ends.

SATYR VI.

TO MECÆNAS.

- (1.) *He commends him for looking on the Excellencies, not the Families, of Men.* (2.) *Against Pride.* (3.) *His acquaintance with Mecænas.* (4.) *How his Father bred him.* (5.) *That he is very well contented with his small Estate.*

I. **B**ECAUSE thy Veins are fill'd with *Royal Blood*,
 Thy Birth is Noble, Family as good
 As all *Hetruria* boasts, you are not proud :
 Because thy *Ancestors* did Armies guide,
 Kings by thy Fathers and thy Mothers side,
 Thou dost not slight a Man of *mean* Degree,
 As most Men use to do, for instance, Me,
 Whose Father was a Slave, and lately Free :
 For you believe, and you are right in This,
 No matter *whence He comes*, but *what He is* :
 No matter if his *Race* be low, his *lood*
 Be mean, if but his *Mind* be great and good :
 Before King *Tully's* time, by Birth a Slave,
 A thousand Men of mean descent were brave,
 And fill'd the Honors that the People gave :
 But Noble *Lævin* though *Valerius* Son
 (By whose wise Conduct this great State begun,
 When *Tarquin* They, the lofty and the Proud,
 Expell'd) was never valu'd by the Crowd :

The Crowd those *Common Slaves* to empty Fame,
 That more than the Deserts regard the Name,
 Dazled with *Family* and gawdy shows :
 Then what should We, what We the Wise propose, }
 We that are thought a *different Kind* from Those ? }
 But at Elections grant the Crowd refuse.

Ignoble *Decius*, and *Levinus* chuse ;
 And grant the surly Cenfor *Appius* scorn,
 And shove me off, because but meanly born
 Or else deserv'dly 'cause I would be brave,
 And seek a finer skin than Nature gave :
 Yet Glory's shining Chariot swiftly draws
 With equal Whirl the Noble and the Base :
 2. What profit was it, *Tully*, to resume
 Thy once lost Honors, spread thy gawdy Plume
 And be a *Tribune* ? Thence more hate began,
 More Envy rose than when a *Private Man* :
 For when a Fool shall make a mighty stir,
 Swagger and huff in Golden Chain and Fur ;
 All Eyes streight turn to the unusual State,
 And studiously enquire, what Fellow's that ?
 What Family ? As one that shows a face
 Pox't, Meager, Pale, and such as *Barrus* has,
 Yet would be handsome thought. Where e're He

goes

The Ladies cry, look how the fellow shows, }
 And streight examine his Leg, his Calf and Nose. }
 Thus when one thrusts himself upon the State,
 And cries, *Come I'll sustain the Nation's weight,*
The Empire and Religion be my Care,
I'll manage all : This makes the People stare,

This makes them ask what is He, whence came
He ?

What was his Mother ? Of what Family ?
Or is He base, his Sire of mean Degree ?
And what shall base-born you, Sir, rule the Law,
Lord it o're Citizens, and hang and draw ?

*My Colleague Novius, Sir, is mean to me,
He's what my Father was, a Slave made Free.*

What then, doth that enoble all thy blood,
Make Thee *Messala, Paulus*, or as good ?
Yet did two hundred Drays, and all the Crowd
Of two great Funerals meet, He bawls so loud
That He would drown the Horns and Trumpets
Noise ;

This pleases, we are taken with his Voice :
3. But to my self the Son of a Free'd-Man, ——
Whom Envious Eyes and Envious Tongues pursue,
Because, *My Lord*, I am belov'd by you :
But once because I had a good Command,
And as a *Tribune* led a *Roman* Band :
The cause unlike, for those that may pretend
To envy me, for Honours Chance can send,
Yet may not be displeas'd that you're my friend :
Since neither Fancy nor the Pop'lar Voice,
But prudent Care, and Worth doth guide your choice:
And, Sir, this happiness I dare not own
Was Chance, for 'twas not Chance that made me
Known :

For *Virgil* did commend me to your Grace,
And *Varius* often told you what I was :
When sent for, Sir, in few and broken words,
In such as *Infant Modesty* affords,

I did not tell you my Descent was great,
I did not say I had a vast Estate,
But what I was ; and your Reply was short,
As 'tis your Custom ; so I left the Court,
And to my fields retir'd ; at nine months end
You sent for me, and bad me be your Friend :
And this I think is great, this makes me proud,
That I pleas'd you, who know what's bad from
good,

By *Vertue*, not by *Nobleness* of Blood :

4. If only *little* stains do spot my Soul,
(As perfect Beauties often have a Mole)

Tho I'me *Secure* and free from all the foul :

If none on me can *truly* fix disgrace,

If I am neither Covetous, nor Base ;

If innocent my life, if (to commend

My self) I live belov'd by every Friend :

I thank my Father for't, for He being poor,

His Farm but small, the usual ways forbore ;

He did not send me to Sir *Fabius* School

To teach me Arts, and make me great by rule :

Such as our Great-mens Sons and Nobles seek,

With Book in hand, and Satchel round their Neck,

And meanly pay their Master by the Week.

But first He boldly brought me up to Town,

To see those ways, and make those Arts my own,

Which every *Knight* and *Noble* taught his Son :

So well attended, and so richly drest

I walkt thro *Rome*, that those that view'd me, guest

I was a Man of Wealth, a *Knight* at least.

Himself my carefull'st Guardian watcht me still,

In short, He so suppress the growth of ill,

That (Vertue's hight) not only kept me pure
 From vitious Deeds, but ill repute secure :
 Nor did He fear the Censuring World should blame
 His high designs, or I be damn'd with shame,
 If after all his *Cost* I should be made
 A Common *Cryer*, or a meaner Trade ;
 Or else, as He himself, have poorly liv'd
 A mean *Excise-man*, nor should I have griev'd :
 I owe more thanks, and more respect for this,
 Nor shall I e're, whatever *Fops* advise,
 Repent of such a *Father* if I'me wise. }
 Therefore as Others when the haughty scorn,
'Twas not our fault we were not nobly born,
 I do no say, nor mind those meaner cares ;
 My words and thoughts are different far from theirs.
 5. For should kind *Nature* bid my Soul retire,
 Go back to Birth, and chuse a Noble Sire,
 As great as Thought could frame, or Pride desire ; }
 Content with those I have, let others choose,
 I would the *Noble* and the *Great* refuse :
 And this is foolish, this a wild design
 I'th' Crowd's Opinion, Wise perhaps in thine,
 Because I love my ease, with prudent care,
 And shun a weight who am not us'd to bear :
 For freight my small Estate I must enlarge,
 Salute more Men, and live at greater charge,
 Companions get, lest I, in Field or Town,
 The noble I, be seen to walk alone :
 More Grooms and Horses keep, a Coach beside,
 And all the costly Vanities of Pride :
 Now on my bob-tail'd Mule all gall'd and sore,
 My Wallet galls behind, my Spurs before ;

I ride when e're I will, I ride at ease
 As far as soft *Terentum* if I please;
 None, as of *Tully's* baseness, shall of mine complain,
 On whom, when *Prætor*, as a noble Train,
 In the *Tiburtine* way five Boys did wait,
 And bore a stool and flask of Wine in State:
 I live, *Sir Noble*, I can justly boast
 Better than you, and happier far than most:
 I walk alone where e're my fancies lead,
 And busie ask the price of Herbs and Bread:
 Thro cheating *Rome* about the close of day
 I freely walk, I go to Church and pray,
 Then home, where I shall find a sparing Treat,
 And three small pretty Boys bring up the Meat;
 Just by a White-stone-Table stands to bear
 Two Pots, one Cup, and equal to my fare
 A Cruise and Platter, all poor Earthen Ware.
 And then I go to bed, and take my rest,
 No guilty Conscience frets, no Cares molest,
 No sad remembrance of my former Crimes;
 No Suits to bid me be at Court betimes:
 Where *Marfya's* Statue stands, and fears to brook
 The fury of the younger *Novius* look:
 "I sleep till Ten, then walk, or read a while,
 "Or write for pleasure, 'noint my self with Oyl,
 Not such as *Natta* pours, the rich, the base,
 Who robs the dying Lamps to grease his face.
 But when that heat invites to cooler streams,
 I bath, and fly the fury of the beams;
 I eat not greedily, but just enough
 To stay my stomach, and keep hunger off;

This is their life who are unloos'd from fears,
 Weighty Ambition, and its vexing Cares :
 This comforts me, this more contentment brings,
 Then if my Birth were high, my Race were Kings.

S A T Y R VII.

*A Scolding Law-suit between Persius and Rupilius,
 sur-nam'd The King.*

HOW mungrel *Persius* paid *Rupilius* off,
 Sur-nam'd the *King*, that banish't railing Huff,
 And gave him *Quid* for *Quo*, I think is known
 To all the Blind and Barbers shops in Town :
 This *Persius* rich half *Asia* did molest
 With Law-suits, and the *King* amongst the rest :
 Bold, Impudent He was, and still at strife,
 And as malicious as the *King* for's Life.
 Haughty, and such a bitter Roguè to rail,
 That *Piso* hardly could blow wind in's Tail :
 But to return, when nought could calm their rage,
 (For so 'tis still when *Two great Souls engage* :)
 Thus in *Achilles* and in *Hector's* strife,
 Their Emulation was as long as life ;
 Because they both were brave, their minds were
 great,
 Their courage equal, and alike their heat ;
 But when two Cowards, or unequal Foes,
 As when soft *Glaucus* *Diomed* did oppose,

The weaker yields unable to defend,
And gives the other bribes to be his Friend.
When *Brutus Asia* rul'd, this railing Pair,
Not *Byth* and *Bacchus* were a Match so fair,
Began their Suit ; away to Court they run
Both hot, and gaz'd at both by every one.
Perfius begins and doth the Cause explain,
(We laugh, and as He speaks we laugh again) }
And praiseth *Brutus* much, and all his Train :
He calls him *Asia's* Sun, a glorious thing,
And all were Stars benign except the *King* ;
The Dog-Star He, that Star that poison yields,
And sheds malicious Influence o're our fields.
Thus heedlessly he still pursu'd his Theme,
As fierce and muddy as a Winters Stream.
The *King* enrag'd at this, and swoln with hate,
Empties his Stomach straight in *Billinggate* ;
The finest *Rhetorick* the World hath known,
The very *inside* of a Bawling Clown.
But *Perfius* netled with his sharp replies, }
At last, *Brutus*, since Thou art wont, He cries,
To murder Kings ; for Heavens sake why not This ? }
For this would prove a good and great design,
Brutus, this ought to be an act of thine.

SATYR VIII.

The Heads of the Eighth Satyr.

- (1.) Priapus tells how He came to be a God.
(2.) Discourses how the Witches come at Night and trouble him. (3.) Discovers their Ceremonies.

1. **L**ong time I lay a *useless* Piece of Wood,
Till Artists doubtful for what the *Log*
was good,
A Stool, or God; resolved to make a God :
So I was made, my Form the *Log* receives,
A mighty Terror I to Birds and Thieves :
My Hook and my vast Pole the Thieves affright,
And keep the Garden safe from Rogues by night :
My gasty Head is Crown'd with staring Reed,
To fright the Sparrows from the new-sown Seed ;

2. This Plat where now I stand was heretofore
A Common Place of Burial for the Poor,
Here by the Common Beadle of the Town
The Poorer sort, and Spendthrifts Corps were
thrown,
They got this Plat when they had spent their own.
A thousand Foot in length, three hundred broad
As the Inscription shows, by Will bestow'd
For Publick Use, and for the Common Good.

But now where only frightful Bones were seen,
 That Checkred with a gashly White the Green,
Mecænas built a Summers soft retreat :
 The Air is Good, and 'tis a pretty Seat.
 And now I take but very little Care,
 For Thieves and Birds that come and rife here ;
 The troublesome *Witches* vex me more then They,
 Those Wretches I can never drive away :
 For when the Moon is up, each comes and pulls
 Her pois'nous Herbs, or gathers Bones and Skulls.

3. I oft have seen the Hag *Canidia* there,
 Bare-foot, Her Coat tuck't short, and loose her Hair :
 With elder *Sagana*, I saw them run,
 (They both were gashly, pale to look upon.)
 I heard them howl, and saw the furious Witch,
 Whilst with her Nails she scrap't a little Ditch,
 Then tear black Lambs, and pour in all the Blood,
 And call the hungry *Ghosts* to take their Food,
 The *Ghosts* that were to tell her what she wou'd.
 Of *Wool* and *Wax* they made two Images,
 Which the bewitch't and *Witches* Forms express,
 The *Wool* the greater, to torment the less :
 The *Wax* was to be whipt, and seem'd to bow,
 And there stood cringing as it fear'd the blow.
 One *Hecate* invokes with dreadful Pray'r,
 And one *Tisiphone*, and streight They hear
 Black Serpents hiss and Hell-hounds barking there.
 The Moon skulk't streight, and as afraid to view
 This gashly sight, behind the Tombs withdrew.
 Now if I lye let Birds disdain my Reed,
 And come and Perch, and dung upon my Head :

But

Let

Let me be spit, let me be piss't upon
 By all the Rogues and Rascals of the Town :
 Why should I mention all I saw or heard ?
 How in their Ditch They hid a Tyger's Beard ;
 And Serpent's Tooth : how with a squeaking Voice
 The Witch and Ghost discours't ? how harsh the
 Noise ?

How by slow Fires the Waxed Form did waste :
 And frighted I reveng'd my self at last.
 For loud, as a blown Bladder when 'tis broak,
 I stoutly farted from my Arse of Oak ;
 The frighted Witches start and drop for fear
Canidia Teeth, and *Sagana* false Hair ;
 Away their Charms and pois'nous Herbs were }
 thrown,
 Each takes her ambling Switch, and hasts to Town, {
 It would have made you split to see Them run. }

SATYR IX.

*The Description of an Impertinent Fop that plagued
 Horace in his walk.*

AS I was walking through the streets of *Rome*,
 And musing on I know not what nor whom,
 A Fop came up, by name scarce known to me,
 He seiz'd my hand, and cry'd, *Dear Sir how d'ye* :
 I thank you, pretty well as times go now ;
All happiness : I wish the same to you :

But

But when He follow'd me, I turn'd and cry'd,
 What farther business, Sir ? And He reply'd,
What don't you know me Sir ? No faith : What no ?
Come Horace now you jest, I'me sure you do ;
Why I'me a Scholar : Sir, I'me glad of that,
'Twill make me prize you at a higher rate :
 Uneasie thus, and eager to be gone,
 Sometimes I walkt but slow, now faster on,
 My Foot-boy whisper'd now, and now I stopt,
 Now turn'd about, still Sweating till I dropt :
 Ten thousand times I softly curst my Fate,
 And envy'd deaf *Bolanus* happy State :
 Whilst He, Eternal Clack, of all we meet
 Said something, praising Houses, Town, and Street :
 But when He saw me so uneasie grown,
 And answer nothing ; *Sir, you would be gone,*
But faith, Dear Sir, We must not part so soon ;
I love your Company, I'll follow still,
I must make one, Dear Sir, go where you will :
 'Tis too much trouble for you, I design
 Beyond the Bridge, to see a friend of mine
 Unknown to you, your kind attendance spare,
 It will be rude to trouble you so far :
Sir I'me at leasure, I have time to spend,
And I can walk I'me sure to serve a friend :
I'll go : And thus when no release appears,
 Like an o'reladen Ass I hung my Ears.
 Then He, *Sir, If I don't mistake my Parts,*
Not Varius Wit, nor Viscus great Deserts
Can claim your friendship half so much as mine ;
Which of the Wits can write so smooth a line,

Which

But

Which more than I, or which with greater ease ?

'Tis almost natural in me to please :

Who can his limbs to softer motions bring ?

Hermogenes might envy when I sing :

And then he stopt a while, and I put in :

Have you a Mother Sir, or any Kin

That would be glad to see you ? *I have none,*

For thanks kind Stars they all are dead and gone :

Oh Happy They, and I the last remain,

Come, pray Sir, quickly rid me of my pain ;

For now the fatal hour, the time is come,

The Midwife told me when she read my doom.

She turn'd the Sieve, and said, Nor Sword, nor Cough,

Nor Poison, Plague, nor Charms shall take him off :

Nor the Catarrh, nor Flux, nor Pox destroy,

But an Eternal Tongue shall kill the Boy,

And therefore would He have his life be long,

When grown a Man avoid a talking Tongue :

By this 'twas nine a Clock or somewhat past,

And we to *Vesta's* Temple came at last.

And there that day He had a Cause to hear,

And was to lose his Suit or else appear.

Come pray, Sir, as you love me stop a while,

Faith Sir I cannot stand, nor have I skill

In any Point, and I'm oblig'd to go :

Well then, What must I leave my Cause, or You ?

Me by all means : *No, hang me if I do :*

And so march't on ; and I (with one too strong

What Man can strive ?) look't blank, and sneak'd

along.

How doth Mecænas (thence his Chat began)

Affect you now ? You are the subt'lest Man :

T

You n

To ha

And

My L

Fix n

I'll l

Sir, y

We k

From

None

We h

'Tis st

This

I shal

Pray

He m

But, S

Well,

I'll sp

Hang

Bribe,

'Tis on

As th

Who l

We st

Whenc

Mean

I sque

nodd

I stood

He cru

Preten

*You make Hay whilst it shines, but take my word,
To have another always near my Lord,
And next to You in favour, would secure
My Lord's good Will, and make your Fortune sure :
Fix me the Man, and let them do their best,
I'll lay my life on't you shall rout the rest :*
Sir, you mistake, that's not our Course of Life,
We know no Jealousies, no Brawls, no Strife ;
From all those ills our Patrons House is free,
None 'cause more Learn'd or Wealthy troubles Me,
We have our Stations, all their own pursue :
'Tis strange, scarce credible : and yet 'tis true :
*This whets my wish, I'me eager for a place :
I shall not rest till I am near his Grace :
Pray stand my Friend, I'me sure of good success,
He may be wrought on if you please to press :* }
But, Sir, at first he is of hard access :
*Well, when Occasion serves, I'll play my part,
I'll spare no cost and charge, try every Art,
Hang on his Coach, wait on him, all I can,
Bribe, Flatter, Cringe, but I'me resolv'd to gain,* }
'Tis only Labour, Sir, can raise a Man.
As thus He talk't, a Friend of mine came by,
Who knew the fellow's humour more than I.
We stop't, and talk't a while, as *How do'st do ?
Whence came you, Sir, I pray ? and whither now ?*
Mean while I shrug'd, a thousand signs I show'd,
I squeez'd his hand, and did what e're I cou'd,
I nodded, cough't, and wink't to let him see
I stood in need of's help to set me free ;
He cruel Wag, tho knowing my intent,
Pretended ignorance of all I mean't :

I rag'd ; at last, *A little while ago*
You had some business, pray let's have it now :
 I mind it well, but, Sir, another day,
 My business calls me now a different way ;
 'Tis Holiday, I visit yonder shrine,
 And must not mix Prophane with things Divine :
I don't mind Holidays ; but Sir I do,
 A little tender Conscienc'd, Sir, I vow,
 One of the Crowd, I go to Church and pray,
 Your pardon, Sir, we'll talk another day :
 Did ever such unlucky Beams arise !
 Ever so black a day ! unkind He flies,
 And leaves me gasping for a little life,
 Just at the mercy of the Butcher's knife :
 When lo his Adversary cry'd, *Oh, Oh !*
Sir Raschal, have I caught you, whither now ?
Pray Sir bear witness, gladly I consent,
 He's forc't to Court, and I as freely went :
 The People Crowd and Shout ; but mid't the strife
 I scap't, and so *Apollo* sav'd my Life.

SATYR X.

(1.)
 cili
 his
 pra

1. V
 " And
 " So l
 " And
 " His
 But T
 Doth
 " For
 " Lab
 2. W
 And r
 Yet t
 He m
 With
 They
 And f
 And t
 Now
 Their

SATYR X.

The Heads of the Tenth Satyr.

- (1.) *He maintains the censure he had given of Lucilius.* (2.) *Discourses of Poetry.* (3.) *Satyr is his proper Talent.* (4.) *He is content with the praise of the best Judges.*

1. **W**ELL, Sir, I grant I said *Lucilius* Muse
Is uncorrect, his way of Writing loose,
"And who admires him so, what Friend of his
"So blindly doats as to deny me This?
"And yet in the same Page I freely own,
"His Wit as sharp as ever lash't the Town;
But This one sort of Excellence allow'd,
Doth not infer that all the rest is good:
"For on the same Account I might admit
"*Labenius* Farce for Poems and for Wit.
2. Well then 'tis not enough to please the Crowd,
And make them laugh to prove the Poem good:
Yet this I grant a sort of Excellence:
He must be short, nor must He clog his sense
With useless words, or make his Periods long,
They must be smooth, and so glide o're the Tongue:
And sometimes He must use a graver stile,
And then jocose, and He must laugh a while.
Now like an *Orator*, a *Poet* now;
Their different Vertues, and their Graces show,
Now

Now like a *Gentleman* whose fine discourse
 Design'dly easie is, and free from force,
 Instructive Mirth, and where a waggish sneer
 Doth nick the great Ones more then a severe :
 " This was the drift of all our Ancient Plays,
 " In this They may be follow'd, and with Praise.
 But these *Hermogenes* (those blundering heads)
 Scarce knows ; and t'other Ape-face never reads :
 Poor thick-skull'd Sots that sing a Catch or two
 From *Calvus*, and that's all that they can do.
Ay, but He's excellent ; for many times
He mixes Greek with Latine in his Rhimes.
 Dull Sots to think that Poetry and Wit,
 Which e'en the *Rhodian* poor *Pitoleon* writ.
Ay, but the Speech thus mixt is neat and fine,
'Tis sweet like Latine mixt with Greekish Wine.
 But you, Sir, that can't think this Censure true,
 But doat on *Lucill*, I appeal to you,
 Only in Verse, or when you treat of Laws,
 Or plead, suppose, *Petillus* desp'rate Cause ;
 Whilst *Pode* and *Corvin* eagerly accuse,
 Would you this mix't, this Mungrel Language use :
 As 'twere forget your own, and *Greek* confound
 With *Latine*, like the *Apulians* double sound ?
 When I, a *Latin*, once design'd to write
Greek Verses, *Romulus* appear'd at night ;
 'Twas after Twelve, the time when dreams are true,
 And said ; *Why Horace, what do'st mean to do ?*
 'Tis full as mad the *Greeks* vast heaps t'encrease,
 As 'tis to carry *Water* to the Seas.
 Whilst swelling *Alpin* in his lofty way,
 Murders poor *Memnon* in his Barbarous Play ;

Or awkerdly describes the head of *Rhine* ;
 This pleasant way of writing Satyr's mine.
 'Tis not for glory, nor to please the Age,
 Nor get the Bays, nor often tread the Stage.
 True Comedy *Fondanus* only writes,
Pollio the Acts of Kings, and Noble Fights,
 Strong Epic-Poems *Varius* best can raise,
 And *Virgil's* happy Muse in Eclogues plays, }
 Facetious, soft, and justly wins the Bays.
 In Satyrs I, which *Varro* try'd in vain,
 And others too, may have a happy strain :
 Yet than *Lucillius* less I freely own, }
 I would not strive to blast his just renown,
 He wears and best deserves to wear the Crown. }
 Ay, but I said his fancy muddy flow'd,
 And faulty Lines did oft exceed the good.
 Well Sir, and is e'en *Homer* all correct ?
 Is He, Sir Critic, free from all defect ?
 Doth not *Lucillius Accius* Rhimes accuse ?
 And blame our *Ennius's* correcter Muse ?
 For too much lightness oft his Rhimes deride,
 And when He talks of his own Verse, for Pride ?
 Then what's the Reason that his friend repines,
 That when I read *Lucilius* looser lines,
 I try if 'tis his Subject won't permit,
 More even Verse, or if 'tis want of Wit ?
 But now if any is content to chime, }
 And just put naked Words in Feet and Rhime, }
 And write two hundred Lines in two hours time. }
 As *Cassius* did, that full o're-flowing Tide }
 Of Wit, and who was burnt, (or fame hath ly'd) }
 With Piles of his own Papers when he dy'd. }

Well then suppose *Lucilius* was a Wit,
 His Vertue's more than Faults in what He writ.
 Correcter than the *Older* Writers own, }
 And that we *Satyr* owe to him alone, }
Satyr a Poem to the *Greeks* unknown.
 Yet did He now again new life Commence, }
 He would correct, he would retrench his Sense, }
 And pare off all that was not Excellence ; }
 Take pains, and often when he Verses made,
 Would bite his Nails toth' quick, and scratch his
 Head.

When you design a lasting Piece, be wise,
 Amend, Correct, again, again Revise :
 Ne're seek the Crowd's unthinking praise, delight
 4. That few, and Judges, read the Verse you write.
 Is't thy Ambition mean unthinking Fool,
 To be a Classick thumb'd in every School ?
 That's not my wish, for 'tis enough for me,
 As hift *Arbuscula* was wont to say,
Well well hiss on, for since I please the best,
And those approve me well, I scorn the rest.
 Why should I vex to hear *Pontitius* blame
 My Poems, or *Demetrius* carp my Fame ?
 Or hungry *Fannius* at *Tigellius* Treat,
 Disgrace my Verse to get a little Meat ?
 Let *Plotius*, *Varius*, and *Mecænas* love,
 Let *Cæsar*, *Virgil*, *Valgius* all approve
 What I compose ; to these would I could joyn
 The *Visci*, and *Messala's* Learned Line,
 And *Pollio*, and some other Friends of mine,
 Whom I for modesty forbear to name,
 My good acquaintance all, and Men of Fame,

Com

Commend my Lines, and I should grieve to know
They do not please Them, as I hope they do.
I scorn *Tigellius*, and *Demetrius* noise,
Dull Block-heads, let them Pipe among their Boys,
And mind their Schools : Go *Roger* quickly run,
Put this into my Book, and I have done.

The End of the first Book of Satyrs.

SATYRS.

BOOK II.

The Heads of the first Satyr.

- (1.) *He adviseth with his Friend what He shall write.* (2.) *He concludes that his humour is for Satyr.* (3.) *Will hurt none unprovok't.* (4.) *No good Men have reason to be angry at Satyrists.*

1. **S**OME Fancy I am bitter when I jeer
 Beyond the Rules of Satyr too severe ;
 Some that my Verse is dull and flat, and say,
 A Man may write a Thousand such a day.
 What shall I do *Trebatius* ? *Why give o're,*
Thy scribbling humor check, and write no more :
 The Counsel's good, and oh that I could choose,
 But I can't sleep for my unruly Muse :
Why then (for that will lay a rambling Head)
Go always tir'd, or else go drunk to Bed.
Of if you needs must write, go raise thy Fame,
By Cæsar's Wars, for that's a noble Theme,
And that will get Thee Wealth and an Esteem.

I have the Will, but when I strive to fly,
 My Wing's too weak, nor can I rise so high.
 For 'tis not every one can paint a War,
 How Iron Armies dreadful gay appear ;
 The *Galli* falling by a braver force,
 Or wounded *Parthians* tumbling from their Horse.
Yet Thou, for such the wise Lucilius show'd
Great Scipio, may'st describe him just and good :
 Well, when Occasion serves my Muse designs
 To try that way, but my unpolish't lines,
 Unless by chance a happy Time appears,
 Will never pass the judging *Cæsar's* Ears,
 Whom if you try to stroak, He's free from Pride,
 And kicks you off, secure on every side :
And this is better than with railing Rhymes,
To lash the faults and follies of the Times,
Since all think they are hit, and all resent,
And hate Thee, tho perhaps They are not meant.

2. What shall I do ?

As most Men have their humours I have mine,
Milonius Dances when He's full of Wine :
Pollux on Foot, on Horse-back *Castor* fights ;
 As many Men, so many their delights :
 I love to Rhyme, and have a railing Wit,
 And choose the way that wise *Lucilius* writ :
 He did to's Book, as to a Trusty Friend,
 His secret Vertues, and his Faults Commend.
 And when a good or faulty deed was done,
 He trusted them with that, and them alone.
 And hence his Books do all his Life explain,
 As if we saw him live it o're again.

This Man I imitate ; but what I am
 Faith I can't tell, nor know from whence I came ;
 For whether I my Birth t' *Appulia* owe,
 Or to *Lucania*, faith 'tis hard to know,
 Since we *Venusians* live between these two ;
 Plac't here, as Tales of Ancient Fame relate,
 When the *Sabelli* bow'd to stronger Fate,
 On this side to secure the *Roman* State :
 Lest fierce *Appulian* or *Lucanian* Arms,
 Should take them unprovided for Alarms.

3. But yet this Pen of mine shall never wound
 If unprovok't, yet still I'll keep my ground,
 Ready for all assaults, make this my guard,
 And stand on my defence, be still prepar'd,
 As with a Sword, yet sheath'd, and never draw
 Unless assaulted, to keep Rogues in Awe. (Peace,
 Grant bounteous Heaven, Oh grant me welcome
 Oh grant this Sword of mine might rust in ease !
 Let none hurt Peaceful Me with envious Tongue,
 For if he does, He shall repent the wrong :
 The warning's fair, his Vices shall be shown,
 And Life expos'd to all the Cens'ring Town ;
 Affronted *Cervius* threatens Suits of Law,
Canidia Charms to keep her Foes in Awe.
 And Prætor *Turius* when he bears a grudge,
 If Thou shalt plead a Cause when He is Judge :
 Each fights with that with which he can prevail,
 And powerful Nature thus instructs us all.
 The Wolves with Teeth ; with Horns the Bulls begin :
 And whence, but from a secret Guide within ?
 Let *Scæva* have (for this he counts a wrong)
 A Mother, that He thinks will live too long ;

His

His pious Hand shall never wound her Heart,
 No wonder this, 'tis not his proper Art.
 A Wolf ne're kicks, with Teeth a Bull ne're kills,
 But she shall take a Dose of poison'd Pills.
 In short then, whether I live long or no,
 Or Rich, or Poor, howe're my Fortunes go,
 Live here at *Rome*, or banish't take my flight,
 Whatever is my state of Life, I'll write :
Well, Sir, I see your Life then can't be long,
Some great Ones, faith, will stop your railing Tongue.

4. How, Sir, *Lucilius* that did first ingage
 In writing Satyrs, and that lash't the Age,
 And strip't our Foplings of their Lyons skin,
 In which they look't so gay, all foul within.
 Did *Laelius*, or did *Scipio* hate his Muse ?
 Or storm, when He *Metellus* did abuse ?
 The Great-ones, and the Crowd did discommend,
 And valued Vertue only, and her Friend :
 No, no, They treated him, and thought him good,
 And when remov'd from business and the Crow'd,
 Would keep him Company, would laugh and jest,
 And sport until their little Meat was drest.
 What e're I am, altho I must submit
 To wise *Lucilius*, in Estate and Wit,
 Yet I with Great-ones live, this all confess,
 And envy, tho unwilling grants no less.
 And tho she thinks me soft, will find me tough,
 And break her Teeth, for I have strength enough ;
 I hope, *Trebatius*, this you grant is true,
Yes, Sir, but 'tis my pious Care for You,
My Love that makes me give you this advice,
Take heed of Scandal, Horace, and be wise.

Well, Sir, if any scand'lously derides,
 Then let him suffer as the Law provides,
 If justly mighty *Cæsar* is his Friend,
 He loves such Poems, and he will defend ;
 And thus if You a Man of spotless Fame,
 Shall lash another, that deserves the shame :
 And He grows mad, Indicts or Sues Thee for't,
 The foolish Action shall be turn'd to sport ;
 He laugh't, and jeer'd at, You discharg'd the Court. }

S A T Y R II.

The Heads of the Second Satyr.

- (1.) *The profit of a spare Diet.* (2.) *The Difference between that and a sordid Table.* (3.) *The advantages of it, in respect of Mind and Body.* (4.) *Against Luxury.* (5.) *Thrift, the best security against Fortune.*

1. **H**OW great a Vertue 'tis, how a great good,
 To live content, and with a little Food,
 (These are not mine, but wise *Ofellus* Rules,
 An honest Man, but yet unlearn'd in Schools)
 Learn not when full, or when a sumptuous Feast,
 With show and sight disturbs the eager Guest :
 Or else oppress and leave the easie mind,
 Averse to Good, and to ill Rules inclin'd,
 But seek with me, before that Thou hast din'd. }
And why this Caution ? If I can I'll tell,
 Brib'd Judges ne're Examine Causes well : }

Go take some Exercise, pursue the Chace,
 Or Hunt, ride the great Horse, or run a Race,
 Handle the *Roman* Arms, those heavier far
 Than *Græcian* Toys, or else go throw the Bar;
 Or play at Ball, be eager at the sport,
 And make thy Game seem pleasant, and but short.
 Now when this Exercise hath made Thee sweat,
 And rais'd thy Stomach, and thou fain would'st eat,
 Then scorn to tast unless 'tis dainty Meat:
 When thirsty, scorn to drink, refuse to Dine,
 Unless Thou hast the best and racy Wine.

Besides the Butler's gone abroad to play,
 No costly Fishes can be caught to day;
 The Winds defend them, and the Seas are rough,
 Then Bread and Salt will please thee well enough.

How so? And prithee how can this be done?

Why Sir, the pleasure that's in eating known,
 Is not i'th' Meat, but in thy self alone.

Make Exercise thy Sawce, let that excite,
 For fleamy and a squeasy Appetite
 Nor Trout, nor Tench, nor Oysters can delight.
 Yet I shall scarce perswade our curious Men,
 Let me advise, and talk, and talk agen,
 Not to eat Peacock, rather than a Hen.

For They are prejudic'd because the price
 Is great, and his gay Feathers please the Eyes:
 As if those made it better; do'st Thou Feast
 On those prais'd Plumes? And do those fill thy
 guest,

Or doth it look as gawdy when 'tis drest?
 Then since Hens flesh is quite as good, 'tis plain
 The Peacock is preferr'd for's gawdy Train.

But

But grant some difference here, yet how do'st know
 If this same Pike be River Fish or no ?
 Caught here in *Tyber*, or in open Seas,
 For Thou do'st make a difference too in these ;
 Mad Fool, thou praisest Mulletts vastly great,
 Which thou must mash, e're thou canst dress or eat :
 The greatness pleases then, yet all dislike
 Some bigger Fish, and scorn the larger Pike :
 Pray what's the Cause of this ? Oh ! let me see,
 Perhaps because, as Nature's Laws Decree,
 One usually is small, the other great ;
 Men seldom hungry scorn the common Meat :
 But says the Glutton, I love a larger Fish,
 It looks so Noble in a Lordly Dish.
 But you moist Winds now hear, be kind and good,
 Corrupt their Meat, and taint their costly Food :
 Tho 'tis but newly taken taint their Bore,
 And let their *Rhombus* stink e're brought to shore :
 When plenty too profuse in vain invites,
 And strives to raise the squeasy Appetites.
 When the full Glutton strives in vain to eat,
 And takes sharp Herbs before his dainty Meat.
 We do not always feed on Sole and Bore, }
 But use cheap Eggs, and Olives midst our store, }
 So greatest Feasts have something that is poor. }
 First *Gallio's* Kitchen infamous did grow }
 For dressing Sturgeon, 'twas not long ago, }
 What had the Sea then fewer Soles than now ? }
 No, but the Soles did then securely rest, }
 Then nothing did but Winds and Waves molest, }
 And the poor Stork liv'd safely in his Nest : }

Until

Until a *Prætor* taught us how to use
 These Things, and made us foolishly profuse :
 And so if one would bring new sorts of Food,
 And stoutly say, a roasted *Moor-hen's* good :
 Our Fops would imitate, and praise his skill,
 Our Fops that are so easie bent to ill.

2. A sordid Table, and a thrifty one,
Ofellus thinks distinct, in vain they shun
 One Vice, that to the other madly run :
 Old *Aviden*, Surnam'd *The Dog*, eats Sloes,
 And Olives five years old, as bad as those.
 These are his Meat, and all the Wine He drinks
 Is eager still ; his Oyl corrupt, and stinks :
 And that (when very fine, when neatly drest,
 And at a Birth-day, or a Marriage Feast,
 When He would be Profuse, and Prodigal)
 He pours himself upon his little Cale :
Well then, what would you have a Wise Man do ?
What Table keep ? you have propos'd me Two ;
And which, Sir, must I imitate of these ?
The choice is hard, and it is hard to please.

Sir, He lives well that keeps the middle State,
 And neither leans too much to this, nor that :
 Such when he bids his Slaves do this and this,
 And tasks them too, as every Master his,
 Will not be cruel as old *Albutius* is :
 Nor yet like *Nævius* when he makes a Feast,
 With costly Oyntment will He wash his guest,
 For that too is a fault, a vice at least :
 3. Now learn what good attends a sparing Meal,
 What pleasure, and what profit : First thou'rt well,

Thy

Thy Health improv'd, thy Body free from pain;
 But now that Meat confus'd doth hurt a Man,
 Thou hast experience, and sufficient proof;
 One single Dish did feed Thee well enough,
 Thy Stomach took it, but when boyl'd with stew'd,
 Flesh mix't with Fish, the indigested load
 Is turn'd to Gall or Flegm, and spoys the Blood:
 Observe how sickly and how pale the Guests,
 How discompos'd they rise from sumptuous Feasts:
 Besides, the Body by the wild excess,
 Enfeebled, doth the nobler Mind oppress,
 It clogs it, and it makes its motions dull,
 And fixes here the breath of Heaven, the Soul:
 The others go to Bed, just close their Eyes,
 Such little slumber Nature's wants supplies,
 Then vig'rous to their proper business rise.
 Yet Those can have their sparing Meals increas'd
 On Holidays, or when they treat a Guest,
 Or would indulge, and when they please to Feast.
 Besides, old Age will come, and that must crave,
 A softer treatment far than Youth should have:
 But Thou, when sickness comes, or feeble Age,
 In vain do'st hope, *fond Youth*, to calm their rage,
 By softer usage, since thou dost enjoy
 The softest, whilst a young and vig'rous Boy:
 The Ancients did commend their stinking Bores,
 Yet not but that their smell was good as Ours,
 But 'cause they thought it better far to stay,
 (That was the thrifter, and the nobler way)
 And keep it till their tardy Guest was come,
 Than eat it sweet, and by themselves at home:

These,

These, these were Heroes, these were generous Men,
And Oh that Nature had produc'd me then :

4 Dost Thou regard thy Fame which charms our
Ears,

With softer Musick than the sweetest Airs ?

Take heed, Luxurious Living ruins that,

And wasts thy Name as much as thy Estate :

It makes thy Neighbours angry, Friends distrust,

And Thee thy self unto thy self unjust,

When Thou shalt wish for Death, of all bereft ;

And not enough to buy a Halter's left :

'Tis true, to some this is a just reproof,

This may be said to Tarsius well enough ;

But not to Me ; I am secure from fate,

For my Revenue's large, my Wealth is great,

Enough to keep three Kings, a vast Estate.

Then is there no way else to spend thy Store ?

Why since thou'rt Rich, is any good Man Poor ?

Why are not ruin'd Fanes rebuilt ? And why

Doth not thy Wealth thy Neighbours wants supply ?

And hath thy Country this superfluous Coin ?

What measure hath it from this heap of Thine ?

Kind fortune still, forsooth, shall smile on Thee,

O future sport unto thine Enemy !

And which is better able to endure

Uncertain Chance ? And which lives most secure ?

He that doth never Fortune's smiles distrust,

But Pampers up himself, and feeds his Lust ?

Or He that lives on little now, and spares ;

And wisely when 'tis Peace, provides for Wars ?

But

But by one instance to confirm this Truth,
 I knew *Ofellus* when I was a youth ;
 Then He was Rich, yet 'midst his greatest Store
 He liv'd as now, since Rapine made him Poor :
 Now you may see him with his Wife and Son,
 Till that Estate for hire which was his own :
 He Ploughs, he Sweats, and stoutly digs for Bread,
 Contented still, and as he wrought, He said,
 On working Days I never us'd to eat
 But Cale and Bacon, that was all my Meat :
 But when an old and honest Friend of mine,
 Or else my welcome Neighbours came to dine ;
 When it was rainy, or my work was done,
 We feasted not on costly Fish from Town ;
 But took what I could easily provide
 From my own Field, a Pullet or a Kid :
 And then for second course some Grapes were prest,
 Or Nuts, or Figs, and that was all my Feast :
 And after this we drank a Health or two,
 As far as harmless sober mirth would go ;
 And then thank't *Ceres* for our present cheer,
 And beg'd a plenteous Crop the following year :
 And now let Fortune frown, I scorn her force,
 How can she make our way of living worse ?
 Have we not had enough since we grew poor,
 Have we liv'd worse, *My Sons*, then heretofore,
 Before a Stranger came, and seiz'd my store ?
 For Nature doth not Me or Him Create,
 The proper Lord of such and such Estate :
 He forc't us out, and doth possess my Plain ;
 Another cheat shall force him out again,

Or quircks in Law, or when those fears are past,
 His long liv'd Heir shall force him out at last :
 That which was once *Ofellus* Farm is gone,
 Now call'd *Umbrena's*, but 'tis no Mans own :
 None hath the Property, it comes and goes,
 As merry Chance, or stubborn Fates dispose,
 As God thinks fit, and his firm Nods Decree,
 Now to be us'd by Others, now by Me :
 Then live Resolv'd, my Sons, refuse to yield,
 And when Fates press make Constancy your shield.

S A T Y R III.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

- (1.) *The Stoicks chide him for his Laziness.*
 (2.) *According to the Stoicks Opinion all are mad.*
 (3.) *The Covetous are mad.* (4.) *The Ambiti-*
ous. (5.) *The Spend-thrifts.* (6.) *Lovers.*
 (7.) *The Superstitious.* (8.) *Concerning his own*
humor.

I. **Y**OU write so seldom, scarce four sheets a
 year,

A lazy Writer, but a Judge severe !
 Still mending, and revising every Line,
 Still vex't that after all thy Sleep and Wine,
 Yet nothing comes that doth appear to be
 Worth publick view : What will become of Thee ?

You

You here at Winters first approach did come,
 And left the Mirth, and drunken Feasts of *Rome* :
 Then sober now write something as you vow'd,
 Write something that may make thy promise good.
 Begin, nought comes, thou dost in vain accuse
 Thy Paper, Pen, and Ink, and angry Muse :
 And yet you seem'd to promise something great
 If e're you came to your warm Country Seat.
 Why comes *Menander, Plato, Sophocles* ?
 And why such Learned Company as These ?
 If Thou design'st to spend thy time in Ease ?
 What wilt Thou write no more to live exempt
 From Envy ? Blockhead Thou shalt meet Contempt :
 The *Siren* sloth thou must resolve to shun,
 Or lose that Fame thy better life has won.
Thanks, Damasippus, thou art grave, and wise,
And let the Gods bestow ('tis a small price)
A Barbar on thee for thy good advice :
But how came you to know my mind so well ?
 Why once I Traded till my Stock was gone,
 And now I mind, as here I live in Town,
 Others concerns since I have lost my own.
 For heretofore I drove a mighty Trade
 In Ancient Pieces, knew what Piece was made
 By such an Artist, and could tell what part
 Was rudely drawn, and what agree'd with Art.
 Then sold them dear, I had the only skill
 To purchase Lands, and with Advantage still.
 And hence among the Crowd my Name was known,
The Mercury, the Trader of the Town :
All this I know, and wonder now to view
The Change : Why, Sir, a fancy strangely New

Hath

Hath cur'd the Old : Thus from another part,
As Head or Side, pain falls into the Heart.

2. Thus this Lethargick sometimes leaves his Bed,
In frantick fitt, and breaks the Doctor's Head.

*Well, Sir, suppose You be'n't as mad as He,
And beat me too, be what you please to be.*

Good Sir, do not deceive your self, for You,
And All, if what *Sertinius* says be true,
Are mad : He taught me This when first He cheer'd
My drooping Mind, and bad me wear this Beard.

For when by Trading I was quite undone,
Thither I went, Poor Fool, resolv'd to drown :
But He stood by, and in a lucky time

He cry'd, take heed Young Man, forbear the Crime,
'Tis foolish modesty that makes Thee dread,

Amongst Mad-men to be accounted Mad :

For first inquire what madness is, and see

If every Man be not as mad as Thee,

Tho They pretend to be so grave and wise,

Then go and hang thy self, that's my advice.

He who's to Folly or to Vice inclin'd,

Or whom dark Ignorance of Truth doth blind,

The *Stoicks* call him mad ; thus every one,

Whether he holds the Plough, or fills the Throne,

Is counted mad, but their *Wise-man* alone.

Some call Thee mad, but those that call Thee so,

Observe, I'll prove them quite as mad as You :

As Men that lose their ways in Woods, divide ;

Some go on this, and some on t'other side,

The Error is the same, all miss the Road,

Altho in different Quarters of the Wood.

Thus as they call thee, think that thou art mad;
 But those that call thee so are quite as bad.
 For first, one sort of madness is to fear,
 When nothing frights, and when no danger's near;
 As if when on an even Field he goes,
 He should complain that Flames and Rocks oppose.
 Others, altho through different ways They run,
 Are quite as Mad, for they rush boldly on,
 Thro Flames, and boisterous Seas to be undone. }
 And tho his Mistress, Sister, Father, Wife
 Should cry, *Ah Dear, be cautious of thy Life*;
Look, there's a Ditch, take heed: he hears no more
 Then drunken *Furius* did, when heretofore
 He acted *Hecuba*, a lazy drone,
 He fell asleep, and slept securely on,
 Nor could be wak't, tho *Caïen's* voice did rage,
 And *Mother*, hear, *I call thee*, crack't the Stage:
 Now grant this Madness I design to show,
 If this Man's mad, then all the World is so.
 First *Damaspippus's* mad, because he buys
 Old Statues, true, for what's more plain than }
 This ?
 Is he that trusts him sober ? grant he is :
 Suppose here take this Sum of Gold, I said,
 I never do expect to be repaid,
 Are you mad if you take it ? No, but more
 If you neglect this easie offer'd store.
 For twenty Bonds on cheating *Nereus* draw,
 'Tis not enough, add all the chains of Law
Cicuta can invent to hold him fast,
 This *Proteus* will avoid these Bands at last;

This

This *Proteus Debtor*, for when e're you bring
Your Action, he's a Stone, or any thing,
A Bore, a Bird, a Tree when e're he will,
And thus deride your loss, and cheat your skill.
Now if He's mad that wasts, and sober He
That gets, *Petillus* is more mad than Thee,
Who trusts thee so, and lets his Stock decay,
By lending more than you design to pay.
Sit still and hear, those whom proud thoughts do
swell,

Those that look pale by loving Coin too well ;
Whom Luxury Corrupts, or fancy'd fears
Oppress, and empty superstitious Cares ;
Or any other Vice disturbs, draw near,
I'll prove that all are mad, sit still, and hear.

3. First give the Covetous the largest Dose
Of *Hellebore*, or rather let's suppose
That whole *Anticyra* is design'd for those.

Saberius Heirs did write upon his Grave,
How much He left, what Legacies he gave,
Or were to give as He by Will allow'd,
Two hundred Fencers to delight the Crow'd,
And costly Treats as great as *Arrus* wou'd,
And Corn as much as *Afric* yields a year :

Now whether this be well, or ill, forbear

To censure me, and be not too severe :

For *Saberus*, I think, was wise enough

To know that he deserv'd and fear'd reproof :

What did He mean when He his Heir injoy'n'd,

To write on's Tomb how much He left behind ?

Why whilst he liv'd he thought the being Poor

Was heinous, and avoided nothing more ;

And should be guilty of a damn'd excess,
If he had left behind one farthing less.
For Honor, Vertue, Fame, and all Divine
And Humane Things must follow lovely Coin ;
And he that gets but that is any thing,
What e're he please, Just, Valiant, Wise, a King.
And this He thought, as vertuous Acts, would raise
His Fame, and get him an Immortal praise.
This was his thought of Wealth ; *How far from this*
Did Aristippus think and do with his ?
Who had his Slaves, as He o're Lybia past,
Leave all his Wealth, because it stop't his hast.
Which was most mad ? Sir, that Example's vain,
That solves old doubts by raising more again.
He that buys Harps, and throws his Wealth away
On Pipes, yet never does design to play :
He that buys Awls, and Lasts, yet doth not know,
And ne're designs to try to make a Shoe.
Or Ships, and Oars, yet is averse to Trade,
All, and there's Reason for't, would count him Mad.
And what's He better, that still strives for more,
Still heaps up Wealth, yet cannot use the Store, }
But fears to touch, as if 'twere Sacred Ore. }
He that all Night lyes stretcht on heaps of Wheat,
And watches what he does not dare to eat,
With Bill in hand; yet after all this pain,
Tho'tis his own, he cannot touch a Grain.
But still on Haws, and bitter Herbs doth Dine ;
And tho his Cellar's stor'd with racy Wine,
Drinks Vinegar ; and tho extreemly old,
Yet lyes on Straw, or Flocks, and lyes acold ;

Whilst

Whilst his embroider'd Silks, and costly Cloaths,
 Lye rotting in his Chests, and feed the Moths.
 Yet few do think these mad, for most like These,
 Are sick and troubled with the same Disease :
 What dost thou keep it for thy squandering Boy,
 Or for thy Slave, old Chuff, and ne're enjoy ?
 He'll drink it out, and prove a mad Gallant ?
 Or dost thou keep't lest thou thy self should'st want ?
 Oh Fool ! how little would thy Money wast, }
 If thou on better Cale and Oyl did'st feast ? }
 Wore better Cloaths, and went more neatly drest ? }
 If thou canst live upon this little Store,
 Why dost thou swear, and lye, and cheat for more ?
 And are you Sober ? If you walk't the Street,
 Throw Stones, and fight, and juggle all you meet,
 Or stab your Slaves, you would be quickly known,
 Call'd Mad by every Boy and Girl i'th' Town.
 Now thou dost hang thy Wife, and now dost kill
 With Drugs thy Mother ; art thou Sober still ?
 For why ? Thou dost not do this impious deed, }
 At Argos Town, nor dost thou make her bleed, }
 With a sharp Sword, as mad *Orestes* did. }
 And dost thou think *Orestes*, heretofore, }
 After He stain'd his Sword in's Mother's gore, }
 Grew mad alone, and was not mad before ? }
 Yet after that, when you suppose him Mad,
 What did he do ? And were his Actions bad ?
 What did He do, that you dare discommend ?
 He neither stab'd his Sister, nor his Friend,
 But only as his Frenzy forc't, did call
 One Rogue, the other Witch, and that was All.

Optimus that old Chuff, and richly poor,
 Who wanted e'en the Wealth he had in store :
 That on Feast-days did meanest Wine provide
 In Earthen Jugs, and Lees on all beside ;
 Lay in a Lethargy, all hope was gone,
 And now his joyful Heir ran up and down,
 And seiz'd the Keys and Chests as all his own.
 This the kind Doctor saw, and this design
 He us'd for Cure, he brought a Table in,
 And order'd some to tumble o're his Coin :
 This rous'd him, Then he crys, Sir you'r undone,
 Wake Sir, and Watch, or else your Money's gone :
 Your Heirs will seize it : *What whilst I'm alive ?*
 Then wake and show it, Sir, come, come revive.
What must I do ? Eat, Sir, What are you loath ?
 Pray take this little Dish of Barley Broth.
What doth it cost ? Not much upon my word,
How much pray ? Why Two Groats : *Two Groats !*
Oh Lord !

'Tis the same thing to me to be undone
By Thieves or Physick, Doctor I'll have none.
Who's Sober ? He that's not foolish, that's my Rule.
What is the Covetous ? Both Mad and Fool.
Suppose I am not Covetous, am I
Streight Sober ? No ; *Why Sir ?* I'll tell thee why :
 Suppose the Doctor says, this Patient's Thighs
 Are free from pain, What may he therefore rise ?
 No, tho his Thighs are free, yet violent pains
 May vex his Side, his Kidney, or his Brains.
 So this Man neither Covets, nor Forswears,
 He is not Perjur'd, let him thank his Stars ;

But

But He is Lavish, he is Bold and Proud,
Then to *Anticyra* let him cross the Flood :
For 'tis as great a fault to be profuse,
As 'tis to get, and keep, and never use.

Opidius did, as *S*ory goes, divide
His Farms between his Sons before he dy'd ;
And said, and as he said he gravely smil'd,
My *Aulus* I observ'd thee from a Child ;
And when I saw thee Careless of thy Toys,
And free to give thy Nuts to other Boys :
And you *Tiberius* tell them o're and o're,
And hoard them up, and still encrease thy Store :
I fear'd both mad, would different Vices chuse,
And one be Covetous, and one Profuse.
Therefore I charge you both by all that's dear,
As You my Blessing love, and Curses fear,
That neither You encrease your small Estate,
Nor You consume, but live content on that ;
For that will all your proper wants supply,
And Nature thinks enough as well as I.
And lest You be Ambitious, hear my Oath,
Observe, I leave this Curse upon you Both ;
He that of You shall be *Ædilis* first,
Or else a *Prætor*, let him be accurst ;
What would'st thou wast thy Wealth ? spend every
Groat
To Bribe the heedless Crowd, and get their Vote ?
That when thy Fathers Lands, his Ancient Rent,
And all the Money he hath left, is spent,
Poor naked Mad-man, thou may'st only gain
A Brazen Statue, or a gawdy Train ;

Or be as fam'd (thus once the foolish Aſs
Would be a Lyon) as great *Agrippa* was ?

4. Great *Agamemnon*, why did you forbid
A Tomb for *Ajax* ? *Why ? Because I did :*

I am a King, what I command is right,
And juſt : Well, I a private Man Submit :

Yet if I ſeem unjuſt, and too ſevere,
Let any ſpeak, and I will fairly hear.

Great King, may'ſt thou a happy Reign enjoy,
And have a ſafe return from Conquer'd *Troy*.

And may I freely ask, and answer Thee ?

Thou ſhalt, ſpeak what Thou wilt, Thou may'ſt be fru

Then why doth *Ajax*, He the Stout, the Brave,
And who ſo oft the *Grecian* Ships did ſave,
Achilles Second rot without a Grave ?

That joyful *Troy* and *Priam* laugh to ſee,

That He, by whom their Youth, that mighty He
Is now deny'd himſelf a Grave by Thee ?

Why ? He ſlew Flocks of Sheep o're all the Field,
And when in's Frantic fits, he thought He kill'd,
My Brother, Me, Ulyſſes ; and He ſmil'd ;

And You, when You your lovely Daughter led
To Sacrifice, and o're her weeping head

You pour'd the Salt and Meal, was ſober ſtill ?

Why not ? When Frantic *Ajax* ſtrove to kill
The Innocent Flocks, how was the Action ill ?

He curſt the both *Atrides* much 'tis true,
But never e'en upon *Ulyſſes* drew,

Nor Wife, nor Innocent Son, nor Brother ſlew :

But I to get a Wind appeas'd the God,

To have my Navy Sail I offer'd blood.

Thy own Blood Frantick, 'twas that did Attrone:

My own, but yet not Frantic, tho my own:

He that shall take apparent Good with Bad,

Confus'dly mix't, must be accounted Mad.

And 'tis all one, whate're these Crimes begin,

Whether 'tis rage or folly makes him sin:

Whilst *Ajax* kills the harmless flocks you blame,

He's mad, whilst Thou design'dly sin'st for fame,

And empty Titles, art thou not a Fool?

Art Sober, whilst Ambition swells thy Soul?

If one should bear a Lamb about the Town,

Allow her a Sedan, and gawdy Gown,

Call her his Daughter, Slaves and Gold provide,

And a stout Husband, for the Youthful Bride,

The Law would seize that wealth he wildly spends,

And give it to the care of Sober Friends.

And He that kills his Daughter for a Lamb,

Canst thou pretend him Sober? Fye for shame.

Then where there's folly, greatest madness rules,

And wicked Men must needs be frantick Fools;

He must be mad that Courts an empty Name,

A very Bedlam He, that's Slave to Fame.

5. Now next the Foolish *Spend-thrift's* case propose,

That he is mad e'en common Reason shows;

The *Squire* when come of Age, He takes his Land,

Amaz'd with Wealth, he sends his strict Command,

Be't known to All that I have an Estate,

And therefore let the Pimps and Tradesmen wait

To morrow Morning early at my Gate:

What then? A Thousand come at his desire,

And thus the crafty *Pimp* bespeaks the *Squire*;

We're

*We're proud to serve you, Sir, and all that's Ours,
 Thrice noble Squire, send when you please 'tis Yours,
 And thus the easie Squire replies again,
 Good honest Men, you take a World of Pain :
 You watch in Snow to catch a Bore for Me,
 And You fish for Me in the boisterous Sea :
 Whilst I'm a Drone unworthy this Estate,
 Therefore do You take this, and You take that ;
 And You these Farms, I freely give You These,
 That I may use thy Wife, when e're I please :
 A costly Gem from his Metella's Ear,
 Æsop's loose Son dissolv'd in Vinegar,
 And drank it down, and then profusely laugh't,
 To think he drank a Province at a draught.
 Was't not as mad as to have thrown the Gem
 Into a Common-shore, or muddy Stream ?
 The Sons of Arrus, those of high renown,
 Those famous Bully-Brothers of the Town :
 The most agreeing Pair in every Vice,
 Still fed on Nightingales of costly price,
 And were those Mad or Sober, Fools or Wise ?*
 6. If any grown a Man delights to raise
 Dirt Pyes, and like a Child, at Push-pin plays.
 Yokes Rats and Mice unto a little Plough,
 And rides upon an Hobby-Horse, or so,
 Sure he is mad : now I can prove with ease,
 That Love is a more childish Thing than These ;
 And 'tis all one whether you Sport and Toy.
 Play wanton Tricks, as when a little Boy,
 Or court and labour for a jilting Miss,
 Grow Pale and Whine : For let me ask thee this,

Canst thou, like *Polemon* reclaim'd, remove
 Thy foppish dress, those Symptoms of thy Love ;
 As He when drunk, and Garlands round his head,
 Chanc't once to hear the sober *Stoick* read,
 Alham'd he took his Garlands off, began
 Another Course, and grew a sober Man :
 Offer an Apple to a peevish Boy,
 He will refuse it ; here my pretty Joy,
 Come prithee take it ; *No, Sir, I'll have none :*
 Yet, if unoffer'd, he will beg for One.
 Like him's the Lover, who hath ask't in vain,
 Doubting if e're he should return again :
 Altho deny'd, when he would gladly wait,
 Unask't, and linger at the hated Gate :
Now she invites, and Swears she will be kind :
What shall I go, or rather cure my Mind ?
She shuts me out, then asks me to return.
What shall I go ? No though she begs, I'll scorn.
 But lo, his wiser Slave did thus reprove,
Sir, Reason must be never us'd in Love :
Its Laws unequal, and its Rules unfit,
For Love's a Thing by Nature opposite
To Common Reason, Common Sense, and Wit.
All that's in Love's unsteady, empty, vain,
There's War and Peace, and War and Peace again.
Now He that strives to settle such as These,
Meer things of Chance, and faithless as the Seas.
He were as good design to be a Fool
By Art and Wisdom, and be mad by Rule.
 And 'cause thy Nut (a sign that thou shalt prove)
 A happy Man, and Conqueror in thy Love)
 Prest thro thy fingers, strikes the Roof above ;

You

You leap for joy, unable to contain,
 Is that the Action of a sober Man ?
 And when tho old, and so the wiser grown,
 You prattle with her in a Childish Tone :
 Art thou not mad as He, that loves his Toys ?
 And plays at Push-pin with the little Boys ?
 To this add all the rage of wild desire,
 The Murders that attend this frantick fire ;
 Observe, poor *Nereus* lately struck his Miss,
 Then kill'd himself, what dost thou think of This ?
 Was He quite Frantick, when he thus design'd ?
 Or only somewhat troubled in his Mind ?
 Wilt thou absolve the Man, and yet accuse ?
 And Us by seeming different Terms abuse,
 That signifie alike, as People use ?

7. A *Libertine*, and old, ran every day
 To all the Temples in the Town to pray :
 Fasting he went, and he was neatly drest,
 His hands were clean, and he had one request :
Grant ye kind Gods, grant I may always live,
It is an easie thing for You to give
 Now he that sold him, might have safely sworn,
 He's sound both Wind and Limb as e're was born
 But cheated, if He swore him sound in Soul,
 And This Man too the *Scoicks* count a Fool.

The Mother whose dear Son had lain oppress'd,
 With violent Quartan half a year at least ;
 Gets up betimes, and prays, Thou mighty *Jove*,
 That dost Diseases bring, and dost remove,
 If Thou wilt stop the Fits, restore my Joy,
 And spare the Body of my lovely Boy,

At thy next Solemn Fast, kind mighty God
I vow, and I will make my promise good,
Ile set him naked in cold *Tiber's* Flood.

And now let Chance or Physick's strength release,
Or Doctor's care suppress the strong Disease,
The Frantic Mother will perform her vow,
And her weak Son into cold *Tiber* throw ;
And this brings a Relapse and kills the Lad,
And hath not Superstition made her mad ?

All this *Stiertinius* taught me as a Friend,
That Eighth Wife-man ; and I my self defend
By his learn'd Rules ; none vexes me in vain,
Who calls me mad, I call him mad again :
And He shall learn what He doth seldom mind,
To see what a Foo's Coat he wears behind.

8. *Well Stoick, may you sell at dearer rate
Your Merchandize, and get your lost Estate ;
So You (for there are many sorts) explain
What kind of madness 'tis that heats my Brain,
For sure methinks I am a sober Man.*

Do'st think *Agave* when she grasp't the head
Of her own Son, thought she her self was mad ?

Well then I'me mad, 'tis true, but fain would know,

Oblige me Stoick once, and freely show

What kind of Madness I'me addicted to.

Then learn, tho you are dwarfish, thin, and small,

You raise your self to be accounted tall :

Yet laugh when *Turbo* in his Arms appears,

Look how he struts, and what a Port he bears !

Tho He hath far a greater bulk than Thee,

And therefore art thou not as vain as He ?

What

What e're *Mecænas* does, and is it true,
 That He is Rivall'd by Pedantick you ?
 When the old Frog was gone by chance abroad,
 An Ox came by and on her young ones trod :
 One scap't, and told her that a mighty Beast,
 Had trod upon her young, and kill'd the rest :
How big, said she ? As big as I am now :
 And swells, *Yes, yes, as big again as You :*
What bigger still ? And then she swells again,
Yes bigger, bigger, and you strive in vain ;
You'l never be as big, altho you swell
Untill you burst ; This Image fits thee well :
 And thus to prove thee Frantic all conspire,
 Now add thy Poems, that is Oyl to Fire,
 Those prove thee mad, if nothing else were shown
 If any Poet's sober, thou art One.
 Thy malice I conceal, but why do'st wear
 A finer Suit than thy Estate will bear ;
Hold Damasippus ; I forbear to shew
 Thy burning Lust, *The greater Mad-man You ;*
Spare me at last the Lesser of the Two.

SATYR IV

He ma
 are
 shou
 to b

W
 I wish
 To tel
 Better
 Or PL
 I must
 To int
 At suc
 For, S
 You'l n
 Wheth
 For To
 I was
 What
 A Ma
 So fin
 His n
 He fin
 Cho
 Cock

SATYR IV.

The Argument of the Fourth Satyr.

He makes Catus tell him the several Precepts that are to be observ'd in making a Feast, by th's means showing th'se, that pride themselves in this Art, to be very ridiculous.

W Hence Catus pray? and whither? Sir I
VOW

I wish I had, but I han't leisure now
To tell my rules, the best that e're were known,
Better than what *Pythagoras* has shown,
Or *Plato* taught; but Sir I must be gone: }

*I must confess 'twas rude Impertinence
To interrupt a busy Man of Sense* }

At such a time, but pardon the offence: }
For, Sir, what ever 'tis you have forgot,
You'l mind again, and soon recall the thought;
Whether 'twas fixt on Nature, or on Art;
For You are deeply skill'd in either part:

I was considering how I should retain
What I have learn'd, it asks a subtle brain,
A Man of deep contrivance, sense, and thought,
So fine the Precepts, and so finely wrought.

His name, a Stranger, or a Roman tell,
I'll sing the Precepts, but the Man conceal: (sound,
Choose Long Eggs still, for those are hard and
Cock Eggs, more white and sweeter than the round:

The

The *Cale* that grows on Hills, or barren Fields,
Is better far than what the *Garden* yields:
Moist ground e'en *Odembs* Plants will quickly spoyl,
They tasteless grow and watrish as the soil.

Suppose a Friend an unexpected Guest
Comes late, and You have nothing ready drest,
Drown *Hens* in Wine, I learn't this Art at Court,
'Twill make the flesh eat *wonderfully* short.

The *Meadow* Mushrooms are the safer food,
Poys'nous the *rest*, at least not half so good;
I'll give him health, that when his *Meals* are done }
Eats juicy *Mulberrys* pluckt before the Sun }
Doth rise too high, and scorch with heat of Noon: }

Ausidius, thus says Story, us'd to take
His Mornings draught of Hony mixt with Sack,
This was ill done, with Liquors only *mild*,
E're breakfast *Empty* Veins are safely fill'd,
What e're some fancy, I have Cause to think
Smooth *Mead* in Morning is the better drink:
When bound too much, sweet *Mallows* quickly clear
Thy *Gutts* from stoppage, and thy *Mind* from fear;
Or *Cockle* Fish, or *Sorrel* newly ripe,
With *Coan white wine* sawe will ease the gripe, }
Better than the old *Midwife* Glister-pipe: }
The *Shell-fish* with the growing Moons encrease,
Yet different sorts are foud in different Seas;
All liave not good: the *Lucræ* Shells exceed
Those various *Purples* that soft *Baja* breed,
Oysters low *Crice*, some *Misenian* Coasts
And *Scollops* large soft *Tarent* loudly boasts:
Let none pretend to have an Art in Feasts
Till He's exact, and *Critical* in Tasts:

'Tis vain for him to buy the dearest Fish,
 That after knows not how to cook the dish,
 What must be *stew'd*, what *boyl'd* will grace a Feast,
 And what the Stomach of the *glutted* Guest;
 Make him forget his Belly's full, restore
 Lost *Appetite*, and tempt him on to more.
 Bores fed on Acorns, caught in *Umbria's* Wood;
 Bend down his dishes with their *weighty* load,
 That would avoid dull, mean, or *tastless* food: }
 For no wise Palates the *Laurentans* choose,
 Vile meat and fat with plashy reeds and Ouze:
 Goats bred on *Vines*, not always dainty fare,
 Wise Palates choose the Wings of breeding Hare:
 What *Fish* of all the sorts, what *Birds* are best,
 And at what Age, and how they should be drest,
 Before the World saw me were hardly known,
 All those are pure inventions of my own.
 Some spend their *time*, and hope to gain applause
 For minding nothing but *new Cates*, and *Sawce*,
 But Men of *Art* must still their Cares divide,
 Not mind *one* thing, and neglect *all* beside,
 Nor whilst they're *curious* in their *Wine* and *Ale*,
 Ne're heed what *Oyl* they pour upon their *Cale*:
 If full of *Lees*, if *thick* your *Mafsick* Wine,
 Set it abroad by *Night* 'twill make it *fine*;
 Take off those Smells that hurt the Nerves, and wast
 The Spirits; Hemp-seed spoils its proper tast:
 Those *cheating* Rogues, that when the Wine decays,
 With their *Surrentine* mix *Falernian* Lees,
 This dasht Wine quickly cleanse with *Pidgeons* Eggs,
 Those falling down *precipitate* the Dregs:

You have *drunk briskly*, and your friend decays; }
 Then give him *pickled* Hearings, those will raise }
 And whet his *Stomach* for another glass.
 For *Lettice* after Wine's not half so good,
 It swims on drink, and makes the *Stomach* crude:
 When He's *too full*, then *Gammon's* only fit,
Sawfage provokes him to another bit ;
 If these won't do, of it He scorns them both,
 He may be whetted with a dish of *Broth* :

To know both sorts of *Broth*, 'tis worth your
 while,

The *Simple* is compos'd of sweetest Oyl,
 This Oily Wine, and *Caviare* only asks
 Such as grows mellow in *Byzantian* Casks :
 To this shred *Herbs*, with *Safforn* mixt, and boyl,
 And when 'tis cool then add *Venafrian* Oyl:
 Some Grapes are best in *Pots*, all ways are try'd,
 In smoak the *Aban* Grape is better dry'd :
 This Grape with some sharp Sawce, round Plates }
 to strew,

With Salt and Pepper, I'me the first that knew,
 And told it others, as I tell it you. }

'Tis a grand fault to buy the dearest fish,
 And after crow'd them in too straight a dish :
 The Guests won't like to see one take the Cup,
 Who stole a Pidgeon, as He brought it up,
 With the same hand, for that will stain the place ;
 Nor yet to see old dust stick round the Glass :
 How little Beasoms cost ? how quickly bought ?
 Yet if not gotten, 'tis a grievous Fault.

Dost

Dost think it decent to neglect thy House,
Or sweep the marble Floor with dirty boughs?
Dost think 'tis handsom, for the Page to spread
A dirty covering o're a Gawdy Bed,
Forgetful still that since these things are mean,
And such as All must have that would be clean,
'Tis worse to want these, than such dainty meat
Which only *Luxury* or *Wealth* can get :

Learn'd Catius by the Gods I ask this boon,
Where e're you go, Sir I must have it done,
Pray bring me to this copious Spring of Truth,
That I may heare it drop from his own mouth ;
For though you talk, as if you understood
His Precepts well, and knew the rules for Food,
Yet from your Lips, I'me sure they can't be known
As well, as if I heard them from his own,
Besides to see the Figure of the Man
Would please me much, pray show me if you can,
A sweet with which, blest you are almost cloy'd,
And do not value, 'cause so oft enjoy'd;
But eager I to unknown Fountains press,
To draw from thence the Rules of Happiness.

SATYR V.

The Heads of the Fifth Satyr.

A Dialogue between Tiresias and Ulysses, where He instructs him, how to get an Estate.

Tiresias now indulge one favor more,
And teach beside what thou hast taught before,
How to regain my Wealth, now I'm poor :
Why do You smile ? Let me not beg in vain,
Is't not enough that you have scap'd the Main,
And safely come to Ithaca again ?
Unerring Prophet, see as you fore-told,
I am come home again, Grey, Wrinkled, Old,
And Poor : my Wives Gallants have seiz'd my Gold :
My Wealth is theirs, and what is Vertue worth
Without a good Estate to set it forth ?
 Well then, since to be poor you fear and hate,
 In short learn how to get a good Estate.
 If thou dost light on any thing that's rare,
 Send it thy old rich Neighbor, never spare,
 If He be rich and old, without an Heir :
 The first ripe Apples of thy choicest Tree
 Offer to him before thy Deity.
 The Rich Man must be reverenc't more than He.

What

What tho He be a Villain, basely bred,
 Hath kill'd his Brother, or his Country fled :
 Yet wait upon him when he please to call,
 And when you meet him, cringe, and give the
 Wall.

What would you have me cringe to every Slave ?

At Troy I did not so my self behave :

Contending always with the Great, the Brave :

*Then thoult be poor. Well Sir, my mind I'le force
 To suffer this: for I have suffer'd worse.*

But, prithee, tell me, for I wish to know

Which way I may be rich, and quickly too :

*Then as I told, I'll tell thee o're agen,
 Still strive to please, the old and wealthy Men.*

Try still to get into their Wills, secure

Their Love, their Humors patiently endure ;

Tho two or three discerning Eyes perceive

The Hook, and fly the Bait, yet never leave :

*Others will bite when those fly Fops are gone,
 Still bait thy hook, and urge thy purpose on.*

If any Cause, or great or small be try'd,

I'll teach thee how to choose the better Side.

Be sure to plead for him that's childless, old,

And rich, tho He is impudently bold,

And sues his better, still pervert the Laws,

And start new Quirks, and scorn the better Cause,

And better Man, if He hath hopeful Boys

To be his Hiers, or teeming Wife enjoys.

Then Sir or Squire (for Title hugely takes

Grave foftheads) Me your Friend your Vertue makes,

I know the Law, and have a ready Tongue,

And rather, Sir, then you shall suffer wrong

*I'll loose these Eyes ; My utmost Care be us'd
That you be neither cheated nor abus'd.
And you may take your pleasure, sit at ease,
Ne're fear, I'll pawn my Life for your success.
Do you still mind this Cause, and that alone
What ever weather 'tis, or if, the Sun
With Dog days beams cleaves e'en the marble
Stone ;*

*Or (as fat Furius hath it) all below
Is Ice, and Jove o'rspews the Alps with snow.
Whilst one stands by, and jogs his Neighbor, see,
How fine a Lawyer's that, That, that is He,
How useful to his Friends, and how He sweats,
And Pleads ! This brings more Gudgeons to thy
Nets.*

*Besides, if any hath a sickly Hier
And good Estate, then make thy Interest there,
Lest courting childless Persons still, thy Arts ap-
pear.*

*Creep gently in, untill your hopes you seize,
Be second Heir, and rise by just degrees,
And so if your young Boys disease prevails:
Thou shalt have all : This method seldom fails.*

*If any bids thee read his Will, deny ;
Yet slyly with the corner of thy Eye
Run quickly o're, the two or three first lines,
(There's Reason for't) and see if He designs
Thee the sole Hier, or else with many joyns.
For time shall come, as years in order flow,
When one a Scribe shall bob the gaping Crow :
What art thou mad, or dost design to see,
If such abstruse discourse can puzzle me ?*

Ulysses

Ulysses, what I sing shall be the state
 Of Things to come, I read the leaves of Fate,
 And distant Objects see in the event,
Then prethee tell me, what that Riddle meant.
 When one, a Youth of Great *Æneas* Race,
 The *Parthiane* terror rules the Earth and Seas;
Coranus weary of a single Life,
 Takes chuff *Nasica's* stately maid to Wife;
Coranus then shall beg him to peruse
 The Will He makes, *Nasica* long refuse,
 At last consents, but what he reads, appears
 No Legacy to Him, and His, but Tears:
 Now if his Servants manage him; commend,
 And make his greatest Favourite thy Friend,
 Besure be lavish in his praise, and then,
 When thou art gone, He'll praise Thee o're again.
 This Method's good, but 'tis the best design
 To storm the Man himself, and take him in.
 If He makes Verses tho extremely lewd,
 Admire, and swear his Fustian Rhymes are good,
 Or if He whores, besure his wish prevent,
 Let thy *Penelope* be freely sent:
And dost thou think, that she the Wise, the Chast,
Who all the numerous Woers Arts surpass,
Will yield to him, and be a Whore at last?
 Ay, those were artless Youths, they knew not how
 To treat, and rather came to eat then Woe;
 So she was chaste, but when she shall perceive,
 And share with Thee, the Presents He can give,
 Like Dogs once blooded, she will never leave.
 I'll tell the true, and what I chanc't to know,
 A woman dy'd at *Thebes* not long ago;

And thus by Will She did injoyne her Heir,
First oyl my Corps, and to the Sepulcher,
Upon thy naked back my Body bear.
 This spake the Will, and this, as most believ'd,
 That she might then slip from him she contriv'd,
 For He was too observant whilst she liv'd :
 Do you be cautious still in your Address :
 Too often, or too seldom will displease,
 The grave Morose do hate a prating Tongue,
 That speaks unask't, yet be not dumb too long :
 But, like arch *Davus* in the Play attend,
 Your neck awry, as fearful to offend :
 Still show the greatest Care that can be shown,
 More careful of his Life than of your own :
 When e're the Air is sharp besure to mind,
 And eagerly request him, *pray be kind*
To your dear health, and me, nor trust the Wind.
 If throng'd, thrust Thou, and free him from the
 Throng,
 If talkative, endure his tedious Tongue :
 If he be vain, and loves his own dear praise,
 Be sure commend and high Encomiums raise,
 Still blow the Bladder never leave him off,
 Till He shall bless himself, and cry, enough :
 Now when he dyes, and frees thee from thy Care,
 Thy dreaming Hopes, and melancholly Fear,
 And broad awak't, you find that you are Heir :
 Then sigh, *and is my dear Companion gone!*
Where shall I have so kind, so good a One!
 If possible, your greatest Art imploy
 To shed some tears, 'tis good to mask your joy :

And

And if you are to make the Funeral,
Be sure be noble, that will take with All :
Or if thy fellow Heir's a sickly Man,
Then wheedle thus, and chouse him if you can :
I want that ready Mony you can spare,
And if you please, Sir you shall buy my share;
But hold fierce *Pluto* calls me back to Hell,
And I can talk no more, good speed, farewell.

SATYR VI.

The Heads of the Sixth Satyr.

- (1.) *His moderate wishes.* (2.) *The troubles of a City Life.* (3.) *The Pleasures of the Country.*
(4.) *Little without fear, is best.*

1. **T**Hese were my Prayers, and these my constant Vows,

A pretty Seat, a Fountain near my House,
A Garden, and a little Grove of Trees,
'Tis well, the Gods have given more than these ;
Enough kind *Mercury*, no more I crave,
Only continue still, what now I have.
If I am not profuse, and wast, or raise
My moderat Fortune, by unlawful Ways.
If I ne're wish, Oh that the Gods would yield,
That Nook that spoys the Figure of my Field :

Or,

Or, oh that I a pot of Gold had found,
 As he who hir'd to Till anothers Ground,
 By the assistance of a lucky God
 Grew rich, and bought the very Land he plow'd.
 But if I live content, preserve my store,
 And be my Guard, as thou hast been before ;
 Defend my Cattle, and my Flocks, be kind,
 And fatten all I have, except my Mind :
 Then when I from the noisy Town retreat,
 And free from Bus'ness take my Country Seat :
 What shall I do but write, what Subject choose,
 But easy Satyr, and improve my Muse.
 Here no Ambition kills, no heavy Wind,
 Affects my Body and corrupts my Mind.
 To Fields the Gods long Life, and plenty gave,
 No sickly *Autumns* here enrich the Grave.
 2. Old Father *Janus* (thus the Gods decree)
 We Men begin our Years and Toyl with Thee.
 With Thee my Verse, you hurry me to Town,
 To be a Witness, and I must be gone,
 Tho't Snows, and Winter whirls the freezing day
 In shortest Circles, yet I must away.
 And then when my ungrateful task is done,
 Press thro the Crowd, and jostle every One
 That doth not make me room, and thro 'em down,
 Whilst He that's kick't, crys *Plague ! and why so fast ?*
Pox ! What d'ye mean, and why in so much Hast ?
When you run to my Lord, you scour the Street
Press on, and kick and jostle all you meet,
 And this I swear is pleasant, this is sweet !

But when I come a busy Crowd appears
 Of loud impertinent Petitioners,
 And their requests dance thick about my Ears.
 One begs that you would be at Court betime
 To morrow morning, and appear for him.
 The Scribes request, that I would get your Ear,
 About a public, new, and great Affair:
 Another crys, good Horace, get this Bill
 Sign'd by Mecœnas. If I can I will.
 But he seems discontent, and urges on,
 Nay, if you will, I'me sure it may be done.
 'Tis eight Years since almost Mecœnas chose,
 And made me a Retainer to his House:
 Yet only such a One, as free from Care,
 He'd sometimes take in's Coach to take the Air,
 Talk common Talk, as *how d'ye like the Play,*
The Fencers were well matcht, what news to day,
The Morning's cold, and we must have a Care,
 And such like common Things, as these appear,
 That may be trusted in a leaky Ear.
 Hence every day Men envy more my State,
 He at the Play with great Mecœnas sat,
 Or Bowl'd, cry all, *He's Fortunes darling Son,*
 And thus the silly Chat runs o're the Town.
 Then all that meet me, come and ask the News,
 My Patience and my pretious Time abuse:
 Pray Sir (*For you so much at Court must know,*)
 D'ye hear what News from warlike Dacia? No.
 Come, You're a Wag. Pox take me if I do.
 Pray Sir, the Lands that Cæsar vow'd to share,
 Amongst the Souldiers to reward the War,
 What must they be in Sicily or here?

When

When I profess my Ignorance, Morose
 They all imagine me, and plaguy close;
 And thus I loose my days, but with repeat,
 3. Oh! When shall I enjoy my Country Seat?
 Oh! when remov'd from noise to quiet Peace,
 Amidst my learned Books, my sleep and ease;
 Whilst hours do smoothly flow, and free from strife,
 Forget the Troubles of a busy Life?
 Oh Beans *Pythagoras* his nearest kin,
 You lovely Herbs, and most delicious Chine
 When shall I see, when feed on you agen?
 Oh sweet, Oh heavenly Feasts, where I and mine,
 Before my household Gods securely dine;
 When I my self shall tast a dish of meat,
 Then give't my wanton Slaves, and bid 'em eat:
 When all my Guests drink freely what they please,
 No Glas is mark't or fill'd, but more or less,
 As mirth invites; No drunken Laws to force,
 And all the time is full of good discourse,
 We talk of no Mans Farms, or Wealth, or Skill,
 Or whether *Cæsar's* Fool danc't well or ill.
 But we discourse, of what we ought to do,
 And what 'tis fault and folly not to know;
 As whether Wealth or Vertue brings a Man
 To happiness, or whether Leagues began
 From Interest or Right, what cheats the Crowd,
 And what is good, and what the greatest Good:
 4. My Neighbor *Gerrius*, as the Matter falls,
 Mixes his merry, pat, instructive Tales:
 And thus for Instance, when by chance he hears
 Old *Alpius* wealth admir'd, tho full of Cares,

He tells this Story. Once upon a Time,
 As Tales begin) and in a moderate clime :
 A Country Mouse a City entertain'd,
 His old Acquaintance, and his special Friend,
 This Mouse was thrifty, yet would kindly Feast
 When time requir'd, and nobly treat his Guest :
 In short, now striving every way to please,
 He freely brought his hoarded Oats and Pease,
 His nibbled Bacon in his mouth he brings,
 His Apples and a thousand pretty things,
 His Nuts, his Grapes well-dry'd, and try'd his best,
 By choice variety to please his Guest.
 Who sate, and as affraid to hurt his mouth,
 Did nibble here and there with dainty Tooth :
 Whilst he lys by in straw, and Barley eats,
 Or Chaff ; and leaves his Guest the better Meats.
 At last the City Mouse, begins ; *My Friend*
Pray how can Thou delight, how love to spend
Life in Woods, and this unwholsome Cave ?
His Melancholy, 'tis so like a Grave.
How would you rather live in Town than here,
And Mens converse, before the Woods prefer ;
Come, go with me, I'll get thee better Chear.
Since all must dye, and must resign their Breath,
Nor great, nor little is secure from Death ;
Then spend thy days in Pleasure, Mirth and Sport.
And live like One, that Minds his Life is short.
 These Words prevail'd upon the Country Mouse,
 So she grows jocund strait, and leaves the House,
 Longing for those fine things ; so both go on,
 Eager whilst now 'twas Night to reach the Town.

* TWAS

'Twas Midnight full ; when now the Mice are come
 They take a Rich Mans house, a stately Room,
 Where Purple Covering shone on Ivory Seats,
 And in the Pantry lay whole heaps of Meats,
 The sumptuous Relics of his noble treats.
 The City Mouse strait seats his country Guest
 On Cloath of State, and waits, and carves the Feast;
 Course after Course, a thousand dainty Things,
 And like a Servant, tastes what e're he brings.
 The Country Mouse pleas'd with his Bed of State,
 And various dainties, blest his change of Fate.
 Feeds heartily, when lo the Servants come,
 And Dogs rush in and bark about the Room.
 Both start, both leave their Beds with eager haste,
 Both fly for Life, and hardly 'scape at last.
 Then says the Country Mouse, *false Joys farewell,*
I do not like this Life, my quiet Cell
Is better, I can feast and wanton there,
On Chaff or Acorns, free from Noise and Fear.

SATYR VII.

The Heads of the Seventh Satyr.

(1.) *A Servant instructs his Master, about his unsettledness in humour.* (2.) *His Lust.* (3.) *The vicious Man, the greatest Slave.*

I. **W**ELL Sir, I hear, and have some News to tell,
 But I'me affraid, you will not like it well
 From me your Slave: *Who Davus is it you?*
Davus the faithful Servant and the true,
Davus that fancies that sufficient store,

Which

Which nature wants supplies, and ask no more ;
Go to, and as our Ancient Laws decree,
Use boldly thy December's Liberty,
Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou mayst be free.
 Some Men are constant in their Vice, and run
 The same Course still, and urge their purpose on :
 Some are unsteady, various in a Trice,
 Now all for Vertue, and now all for Vice.
 For *Priscus* with himself doth disagree,
 Sometimes he wears no Rings, and sometimes three.
 He changes every hour his Cloaths and Gown,
 Now takes the best House, now the worst in Town,
 And there he goes as nasty as a Clown.
 Now studies hard at *Athens*, now does come,
 And turns a great Gallant, and whores at *Rome*,
 The most unsteady, fickle Man on Earth,
 As if *Vertumnus* self had rul'd his Birth.
 Just opposite to him *Vulturius* stands,
 For he when the just Gout had lam'd his hands,
 Did hire a Boy, so much he lov'd the Vice,
 To take up for him, and to throw the Dice.
 He that is constant in his vicious race,
 Runs the same Course, and keeps an equal pace ;
 Is certainly not half so great a wretch,
 As He that now rides loose, and now on stretch.
 Well now you Rogue, suppose this railing true,
 What doth it mean ? Sir it reflects on you.
 How so you Rascal ? Sir you use to praise
 The Antients living, and commend their ways,
 Yet if some God would give you leave to choose,
 Or force you to the like, you would refuse.
 'Cause you don't think that right you now commend,

Or

Nor fear that they will Jilt, and entertain
 A wittier, richer, and a finer Man.
 But when you slyly sneak abroad by night,
 Your Rings and all the Habit of a Knight,
 Thy *Roman* Garb thrown off; from nobly brave
 You sink into the Figure of a Slave:
 A nasty Vail thrown o're thy fragrant Head,
 And softly brought to the Adulterous Bed,
 Are you not such a One as you appear? }
 When introduc't you shake and tremble there, }
 Thy raging Lust disputing with thy Fear: }
 What difference is it whether you engage }
 To fight for hire, and bear the Victor's rage, }
 Be cut and slash't and kill'd upon the Stage? }
 Or by the Conscious Chamber-Maid be prest
 Quite double, neck and heels into a Chest?
 Hath not the injur'd Husband of the Whore
 To punish both a right and Lawful Power?
 And will not all his fiercest rage be just
 On thee, that didst debauch her to thy Lust?
 Yet she ne're changes Garb, nor shifts her place;
 Nor takes such pains to get the foul embrace;
 Nor injures Heaven, nor swears such Oaths as you,
 Whilst the fond Creature doubts you'll prove untrue.
 But wise you venture Slaves severest Fate, }
 And to a Man enrag'd, and swoln with hate, }
 Commit thy Fame, thy Life, and thy Estate: }
 Hast thou escap't? I hope the warning's fair,
 And you'll prevent the like with greatest care,
 What nothing do? What dost Thou strive to run,
 The same mad Course, and be once more undone?

3. Oh! Slave so oft! What Beast that breaks the Chain,

Once free, will come and take the Clog again?

You say you'r no Adulterer, nor I

A Thief, because when some Observer's nigh,
I leave your Plate, though with a longing Eye.

Remove the danger and restraining force,
And Nature loose will run an evil Course.

Are you my Master? you that do appear,

A worse and greater Slave than me by far,

Whom nothing can redeem from wretched fear?

Three strokes of th' Prætor's Rod can make me free,

Whilst Tyrant Passion still will Master Thee.

Besides,

If He's a *Vicar*, as you please to phrase,

(This Reason's good) that other Slaves obeys,

Or fellow Slave; Sir, I would gladly know

What 'tis that I am in respect of you?

For you, my Master, others basely serve,

Like Puppets moving by anothers Nerve.

Who then is free? The Wife, that can controule,

And Govern all the Passions of the Soul:

Whom Poverty, nor Chains, no Death affright,

And proof against the Charms of vain delight.

Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound,

So closely gather'd in a perfect Round,

And so exactly smooth'd by honest Arts,

That nought without can stick upon the even Parts

Observe this *Free-man's* Character, and see

If any part of it belongs to Thee:

A Thousand Pound beg'd by thy costly Whore,

And if deny'd, she turns thee out of Door,

Thro'

Throws Water in thy Face, then change her mind,
 And call thee back, and vow she will be kind.
 Now loose your Neck from this Ignoble Chain,
 And boldly say that you are free ; in vain,
 You can't, for Tyrant Lords thy Will controle,
 They prick thee on, and scourge thy way'ring Soul.

You, when you spend whole hours and trifle days,
 Whilst You upon a piece of Painting gaze :

Why do not you commit as great a fault,

As I that stare upon a meaner draught ?

Admire how *Janus* and how *Fulvius* stand,

In Fencing Postures, drawn by a rude hand,

In Chalk or Char-coal Paint, and there they look

As if they fought, and mov'd to shun the stroak :

But I'me call'd lazy Rogue, and beaten still,

A Judge in Painting You, and Man of skill.

If I but trivial Cakes delight to Eat,

'Tis Gluttony, whilst your Luxurious Treat

Is Vertue, for it shows your Mind is great.

Why now to serve my Palate should it be,

(For I am whipt) a greater Crime in Me,

Than You ? Since thine's more costly Luxury,

Why then are you not scourg'd as well as I ?

Because, perhaps, thy Feasts corrupt thy Blood,

Diseases spring from thy Luxurious Food,

And weakned Legs refuse the sickly Load.

Doth that Boy sin that steals a Comb by night,

To buy some Grapes to please his Appetite ?

And is He faultless that when Lust Commands,

To please his lavish Belly sells his Lands ?

Besides all this, You with your self can't stay

One Hour, nor rightly spend a leasure day,

You like a Vagrant shun your self, design,
Now by forgetful sleep, and now by Wine,
To steal from Cares : Poor Slave ! In vain you try,
Black Care pursues as fast as you can fly.

*Death ! Where's my Stick ? Why so ? Death ! Where's
my Sword ?*

He's mad, or else makes Verses : *Dog, one word,
One tittle more ! You censure my Designs ?
Fly Rascal, fly, or thou shalt to the Mines.*

SATYR VIII.

The Argument of the Eighth Satyr.

*A Description of a sordid Feast, with which one
Fuscus Nasidenus Entertain'd them.*

HOW do you like rich Nasidenus cheer ?
For when I thought last night to have you here,
'Twas said, that e're since Noon you had been there.

Troth never merrier ; Pray Sir grant my wish,
And, if no trouble, what was the first Dish ?

"The first Dish, Sir, was a Lucanian Bore,
"Caught whilst the Wind was South, the Master
swore,

And round the brim lay Lettice to excite,
And Betes to raise the lazy Appetite ;
Anchove, Pickled-Herrings, mixt with these
Lay Raddish, bitter Herbs, and Coan Lees.

try, This Dish remov'd, two ready Servants come,
 And gather'd up the Relicts of the Feast,
 The Bones, and all that might offend the Guest :
 Just as at *Ceres* Feast th' *Athenian* Maid
 Comes black *Hydaspes* bearing on his Head
 Large Falks of White, and *Alcon* Flasks of Red.
 Then says mine Host ; *My Lord*, if more than these
 You like another, call for what you please,
 My Cellar's stor'd ; *Poor Wealth, dishonest Pride,*
But prethee tell me who was there beside ?
 Sir, I fate first, and, stay, I think 'twas so,
Turinus next, *Vibidius* fate below,
 Next *Balatro* ; below him *Porcius* lyes,
Porcius the merry'st archeft Wag that is,
 To swoop whole Custards, and to swallow Pies.
 All uninvited, but as Lords are wont,
Mecænas brought them all on his account.
 Next above these *Nomentan* takes his place,
 He that could point at every hidden Sawce ;
 For we, the rest, on Fish and Fowl did feast,
 Concealing different from their proper tast.
 This streight appear'd, when by his luscious rules
 He carv'd for me th' untasted guts of *Soles*.
 And after to instruct me, gravely said,
Figs pluck't before the Moon is full, look red ;
 But thro this difference would you nicely pry
 He'l tell you more, He's more expert than I.

Mean while *Vibidius* in a jeering tone
 Crys ; *Balatro, come prethee nothings done,*
Unless we drink him dry ; a Bigger Glass ;
 At that Death-pale spread o're our *Fuscus* face,

For good stout drinkers He did chiefly fear,
 'Cause such, when full, with greater freedom jeer;
 Or 'cause hot Liquors pall the subtle tast,
 And so would spoyl the goodness of his feast:
 Yet on it goes, the Bowls are freely crown'd,
 And *supernaculum* the health goes round:
 The chiefeft Guests the while few bumpers tost,
 They spar'd the Bottles, and the bleeding Host.

Now comes midst swimming Shrimps a Lampry
 spread

In a large Dish, and thus the Master said;
*This Fish was caught when full of Spawn, (that Course
 Is good) for after Spawning's done, 'tis worse:
 The Broth is made of Oyl, the best that flow'd
 From the Venafrian Press; to make it good,
 Wine five years old, and Caviare I joyn,
 In boyling, Sirs, I use Italian wine,
 But when 'tis boyl'd, with Pepper spic'd and drest
 With Vinegar, the Chian Pickle's best:
 To boyl green Rockets, with't was never known
 Before my time, I'me sure that Art's my own.
 Salt water Crawfish first Cotillus stew'd,
 And kept them whole, for they are better food
 Then when ith' Shell, the Pickle makes them good.*

But whilst he talkt, and whilst He prais'd the Fish
 The Hangings tumbling down fell o're the Dish:
 Bringing black dust, as much, as Whirlwinds raise
 When nimble Storms sweep o're the dusty ways:
 We started all, and thought it worse than 'twas,
 But when no harm appear'd, each kept his place:
 Our Host streight hung his head, He wept and sigh'd
 As if his darling Son had lately dy'd;

He

He had wept on, his Grief have known no end,
 But wise *Nomentan* thus reliev'd his Friend ;
Unlucky Chance what God is so unkind,
Thou lov'st to break the measures Man design'd ;
 Some bit their Napkins, yet could scarce forbear
 To laugh aloud, whilst with a bitter Sneer
 Crys jeering *Balatro*, Well, we strive in vain,
 'Tis the sad fate of Life, and none can gain
 By Labour, Fame that answers to their Pain. }
That ever I should prove so troublesome
For one fine Treat, when I could dine at home ?
That I should vex you to provide a Feast,
To see your Broth well boyl'd, your Servants drest,
Besides th' unlucky chance that waits on all,
As if, as but just now, the Hangings fall;
The Footboy stumbling spoyl a costly fish,
Or Plowman Servant trip and break the dish.
 But as in Captains oft ill chance reveals
 The Entertainers Wit, which good conceals ;
 Then says mine Host, *Ah, may'st Thou still be blest,*
Thou art so good a Man, so kind a Guest :
 And calls for's Shoes ; then you may quickly hear
 Divided whispers spread thro every Ear.
No Play could ever please me half so well,
But what you laught at after prethee tell :
 Whilst hot *Vibidius* with a waggish look
 Crys to the Servants, *is the Bottle broak*
That I can get no Wine to this dry Feast ;
 And merry *Balatro* promotes the jest ;
 Mine Host comes in, and with a smiling face,
 About to mend by Art his late disgrace,

His Servants following brought a Charger fill'd
With one poor little Crane cut up and grill'd,
Cover'd with Salt and Meal ; another brings
Pluck't off and by themselves a Rabbits wings,
For those, forsooth, when by themselves are best,
And sweeter far than eaten with the rest :
Then roasted Blackbirds Doves their rumps cut off,
All pretty sorts of Meat, and sweet enough ;
But he with long harangues to every guest
Explain'd their Natures, how and why 'twas dress'd ;
Whom thus we punish'd, each Man left his seat,
We fled the Banquet, and refus'd to eat ;
As if the Witch *Canidia's* poysonous breath
Had blown upon't, and fill'd the Feast with Death.

The End of the Second Book of Satyrs.

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

The Heads of the first Epistle.

- (1.) *He shews his desire for Philosophy.* (2.) *'Tis to be preferr'd before all.* (3.) *The People prefer Gold before Vertue.* (4.) *Why He cannot agree with the Crowd.*

MY Lord *Mecænas* whom I gladly choose,
 The first, and the last labour of my Muse;
 Tho I have fought enough, and well before,
 And now dismiss, have leave to fight no more :
 You strive to bring me on the Stage again ;
 My Age is not alike, unlike my Brain,
 Unlike my Mind, and now I write in Pain :
 The Fencer *Vejan* now grown weak with Age,
 Lives quietly at home, and leaves the Stage ;
 His Arms in great *Alcides* Temple plac't,
 Lest after all his former Glorys past,
 He worsted, meanly beg his life at last :

And

And still methinks sounds thro my well purg'd Ear,
 A little voice, Fond *Horace* have a Care,
 And whilst 'tis well release thy aged Horse,
 Lest when He runs but with unequal force,
 And stretches hard to win, He breaks his Wind,
 Derided, distanc't, basely lags behind :

1. And therefore all my trifling Songs adieu,
 I now design to seek what's good and true,
 And that alone ; I scorn my wanton Muse,
 And lay up Precepts, such as I may use ;
 But if you ask me now what *Sett* I own,
 I swear a blind obedience unto none :
 But as the Tempest drives me so I Steer,
 This way or that, not settled any where :
 Sometimes an Active Life my Fancy draws,
 A strict observer of true Vertue's Laws :
 Then gently slide to *Aristippus* School,
 And strive not to be rul'd by Things, but Rule :
 As Night to those their Mistress fails appears, }
 As Days to Labourers, and as long the Years, }
 When Jealous Mothers curb, to eager Heirs : }
 So dull, and so ingrate my Time doth flow,
 Which hinders what I hope and wish to do :
 What done will profit Rich and Poor, what long
 Forborn, prove equal harm to Old and Young :
 Well, then I must content my self with this, }
 Yours cannot be as good as *Lynceus* Eyes, }
 What then, when Sore must I fit Cures despise : }
 You cannot Hope to have your Limbs as great
 As *Glyco's*, nor so strong and firmly set,

Yet

Ear, Yet to prevent the Gout hast Thou no care ?
 What, if of farther progress you despair,
 'Tis somewhat surely to have gone thus far :
 Doth creeping Avarice thy mind engage ?
 Or doth it boyl with fiery Lust, and rage ?
 Why, there are Rules and Precepts that can Ease
 Thy Pain, and Cure great part of thy Disease :
 Or art Thou Vain ? Books yield a certain Spell,
 To stop thy Tumor ; You shall cease to swell,
 When you have read them thrice, and studied well :
 The Rash, the Lazy, Lover, none's so wild,
 But may be tame, and may bewisely mild,
 If they consult true Vertue's Rules with care,
 And lend to good advice a patient ear.
 2. 'Tis Vertue, Sir, to be but free from Vice,
 And the first step tow'rs being truly Wise
 Is to want folly ; You use all your skill,
 To shun what you suppose the greatest ill,
 A small Estate, or whilst you seek to gain
 An Office, a Repulse ; You spare no pain,
 You try your utmost Wit, and rack your Brain :
 You Sail to *India*, You forsake your ease,
 Thro raging Storms, thro Rocks and boisterous Seas,
 Thro Heat and Cold, and gather every Wind,
 To get more Wealth, and leave pale Want behind ;
 And yet thou wilt not take the pains to hear
 A wiser Man advise Thee how to Steer :
 Who kindly bids Thee check thy wild desire,
 And leave what Thou dost foolishly admire :
 What Wrestler that shall strive in every Town,
 At every Wake will scorn th' *Olympian* Crown ?

Yet

Who

Who doth not cheap and easie wreaths disdain ?
 And who would have a Crown without the Pain ?
 3. The saying's true, and hath been often told,
 Silver's more base than Gold, than Vertue Gold :
 O *Romans, Romans*, Gold must first be sought,
 Then Vertue, that's worth but a second thought :
 This is the Tune of every Trading Fool,
 Old Men, and every Boy repeats this Rule,
 That with his Books and Satchel goes to School : }
 If you have not Ten Thousand Pound in store,
 But want a Thousand or a little more,
 Tho you have Vertue, Constancy, and skill
 In Arts, thou shalt be thought a *Common* still :
 And yet our Boys another Tale will tell,
 And say, You shall be *King* if you do well ;
 Be this thy Guard, and this thy strong defence,
 A vertuous Heart, and unstain'd Innocence ;
 Not to be conscious of a shameful sin :
 Nor yet look pale for Scarlet Crimes within.
 Now prethee tell me which you think is best,
 Or *Orho's* Law, or this by Boys exprest,
 This Song which makes the Vertuous Man a King,
 And which the Noble Ancients us'd to sing ?
 Which best adviseth, He that bids thee hate }
 Thy Common rank, and get a vast Estate,
 Justly, if canst ; if not, at any rate ;
 Only that at a Play or Puppet Show,
 You may sit nearer by a Seat or two ?
 Or He that bids Thee Steer a Vertuous Course,
 And nobly scorn, proud feeble Fortune's force ?
 4. Should the Crowd ask, why since I live in Town,
 Walk the same Streets with them, I do not own

The

The same Opinion ? Why I don't approve,
And hate the Things that they do hate and love ?
My Answer must be what fly *Reynard* said
To the old sickly *Lion*, I'me afraid,
Great King of Beasts, for all the treads I see
Are to thy Den, none back, that frightens me :
Thou art a Many-headed Monster, *Rome*,
I know not what to imitate, or whom :
Some love to Farm Revenues, others Bait
With Gifts to catch a Widdows great Estate :
Whilst others spread their Nets for wealthy Fools,
And catch them, and secure the doating Shoals :
Some by base Usury their Wealth increase :
But grant that various Humors various please :
Yet are They constant still, do they approve
For one hours time together what They love ?
For instance, If the wealthy Wanton says,
This little *Baia* is the pleasant'st place ;
His hasty wishes no delays afford,
And the Sea quickly sees her loving Lord :
There if his fancy leads another way,
As if a Sign from Heaven He must obey ;
Come Work-men gather up your Tools, and drive
To morrow to *Theanum*, there I'll live :
Doth He design to day to take a Wife ?
No life, He cries, is like a single life :
If not, He Swears the marry'd only blest ;
What Chain can hold this varying *Proteus* fast ?
What doth the Poor Man ? Laugh, he shifts his
home,
His Baths, His Barbers, and his eating Room,

Or

Or hires a paltry Sculler for a Groat,
And spews like Nobles in their Pleasure-Boat :

Suppose some blundering Barbers notch my hair,
And then I meet you, streight you smile and stare;
Or if my Gown is botch't, my Vest unfit,
My Cloaths ill made, You laugh at such a sight:
What when my Mind is with it self at strife,
And disagrees in all the Course of Life;
When what it hated now, it now desires,
What now it threw away, it now admires,
Unsettled as the Sea, or flitting Air,
It razes, builds, and changes round to square;
You count me mad in Fashion, you forbear
To laugh, nor think I need a *Doctor's* care;
Or Guardian from the *Prætor*, tho my Friend,
On whom my Fortunes, and my Life depend,
Who grieves if I but cut my Finger's end.
In short, the Wise Man's less than *Jove* alone,
For all is His, and He himself's his own;
Rich, King of Kings, and of a Noble Stem,
But chiefly well, unless when vex't with Flegm.

EPIST. II.

(1.)
(2.)

i. V

I her
Who
Clear
My r
That
For F
The
Ante
And
He c
His R
Atria
And
One
Was
He c
The
By L
By P

EPISTLE II.

The Heads of the Second Epistle.

- (1.) *He commends Homer to his Friend Lollius.*
(2.) *Delivers several Præcepts for a good Life.*

1. **W**Hilst you to plead at *Rome*, my Friend,
remain,

I here have read my *Homer* o're again :
Who hath what's base, what decent, just and good,
Clearer than *Crantor* or *Chrysippus* shew'd :
My reasons for't, if you have leisure, hear ;
That Part that tells us how in tedious War,
For *Paris* Lust, *Greece* strove with *Phrygia*, sings
The Passions of the Crowd, and foolish Kings :
Antenor thinks it best to end the Wars,
And give back *Helen* ; wanton *Paris* Swears,
He can't be happy if He lives alone,
His Kingdom can't content when she is gone :
Atrides and *Achilles* chide, and hate,
And *Nestor* strives to cool the hot debate :
One rob'd of what He eagerly desir'd,
Was rais'd by Love ; but both by fury fir'd :
He counsels both, and strives to make them Friends,
The People suffer when the Prince offends :
By Lust and Rage were thousand mischiefs done,
By Pride and Treachery, in Camp and Town :

And

And then what Courage, and what Wit can do,
 He usefully doth in *Ulysses* show ;
 Who, *Troy* o'rethrown, to many Countrys went,
 And strictly view'd their Towns and Government.
 And whilst thro raging Seas He ventur'd home,
 Met thousand dangers, and did overcome :
 Still careful of his Men He did advance,
 And safely stem'd the Waves of dang'rous Chance :
 The *Sirens* Songs, and *Circe's* Bowl you know,
 Which like his Mates had He but tasted too,
 Base and unthinking He had serv'd the Whore,
 In shape of nasty Dog, or mi'ry Bore :
 We are the Number, born to drink and eat;
 The Woers of *Penelope*, the spruce, the neat,
 The lazy Rascals ; and whose whole design,
 Was to get vicious pleasure, and be fine :
 Who thought it vertuous to sleep half the Day;
 And lull their Cares with Musick, Dance and Play.
 2. Rogues rise before 'tis light to kill and Thieve;
 Wilt Thou not wake to save thy self alive ?
 If now, when well, you will not leave your Ease;
 In vain you'l try when prest with a Disease :
 And when you cannot sleep, except you read,
 And in good things employ your watchful head,
 Pale Treacherous Sins will swift approaches make,
 And Lust or Envy vex Thee whilst awake :
 For why, when any thing offends thy Eyes,
 Dost thou streight seek for ease, and streight advise ;
 Yet if it shall oppress thy Mind, endure
 The ills with Patience, and defer the Cure ?
 He that hath once begun a good design,
 Hath finish't half ; dare to be wise, begin :

He

He that deferrs to live is like the Clown,
 Who waits, expecting till the River's gone :
 But that still roul's its Streams, and will roul on.
 We seek for Wealth, a good and fruitful Wife,
 The pleasures, comforts, and supports of Life ;
 Our Woods are tam'd, and plough'd encrease our
 store ;
 He that hath got enough desires no more :
 Did ever Lands, or heaps of Silver ease
 The feav'rish Lord ? Or cool the hot Disease ?
 Or free his Mind from Cares, He must have health,
 He must be well, that would enjoy his wealth.
 He that desires or fears, diseas'd in mind,
 Wealth profits him as Pictures do the blind ;
 Plaisters the Gouty Feet ; and charming Airs
 And sweetest sounds the stult and troubled Ears :
 The musty Vessels sour what they contain ;
 Scorn'd Pleasure, Pleasure hurts that's bought with
 pain.
 The Greedy want, to Wishes fix an End ;
 The Envious pine at th' fatness of their Friend.
 The fiercest Tyrants never yet could find,
 A greater rack than Envy to the mind :
 The Man that doth too hastily engage,
 That is all fire, and cannot curb his rage,
 Baffles his own design, whilst weaker grown,
 With malice unreveng'd He strikes too soon :
 Anger's a short frenzy, curb thy Soul,
 And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule :
 Use all thy Art, with all thy force restrain,
 And take the strongest Bitt, and firmest Rein :

The Jocky trains the young and tender Horse,
 Whilst yet soft mouth'd He breeds him to the
 Course :

The Whelp since when i'th' Hall He learn'd to bark
 At Bucks-skins stuff'd, now ranges o're the Park :
 Now, now, whilst young, with vertuous Rules begin ;
 Such holy Precepts now, and free from sin.
 What season'd first the Vessel keeps the Taste ;
 Now if you lag behind, or run too fast,
 I stay not for the slow, I mind my Race,
 Nor press on those that run a swifter pace.

EPISTLE III.

To his Friend *Julius Florus*.

A familiar Epistle enquiring about several matters.

MY *Julius Florus*, I would gladly hear,
 Where *Claudius Cæsar's* kinsman kindles War,
 Doth *Thrace* or *Hebrus* bound in Chains of Snow,
 Or doth the *Hellespont*, I wish to know,
 Or *Asia's* fruitful Fields detain you now ?
 What do the Wits design ? Who nobly dares,
 (This I would know) to write great *Cæsar's* Wars :
 And who inspir'd with an unusual rage,
 Shall spread his Fights and Leagues thro future Age.
 And what doth *Titius*, He of growing Fame,
 Who doth not fear to drink of *Pindar's* Stream ?

Who

the

ark

k:

gin;

Who scorns known Springs and Lakes, that glorious
He,

And is He well, and doth He think of Me ?

Doth He, the Muse propitious, nobly sing,

And fit to *Roman* Harps the *Theban* string ?

Or is he writing Plays, and treads the Stage,

In murd'ring Verse, and swells with Tragick rage ?

And how doth *Celfus* do ?

Whom I still warn, as I have often done,

To get some Stock, some riches of his own :

And not from others labours kept for fame,

In wise *Apollo's* Temple steal a name :

Lest all the Birds should come, and claim their own,

And th' Chough be his, when her stoln Plumes are
gone.

What do you do ? What will your Mind produce ?

From what sweet Beds of Thymie suck pretious
juice ?

tters.

For you have Wit enough, your sence is great,

And not deform'dly rough, but fine and neat,

Whether with poynant Tongue you plead a Cause,

Defend the Innocent, and teach the Laws :

s War,

now,

Or choose soft Numbers, and smooth Poetry,

The chiefest Crown still justly waits on Thee.

If You could leave these Cares that num thy Mind,

Shake off thy fears, and leave the Clog behind,

Then you would live as Wisdom's rules advise :

Wars:

This is the Work, the noble Study this,

This rich and poor, should make their greatest care,

re Age.

If we would live secure, and free from fear,

To honest Men, and to our Country dear.

m ?

Who

Pray write me whether, for I wish to know,
 You love *Numenius*, as you ought to do.
 Or if the former difference clos'd in vain,
 Was never fully cur'd, but breaks again.
 But you in whatsoever part you live,
 Whether 'tis heat or rashness makes you strive,
 Both brave and hot, and, Oh! too dear, to prove
 How frail are all the bands of Brothers love:
 Where e're you now reside, return to *Rome*,
 I feed a Steer to offer when you come.

EPISTLE IV.

A familiar Complement to his Friend Albius Tibullus.

A *Llus*, the fairest Critic that I know,
 What shall I say that you are doing now?
 In *Pedan* fields do you design to write,
 More great than *Cassius*, and with higher flight?
 Or dost thou gravely walk the healthy Wood,
 Considering what befits the Wise and Good?
 For You are not all Body, void of Mind,
 The Gods have given a Soul of Noble kind;
 And Wealth and Skill enough to use thy Store:
 What could a Nurse for her dear Child wish more?
 Than that He might be Sober whilst He lives,
 And able to express what He conceives:

Enjoy

Enjoy the Love of all, and Fame and Health,
 And cleanly Diet, with sufficient Wealth ;
 Whilst mid'st strong hopes and fears thy time doth
 waſt,
 Think every riſing Sun will be thy laſt ;
 And ſo the grateful unexpected Hour
 Of Life prolong'd, when come, will pleaſe the more :
 Then come and ſee me, now grown plump and
 fine,
 When you would laugh at one of *Epicurus* Swine.

EPISTLE V.

To his Friend *Torquatus*.

He invites his Friend to a ſmall Collation.

IF you can fit upon a paultry Seat,
 My Friend *Torquatus*, and endure to Eat }
 A homely Diſh, a Sallad all the Treat :
 Sir, I ſhall make a Feaſt, my Friends invite,
 And beg that you would Sup with me to Night,
 My Liquor flow'd from the *Minturnian* Vine,
 In *Taurus Conſulſhip*, 'tis Common Wine ;
 If you have better, let the Flasks be ſent ;
 Or let what I, the Lord, provide content :
 My Servants ſweep and furniſh every Room,
 My Diſhes all are cleans'd againſt you come :

Enjoy

H h 3.

Forbear

Forbear thy wanton hopes, and Toyl for gain,
 And *Moschus* Cause; 'tis all but idle Pain:
 To-morrow *Cæsar's* Birth-day comes, to give
 Release to Cares, and a small time to live.
 Then we may sleep till Noon, and gay delight,
 And merry talk prolong the Summer's Night.
 What is my Wealth, if I must always spare?
 He that lives Poor, to leave a Wealthy Heir
 Is near a-kin to mad. I'll drink and play,
 Enjoy my self, and fling my Gold away.
 I'll frolic (let the sparing be thought wise)
 Content to be esteem'd a fool for this:
 What cannot drunkenness effect, 'tis free
 of Secrets, and turns hope to certainty;
 It pushes on the unarm'd Man to Wars,
 It frees the troubled mind from weighty Cares:
 It teaches Arts, it teaches how to think,
 And what Man is not Eloquent in's Drink?
 And who tho' cramp't in narrow want's not free?
 Now I'll provide (pray leave that task to me)
 I'me willing, and I'me fit for such a Care)
 Your Seats shall be as clean as any are;
 Your Napkins good, no spot shall foul the Cloth,
 Whose sight might make you snuff your Nose, and
 loath.
 The Cups well scour'd, the modest Table grace,
 The dishes shine that you may see your face.
 None shall be there that shall have treacherous Ears,
 And carry o're our Threshold what he hears:
 And that thy Boon Companions may be fit,
Septimius too, and *Brutus* I'll invite:

And

And if no dearer Miss, or better Feast,
 Holds *Sabin*, He shall make another Guest :
 I've Room enough, and each may bring his Friends,
 But sweat at Tables too much throng'd offends :
 Pray send me word what time you will be here,
 How many Friends you'll bring ; forget thy Care,
 And whilst thy Clients throng about thy Hall,
 Creep forth thro the Back-door, and bob 'em All.

EPISTLE VI.

*To his Friend Numicus, where he shows the method
 to gain true happiness.*

Not to admire, as most are wont to do, }
 It is the only method that I know, }
 To make Men happy, and to keep 'em so. }
 Some view this glittering Sun, and glorious Stars,
 And all the various Seasons free from fears ;
 Well then, those Gifts of Earth the Gums and Gold,
 Which sweet *Arabia*, and the *Indies* hold,
 Applause and Office, that mistaken good,
 That great Preferment of the *Roman* Crowd ;
 When these are view'd with all their gawdy show,
 How calm should be our Thoughts, how smooth
 our Brow !
 Now those that fear their Opposites, admire
 These Toys, as much as He that doth desire ;

For both sides fear lest Things their Hopes deceive,
 And both at sudden disappointments grieve.
 Whether one joy or grieve, or hate or love,
 Or strive to shun, or eagerly approve,
 'Tis all alike if the Event appears,
 Or worse or better than He hopes or fears,
 He stands amaz'd with fix't and staring Eyes,
 His Limbs and Soul grow stiff at the surprise :
 The just will be unjust, wise void of Wit,
 That seek e'en Vertue more than what is fit :
 Now go, let Gold and Statues charm thine Eyes,
 Go, and admire thy Gems and *Tyrian* Dyes :
 Rejoyce that when you speak Men gape and wait ;
 Go to the Court betimes, and come home late ;
 Lest *Mutius* reap a greater Crop of Corn,
 For 'tis unfit, since not so nobly born.
 Rather let him be wonder'd at by you,
 Than you by him, 'tis better of the Two :
 Whatever's under Ground Age brings to light,
 And that will bury too, and hide the bright :
 When *Appius* way, and *Grippa's* Porch shall know,
 And see thee famous, Thou must walk below,
 As *Numa*, and as *Ancus* long ago. }
 If vexing pains thy Sides, or Kidneys seize,
 Then seek some present Cure for thy Disease.
 Would'st thou live well ? Who not ? Then quickly
 strive,
 And now since Vertue only this can give,
 Then leave thy false delights, and that pursue :
 But if you think their wild Opinion true,
 (As heedless Minds the vainest things approve)
 That Words make Vertue just as Trees a Grove.

Then

Then follow Wealth, make that thy chiefeſt Care,
See none foreſtall, and none ingroſs the Fair,
Or bate the prizes of thy pretious Ware.

Then get one Thouſand Talents, then one more,
And then Another, and then ſquare the Store ;

For by this Empreſs Wealth is all beſtow'd,
A rich and honeſt Wiſe, and every Good,
As Beauty, Friends, and nobleneſs of Blood :

The Rich and Monyed Man hath every grace,
Perſwaſion in his Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face.

The *Cappadocian* King is poor in Coin,
Tho rich in Slaves, let not his way be Thine :

Lucullus once deſir'd to lend the Stage

A Thouſand Suits, ſays, *How can I engage,*

So many Suits ? And yet I'll quickly ſend,

I'll ſearch my ſtore, and ſee what I can lend :

And ſtreight writes word, *I have five thouſand good,*

And they might take as many as They wou'd.

That's an unfurniſht Houſe, that Maſter poor,

Which hath Things neceſſary, and no more,

And whoſe Superfluous plenty not deceives,

And ſcapes the Maſter's Eye, and profits Thieves.

If Wealth can make Thee bleſt, and keep Thee ſo,

Mind it the firſt, and the laſt Thing you do.

If Offices, and all their gawdy Pride,

Then buy a witty Slave to guard thy ſide ;

To tell thee great Mens Names, and Nobles ſhow,

And warn Thee to bow Popularly low ;

Sir, that's a Lord, and this, Sir's ſuch a One,

He bears the greateſt ſway in all the Town :

Unleſs you cringe and get his Voice, deſpair,

His Vote diſpoſes of the Conſul's Chair :

Sir,

*Sir, as their Tears require. some Fathers call,
Some Sons, and pleasantly adopt them all :
If He lives well that eats well, come 'tis light,
Let's go, led by our ruling Appetite.
Let's Fish and Hunt as Gargil us'd to do,
Who every morning bad his Servants go,
With Poles, and Nets, and Spears, and march along
The well fill'd Market place, and busie throng.
That One of many Mules might carry home,
A Bore, that he had bought, thro gazing Rome.
Let's Bath e'en whilst the undigested load,
Lyes crude, forgetting what is just and good :
Fit to be wax't, Ulysses Mates outright,
Who lov'd their Country less than base delight.
If nothing, as Mimernus strives to prove,
Can e're be pleasant without wanton Love ;
Then live in wanton Love, thy Sport pursue,
Let that employ thy pretious Time ; Adieu.
If you know better Rules than these, be free,
Impart them, but if not, use these with Me.*

EPIST. VII.

EPISTLE VII.

- (1.) *He excuseth himself for not waiting on Meccenas.* (2.) *Commends his generosity.* (3.) *His moderate desires.*

I. **I**N five days time I promis'd You, *My Lord*,
To be in Town——

And yet all *August* past have broak my word;
But, Sir, if you design that I should live,
Whilst now I fear I shall be sickly, give
That pardon to me which you would allow,
Suppose, *My Lord*, I were already so:
Whilst *Autumn* burns, and Dog-stars beams do rage,
Whilst all Diseases that attend on Age
Are waiting now upon the Aged year,
Whilst frequent Mourners in sad Pomp appear,
And careful Parents for their Children fear. }
When each Officious Visit surely kills,
It raiseth Feavers and unseals our Wills;
If Winter's sharp, and spreads the fields with Snows }
Down to the warm Sea side thy Poet goes,
There study little, and take soft repose. }
And then when Spring returns, and Swallows come,
I'll see you, if you please, *My Lord*, at *Rome*:

2. Your kindness makes me rich, unlike to theirs
Who thus invite their Guests to Eat their Pears.
Come, pray Sir eat: *Sir I'm content with these*;
Then pray, Sir, take as many as you please:

Your

Your little Boys will eat them, tho but small,
Thanks, Sir, as much as if I took them All :
 Then pray, Sir, take them, yet as you think fit,
 But all the Pears you leave my Hogs must eat :
 Fools only give what they do scorn and hate,
 This Seed still hath, and still will bear ingrate :
 But when the Wise Men and the good bestow,
 Tho They true worth, from bare pretences know, }
 They tell you, you deserv'd it long ago.
 If you would have me still attend your train,
 Restore my Vigour and my Youth again :
 My curl'd black Locks spread o're my narrow face,
 Restore my merry talk, and smiling grace ;
 And make me fit again for Loves design,
 And t'mourn coy *Cynera* o're a glass of Wine.
 A hungry Fox when pinch'd for want of Meat
 Crept thro a little hole to heaps of Wheat,
 And there well fill'd he would return again
 Thro the same chink ; He strove, but strove in vain :
 3. When lo the Weefel cry'd, *absur'd design,* }
Fox, you were thin and lean when you got in,
And if you would get out be quite as thin.
 Is this apply'd to me ? I now restore
 The Gifts that came from You, and ask no more.
 The common People's sleep I do not praise,
 Cause full my self and sure of happy Days.
 Nor would I sell my freedom and my Ease,
 For rich *Arabia*, or the richer Seas.
 My Lord *Mecenas*, you do oft admire
 And praise the Modesty of my desire,
 You King and Father I do oft confess,
 When present, and when absent speak no less :

Now

Now try if I can quietly resign
 What e're I have, be poor, and not repine :
Telemachus said well, a barren place
 I rule, unfit for Horse, it yields no grafs ;
 Nor is it spread into a spacious Plain.
Atrides take your Presents back again :
 Mean Things do suit mean Men. Unmov'd I see
 Rome's Pomp and State, they are no Charms to Me.
 But unfrequented *Tybur's* quiet ease,
 The shady Plains, and soft *Tarentum* please.
Philip the famous Lawyer coming home,
 (And as He walk't the tedious streets of *Rome* ;
 Now old, complaining from his House to Court
 Did seem a tedious way, tho once but short)
 He saw a spruce neat fellow of the Town
 Paring his Nails hard by, and all alone.
Demetrius (he then waited on his Lord)
 Go quickly, run, enquire and bring me word,
 Who that Man is, what Trade, and what Estate,
 Who is his Patron, go, and tell me straight.
 He runs, comes back, and says; the Man by Name,
Vulteius Menas, spotless in his Fame,
 By Trade a Cryer, his Estate but small,
 Enough for Nature's Wants, and that's his All.
 Now takes his Ease, and now his Game pursues,
 Knows how to get him Wealth, and how to use
 His Friends, his Equals, and his House his own ;
 And when his Business and his Cares are gone,
 He freely takes the pleasures of the Town.
 Well, I must talk with him, go streight invite,
 Go tell him He must Sup with me to night.

He went, but *Mena* scarce believes the Boy,
 Silently wondering betwixt Fear and Joy :
 At last pleads business : *What am I deny'd ?*
 Y^es he denys you out of Fear, or Pride :
 Next Morning early *Philip* chanc't to meet
Ulteius, selling Toys about the Street.
 He comes up to him there, and kindly said,
 Good-morrow, first. *Mena* excus'd his Trade,
 The Clog that hindred that he did not wait
 This Morning early at his Worship's Gate ;
 And lastly that He had not seen him first.
 Says *Philip*, If you'l Sup with me to night,
 I will forgive you : *Sir, what you think fit :*
I'll wait on you ; Then come at Three, he said ;
 Before you come, now go, and mind your Trade.
 He came and Sup'd, and talk't, and well content,
 He thank't his Worship, and away he went.
 When after this he was observ'd to wait,
 And often come to tast the Treacherous Bait.
 Each Morn a Client, and a Guest at Noon ;
 One Feast when no Court business could be done ;
 His Patron ask't him to ride out a Town. }
 He yields, and mounted on a stately Horse,
 He entertains him with a long discourse ;
 The *Sabine* healthy Air, and fruitful Field
 He praiseth ; *Philip* saw his drift and smil'd,
 And so to end the talk, and make more sport,
 He gives him, (and to cut the Story short)
 Lends him two hundred pounds ; and then persuades
 To buy a Farm, and leave his former Trades ;
 He takes the Counsel, buys, and leaves the Town,
 Puts off the modish *Spark*, and turns a *Clown* :

Talks

Talks

Imp

He m

Grow

But v

His C

And

Vex't

At m

Whe

Defor

Mena

Good

Pray

By T

By al

I beg

And

He th

And

Let F

And f

By ou

Talks nothing but of Furrows and of Vines,
Improvement of his Land, and such designs :
He minds his Trees, and takes a World of Pain,
Grows Grey upon his Cares, and thoughts of Gain ;
But when his Sheep were lost he knew not how, }
His Goats Diseas'd, his Corn refus'd to grow, }
And labouring Oxen dy'd beneath the Plough : }
Vex't at the various loss, away He goes,
At midnight in a rage to *Philip's House* ;
When *Philip* saw him hastily appear, }
Deform'd and rough his Face, untrim'd his Hair ; }
Mena, *says he, You spend Your self with Care.* }
Good Patron, He cry'd out in wild affright,
Pray call me *Wretch*, if you would call me right ;
By Thee, by all that's good, and all that's dear,
By all you Love, *My Lord*, and all you fear,
I beg your pitty ; ease my vexing Pain,
And turn me to my former Life again :
He that hath once perceiv'd the treacherous Bait,
And how his first excells his present State,
Let Him return unto his former Care, }
And follow what He left ; 'tis just and fair, }
By our own foot to measure what we are. }

EPISTLE VIII.

To his Friend *Celsus*.

He complains of the sickness of his Mind, and gives his Friend advice.

GO prithee, Muse, my loving thoughts express,
 And with my *Celsus* Health and good success :
 And if by chance He asks thee how I do,
 Tell him I make a noise, a gawdy show ;
 I promise mighty Things, I nobly strive ;
 Yet say what ill, unpleasant Life I live :
 Not 'cause the Hail doth break my Vines, or beat
 My Corn, nor cause my Olives shrink with heat ;
 Or Herds grow sickly in my Foreign Plain ;
 No, but because my Soul is vex't with Pain,
 (The Body sound) it is a sharp Disease,
 And yet I can't endure to hear of ease :
 I storm at my Physitian, hate my Friend,
 Because they strive to wake my drowsie Mind :
 What's good I hate, and what will hurt approve,
 Unsettled still, and as wild fancies rove,
 At *Tyber*, *Rome*, at *Rome* I *Tyber* love.
 Then ask him how He doth with his Command,
 And how he pleaseth *Claudius* and his Band ;
 If He says well, then first be sure rejoice,
 And after with a small instructive voice
 Infuse this Precept at his list'ning Ear,
 We will bear You, as You Your Fortune bear.

EPIST. IX.

EPISTLE IX.

He Commends his Friend Septimius to Claudius Nero.

I Think my Friend, my Dear *Septimius* knew,
 How great an Interest, Sir, I have in You ;
 For He still asks and begs me as a Friend,
 He importunes me that I would Commend,
 And bring him to your Service ; He is fit
 For *Nero's* Train and Love, who does admit
 None but good Men, and Men of Sense and Wit. }
 He thinks me Intimate, my Interest good,
 And more than I my self e're understood :
 I long deny'd, a thousand tricks I us'd,
 And urg'd a thousand things to be excus'd ;
 But fearing I should seem too shy, to own
 My Power with you, kind to my self alone,
 And scandals of a worser fault prevent,
 I'me turn'd, my Lord, a modest Impudent,
 I boldly ask ; now if you dare Commend
 My boldness in the Service of my Friend,
 Accept *Septimius*, let him fill your Train,
 I promise him a stout and honest Man.

EPISTLE VIII.

To his Friend *Celsus*.

He complains of the sickness of his Mind, and gives his Friend advice.

GO prithee, Muse, my loving thoughts express,
 And with my *Celsus* Health and good success :
 And if by chance He asks thee how I do,
 Tell him I make a noise, a gawdy show ;
 I promise mighty Things, I nobly strive ;
 Yet say what ill, unpleasant Life I live :
 Not 'cause the Hail doth break my Vines, or beat
 My Corn, nor cause my Olives shrink with heat ;
 Or Herds grow sickly in my Foreign Plain ;
 No, but because my Soul is vex't with Pain,
 (The Body sound) it is a sharp Disease,
 And yet I can't endure to hear of ease :
 I storm at my Physitian, hate my Friend,
 Because they strive to wake my drowsie Mind :
 What's good I hate, and what will hurt approve,
 Unsettled still, and as wild fancies rove,
 At *Tyber*, *Rome*, at *Rome* I *Tyber* love. }
 Then ask him how He doth with his Command,
 And how he pleaseth *Claudius* and his Band ;
 If He says well, then first be sure rejoice,
 And after with a small instructive voice
 Inuse this Precept at his list'ning Ear,
 We will bear You, as You Your Fortune bear.

EPIST. IX.

EPISTLE IX.

He Commends his Friend Septimius to Claudius Nero.

gives

press,
cess :

at
t ;

:
e, }
nd,

I Think my Friend, my Dear *Septimius* knew,
How great an Interest, Sir, I have in You ;
For He still asks and begs me as a Friend,
He importunes me that I would Commend,
And bring him to your Service ; He is fit
For *Nero's* Train and Love, who does admit
None but good Men, and Men of Sense and Wit. }
He thinks me Intimate, my Interest good,
And more than I my self e're understood :
I long deny'd, a thousand tricks I us'd,
And urg'd a thousand things to be excus'd ;
But fearing I should seem too shy, to own
My Power with you, kind to my self alone,
And scandals of a worser fault prevent,
I'me turn'd, my Lord, a modest Impudent,
I boldly ask ; now if you dare Commend
My boldness in the Service of my Friend,
Accept *Septimius*, let him fill your Train,
I promise him a stout and honest Man.

EPISTLE X.

To his Friend *Fuscus Aristius*.

(1.) *Prefers the Country before the City.* (2.) *The Covetous must be Slaves.*

ALL Health I lover of the Country send,
 To *Fuscus* the gay City's greatest Friend ;
 Brothers in all things else, what one approves,
 Or flies, the other likewise hates or loves,
 We Nod together like old acquainted Doves.
 And now we disagree in this alone,
 Our humors differ here ; you love the Town,
 And I the pleasant Plains, and purling Flood,
 The Groves, and mossy Banks, and shady Wood.
 In short, I Live, I Reign, since I'm retir'd,
 From that which you as much as Heaven admir'd.
 " Like one at last from the Priests service fled,
 " Loathing the hony'd Cakes, I long for Bread :
 Do You a Life to Natures Rules design,
 And seek some fit Foundation to begin,
 Some *Basis* where this happy Frame to raise ?
 The quiet Countrey is the fittest place.
 Where is the Winter's Cold more mild than here ?
 And when the Sun ascends, and burns the year,
 Where does a more delightful Wind assuage
 The furious Dog-stars, or the Lions rage ?

Or

Or where do envious Cares break fewer dreams ?
Do Flowers shine less, or smell less sweet than Gems ?
Are Streams more pure than Leaden Pipes convey,
Than those fair Springs that with their wanton
play,

And gentle murmurs eat their easie Way ?
E'en midst our Palaces we plant a Grove,
And Gardens dress ; our Care shows what we love :
That House is most esteem'd, He wisely builds
That hath a Prospect to the open fields.

Strive to expel strong Nature, 'tis in vain,
With doubled force she will return again,
And conquering rise above the proud disdain.
Not those that drive a Trade in *Tyrian* dyes,
Yet know not Counterfeits, nor how to prize ;
More vexing and more certain Cheats pursue,
Than Those that can't distinguish false from True.
Those whom the smiles of Fate too much delight,
Their sudden Frowns more shake and more affright.

What you admire, You will be loath to lose ;
Greatness and Fortune's gilded snares refuse :

" An humble Roof, plain Bed, and humble Board,

" More clear and more untainted sweets afford,

" Than all the Tumult of vain greatness brings,

" To Kings, or the sworn Favourites of Kings :

2. Both fed together, till with injur'ous force,

The stoutest Deer expell'd the weaker Horse :

He beaten, flies to Man to right his Cause,

Begs help, and takes the Bridle in his Jaws.

Yet tho He Conquer'd, tho He rul'd the Plain,

He bore the Rider still, and felt the Rein.

Thus the mean Wretch, that fearing to be poor,
 Doth sell his Liberty for meaner Ore :
 Must bear a Lord, He must be still a Slave,
 That cannot use the little Nature gave.
 Him whom his Wealth doth not exactly fit,
 Whose stores too closely, or too loosely fit,
 Like Shoes ill made and faulty, if too great
 They overturn, and pinch him if too strait.
 Content *Aristus* with thy present store,
 Thou wilt live wisely and not wish for more ;
 And let me prithee feel thy sharp reproof,
 If I shall strive for more than just enough.
 Money must rule, or must obey the Mind,
 More fit for Service than for Rule design'd :
 Behind *Vacuna's* Fane these lines I drew ;
 Well pleas'd with every thing, but wanting you.

EPISTLE XI.

*To his Friend Bullatus, who had been Travelling ;
 That happiness may be had any where.*

Bullatus, how did pretty *Samos* show,
Chios and stately *Sardis*, let me know, }
 If They are such as Fame reports, or no ?
 Or can you find more pretty things at home ?
 Are all these places mean compar'd to *Rome* ?
 Or else doth some *Attalian* City please,
 Or *Lebedus*, where tir'd with boist'rous Seas,
 And tedious Roads, You first sat down to ease ? }

Now

Now Desert *Lebedus* contains but few,
 And less than *Gabii* or *Fidenæ* knew.
 Yet there my days I with Content could spend,
 Forget, and be forgot by every Friend.
 There safe at shore see Winds and Storms engage,
 And smile from Land at distant *Neptune's* rage:
 But he that comes to *Rome* thro Rain and Mire,
 Would not live always by a Kitchen Fire.
 And he that's cold commends not Baths and Heat,
 As if they made a happy life compleat.
 Nor 'cause Storms tofs should'st thou straight seek
 thy ease,
 And sell thy Ship beyond *Ægean* Seas.
 Fair *Mytelene* will prove as great a good
 To Men of sober Minds, as *Tyber's* Flood
 To Swimmers, when cold Winds severely blow,
 As Freeze in Summer, Silks in Frost and Snow.
 Whilst Fortune smiles, and gives Thee happy days,
Chios at *Rome*, and absent *Samos* praise.
 Take thankfully those hours the Gods shall give;
 Use whilst you may, and be not slow to live.
 For if 'tis Reason, and not change of Air,
 That brings soft Rest, and frees our Souls from Care,
 Those that beyond Sea go shall sadly find,
 They change their Climate only, not their Mind.
 A busie idleness destroys our ease,
 We Ride and Sail to seek for happiness.
 Yet what we seek with every Tide and Wind,
 We can e'en here, or at *Ulubra* find,
 If we can have but a contented Mind.

EPISTLE XII.

1. *Desires his Friend Iccius to be content.* 2. *Commends Pompey Grosphus to him.* 3. *Tells how the Affairs in Italy stand.*

I. IF You can use *Agrippa's* vast Estate,
Which now you manage, 'tis the height of
Fate,
Not *Jove* himself could give a greater store,
Tho grown profuse; my Friend complain no more, }
He that hath things for use is never poor.
If Thou hast cleanly Food and Cloaths enough,
What more than this can kingly Wealth bestow ?
If at full Tables stor'd with dainty meat
You can contain, and Herbs and Mallows eat,
Thus thou wilt live, if prodigal of her store,
The Golden Streams of Fortune guild Thee o're:
'Cause Mony cannot Natures stamp deface,
And all things you below true Vertue place :
Why should we wonder, is it strange to find, }
Democritus grown poorer, whilst his mind
Was gone abroad, and left his Limbs behind ?
Whilst You thro Clogs of gain can nobly climb,
And midst dull Avarice think on Things Sublime ?
What bounds the raging Sea, what rules the Year,
Whether by their own force the Planets err,
Or some Superior Guide ; what spreads the Night ?
What hides the Moon ? What fills her face with
Light ?

What

What disagreeing Seeds of Things can make,
The *Stoicks* or *Empedocles* mistake.

Whatever Life you live, or Fishes drest,
Or Leeks and Onions pill'd do make your Feast ?

2. Be kind, let *Pompey Grosphius* be your Guest.

What he shall ask (he'll ask but little) grant,
Friends are in small esteem where good Men want.

3. But now to tell how *Rome's* Affairs stand,
Cantabria yields to stout *Agrippa's* hand ;

Armenia *Claudius Nero's* Courage feels,
The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæsar* kneels :

And Golden plenty with a bounteous hand,
Rich Harvests freely scatters o're our Land.

EPISTLE XIII.

*To his Friend Vinnius Asella about presenting his
Books to Cæsar.*

AS I advis'd you oft before you went,
I beg Thee *Vinnius* now my Books present
To *Cæsar*, Seal'd ; when vexing Cares are fled,
If well, if merry, if he asks to read :
Lest over-busie in thy kind designs,
You chose ill hours, and make him hate my lines :
But if the Pack shall pinch Thee throw it down,
Refuse to bear it, and the weight disown,
Rather than having past the tedious Road,
Thy Saddle shake, and strive to cast the Load ;

And thus make good thy Father's Ancient Name,
 Be *Ass* indeed, a publick talk and shame :
 With all thy strength o're Lakes and Mountains
 run,
 And when those Streights are past you reach the
 Town,
 Take heed, and what you bring disclose to
 none :
 Be shy, and cautious, nor my Books proclaim,
 Nor bear them as a *Rustick* would a Lamb :
 Under thy Arm, as if thy hands were full,
 As drunken *Pythia* carries pilfer'd Wool :
 As when invited to his Landlord's house,
 A Country Tenant bears his Hat and Shoes :
 Proclaim not that you sweat those Lines to bear,
 Which will detain Great *Cæsar's* Eyes and Ear ;
 Make all the hast my eager Wish requires,
 Farewell, take heed you Answer my desires.

EPISTLE XIV.

*To his Steward, that He prefers the Country before
 the City, and why.*

YOU Steward of my Woods and pleasant Plain,
 Which when I reach, I am my self again :
 Contemn'd by You, tho' it hath kept alone,
 Five Ancient dwellers, and is often known,
 To send five Senators to *Baria's* Town.

Come,

Come, now 'tis Time, let's see which of the Two,
I from my Mind, or from my Pastures You,
Can pluck Thorns best, and which is better Till'd,
And which is better, *Horace*, or his Field :
Tho *Lamia's* Piety, and mournful Care,
That weeps his Brother's Fate detains me here :
Yet still my Mind's abroad, my Soul doth strive,
To break the Bars and get free Room to live.
I praise the Country, You the happy Town :
He that loves others States dislikes his own :
We blame the places, both deceiv'd and Fools,
'Tis undeserv'd, the fault is in our Souls.
Our Souls that are their own Companions still,
And groan beneath their Native load of ill :
In Town your wilhes beg'd the Fields and Plain,
A Farmer now You ask the Town again.
I constant to my self part griev'd from home,
When hated business forces me to *Rome*.
We Two do very diff'rent Things admire,
We widely disagree in our desire.
What you call lonely Melancholly Seats,
A Man of my Opinion, as he hates
What you think fair, accounts them fine retreats.
The Oily Ord'narys, the Stews do move
Thy wishes for the Town, they raise thy Love :
And 'cause my little Farm doth bear no Vine,
But Frankincense, I see thy wild design :
No neighbouring Tavern there to sell thee Wine.
No wanton Songstress there to please thy Sense,
And raise thy heavy Limbs into a Dance :
Yet Thou dost Labour, thou dost Toyl and Sow,
And break thy Fields, that never felt the Plough :

Yet

Yet you take Care, you wash my bleating Flocks,
 And gather boughs to feed my weary'd Ox.
 And if the River run above the bound,
 Swoln big with Rain, you raise a stronger Mound,
 And teach it to forbear the Meadow ground. }
 Now why these Things so differently appear
 To Us, and what divides our Fancies, hear ;
 I that lov'd all the Frolicks of the Town,
 Curl'd powder'd Locks, a fine and gawdy Gown :
 That pleas'd coy *Cynera* without a price,
 That lov'd debauch, and courted every Vice,
 Now like short Suppers, and at civil hours,
 And sleep by purling Streams, on Banks of Flowers.
 Once to be wild is no such foul disgrace,
 But 'tis so still to run the frantick Race :
 There on my Joys no Squint-ey'd Envious wait,
 None frowns, none looks askew, no secret hate,
 With venom'd Tooth doth bite. My Neighbours
 smile,
 To see me busie at my little Toil.
 But you had rather be remov'd to Town,
 That way your Mind and eager Wishes run :
 The City slaves, the while the Country love,
 And envy Thee, thy Garden, and thy Grove :
 The Ox the Saddle asks, the Ass the Plough,
 Let All (that's best) pursue the Arts they know.

EPIST.

EPISTLE XV.

To his Friend Vala, inquiring what he can have in the place whither he designs to retire for his Health.

Dear *Vala* prithee quickly send me word,
What *Velia*, what *Salernum* can afford ;
How hot the Winter ? If the Air be good,
What manner'd Men live there ? and what's the
Road :

(True, my Physician tells me I may use
The *Bajan* Baths, but those their help refuse,
Because in Winter cooler Streams I choose. }
That I should leave their Groves, their Sulphurous
Stream,

So fam'd for curing knotty Gouts, contemn ;
The whole Town mourns, and curses the Disease,
That makes us seek the *Clusian* Springs for Ease :
That makes us leave her Groves, her warmer Seat,
For unfrequented *Gaby's* cool retreat.
To change my Station now I must begin,
And force my Horse beyond my usual Inn :
So ho, where now the angry Riders say,
And stiffly pull the Rein, that's not the way,
I'm not for *Bay* or *Cume* : then gently sooths,
(But bridled Horses Ears are in their mouths)
Which yields the most, and which the sweetest
Grain,
Whether they set out Tubs to catch the Rain,

Or

Or else have constant Springs, their Water clear,
 For I don't like the Wine they fancy there :
 (True, when at home, then any Drink will please,
 But when I go abroad to take my Ease,
 Enjoy Seas warmth, my thoughts from Cares re-
 prieve,

My Liquor must be good, if I would Live :
 Such as will fill my Veins with gen'rous fire,
 Bring certain hopes of Health, and thoughts inspire :
 Such as may make my wanton Wilhes rise,
 And show me young and grateful to my Miss :)
 Where most Hares run, most Bores infest the Plains,
 Which Sea most Oysters, which most Fish contains,
 That whilst I live I may be plump and gay ;
 You write me word, I'll credit what you say :
Menius when all his little Lands were gone,
 All loosely spent, and He a Man o'th' Town ;
 A Bully, at no certain board He Din'd,
 No house to lodge, but rail'd at Foe and Friend ;
 A bitter Rogue to Jeer, and sharp to Feign,
 Severe to Scandalize ; the very Bane
 And Ruine of the Shambles ; what He got
 He swallow'd ; all went down his greedy Throat.
 He when his Cheats not answer'd his desires,
 When little came from Fops, and bubb'd Squires,
 Would feed on Guts, and on the vilest Meat,
 Swallowing as much as three large Bears could Eat ;
And sober He, whilst thus he hardly far'd,
Would have forsooth the Spend-thrifts Bellies Jeer'd :
 Yet the same *Menius* when his gains were more,
 And on his Gut he wasted all his Store,

Turn'd

Turn'd all to Smoak and Ashes, us'd to cry,
No wonder, faith, to see that Men feed high,
When not the World a fairer sight can show,
Than the large pickled Belly of a Sow :
 I'me just like him, when poor, Oh how I love;
 The safe and little Store, and how approve !
 When Rich, then those are blest, and only those,
 Whose stately House their hidden Treasure shows,
 None live so well, none take such soft repose. }

EPISTLE XVI.

(1.) *To his Friend Quintus, a Description of his little Farm.* (2.) *Advice concerning a happy life.*

1. **A**Sk me not, *Quintus*, what my Farm doth yield,
 Whether 'tis Hay or Corn that crowns my
 Feild ;

Elms cloath'd with Vines, or Fruit, or Olives rise,
 I'll tell you what it is, and how it lies.

A ridge of Hills a shady Rale divides,
 And takes the Suns kind Rays on both her sides ;

The right hand opens to the rising day,
 The left hand gently takes the setting Ray ;

You like the Clime : If every Hedge that grows

Doth blush in Cornoils, or doth mourn in Sloes,

If Beechen Groves and fruitful Oaks afford

Meat for my *Cattle*, Shades for me their Lord,

You'd

You'd think *Tarentum's* pleasant Feilds remove
 To wait on me, and spread a shady Grove.
 A pleasant Spring, almost a River flows,
 Not *Heber's* Streams the *Thracian* Feilds inclose
 With waves more cool and clear; The waters spread
 To purge the Stomach good, and cleanse the Head.
 These pleasant (nay 'tis true) these sweet retreats,
 Preserve my Health amid' st the Summers Heats.

2. And you live well if what *Fame* says be true,
 For all admire, and *Rome* doth boast of you.
 She calls you happy, but, my Friend, I fear
 You more believe what others say you are,
 Than what you know your self :
 Esteem none happy but the Wise and Good.
 Nor when you're flatter'd by the heedless Crowd
 That you look well, dissemble thy disease,
 Sit down to feast, and give it time to seize,
 Until it shakes, and thou canst eat no more :
 'Tis foolish shame to hide a fest'ring Sore.
 Suppose one speaks of Wars and noble Fights,
 And with these words thy empty Ears delights ;
Jove who for Thou, and for the People cares
Leaves still in doubt whose safety most prefers,
The People Yours, or else the People's you,
 Dost see his praise is only *Cæsar's* due ?
 Yet when they call the Good canst Thou agree ?
 Canst Thou consent that That belongs to Thee ?
 For you and I both love the Crowd should say
 That we are good, but what that gives to day,
 To morrow if it please it takes away :
 As when it Offices on Fools bestows.
 They call them back, and scorn the Man they chose :

Lay

Lay down, tis ours They cry, I lay it down
 Poor naked Wretch, and griev'd depart, and frown :
 The same *Crowd* calls me *Thief*, they pass a vote
 That I'me *unchast*, or cut my *Fathers* throat ;
 And with false Scandals bite me ; must I fear,
 Must I look pale for this ? or shed a tear ?
 False honors please, and false reports disgrace
 And trouble, Whom ? The vitious and the base :
Who then is Good ? Why He that keeps the Laws,
 And antient Rites ; whose Word secures a Cause :
 Who reconciles his Neighbours, free from Strife,
 And seems to lead a fair and honest Life :
 Yet all his Neighbours know him base within,
 His outside's fair, his inside's black with Sin.
 Suppose my Slave should say, I neither fly,
 Nor steal : *Well, Thou hast thy reward say I,*
Thou art not Scourg'd, I never kill'd a Man,
Well, Thou shalt not be hang'd, or torn with pain,
 But I am thrifty, honest, good, and wise,
Sabellus cannot grant it, nay denys :
 For crafty Foxes dread the secret Snare,
 The Kite and Hawk, altho the bait be fair,
 Yet never stoop where they suspect a Gin ;
 The Good for Vertue's sake abhor a Sin.
 'Tis fear of Punishment restrains thy Will,
 Give leave, how eagerly would'st thou be ill ?
 Suppose you steal few Grains from stores of Wheat,
 The Loss, 'tis true, is less, the Crime's as great :
 The Man that's honest in the Peoples Eyes,
 When e're He kills a costly Sacrifice,
 A Pig or Bull, and whilst his Vows are good,
Apollo, Janus hear, he prays aloud.

But

But murmurs softly, to be heard afraid,
Good, Good Laverna bear me, grant me aid
For such a Cheat, let all believe me Good;
Let me seem just and honest to the Crowd,
And o're my Cheats, and Forgeries spread a Cloud.
 How are the Covetous than Slaves more free,
 That basely stoop for every Pin they see
 I can't imagine. *He that still doth crave*
Must fear, and He that fears must be a Slave;
 For He hath lost his Arms, and basely fled,
 Left Vertues Camp, and all her Laws betray'd;
 That's eager to be rich, that strives for more,
 Goes on, and dyes beneath the weighty Store:
 Forbear to kill the Captive thou canst sell,
 His work will bring thee gain, He'll serve Thee well:
 Whether He Tills thy Field, or Feeds thy Sheep,
 Or Sails, and Winters in the raging Deep:
 A Man that's Good and Wise will boldly say,
Well Pentheus King of Thebes, Why this delay?
Pray what must I expect? What must I fear,
What undeserv'd must I be forc't to bear?
 I'll take away thy Goods: *My Flocks, my Land,*
You may, 'tis subject all to Your Command:
 I'll Chain and Rob Thee of thy Liberty,
Ah God, when e're I please, will set me free,
 I think I know what these his words design,
 I'll dye, of Things Death is the utmost Line.

EPIST. XVII

EPISTLE VII.

*Advise his Friend Scæva to choose, and how to
behave himself in the Great-Mens acquaintance.*

THO *Scæva* Thou hast Wit enough to choose
The Great-Mens favour, and art skill'd to use ;
Yet hear what thy unskillful Friend can say,
As if one Blind pretends to show the way ;
Yet see a while if what is fairly shown
Be good, and such as you may make your own :
If you delight in Ease, and quiet joys,
If ratling Coaches, and the Tavern's noise
Disturbs Thee, *Scæva*, then refuse the Charms
Of Greatness, live upon thy little Farms ;
"For Pleasures do not follow only Wealth :
"Nor lives He ill, that lives and dyes by stealth :
But if you love to aim at nobler Ends,
And would be able to assist your Friends,
Live well thy self, and better thy Estate,
Now thou art dry, go soak upon the Fat :
If *Aristippus* patiently could Dine
On Herbs, He would the Courts of Kings decline :
If He that censures me knew how to use
The Courts of Kings, He would his Herbs refuse :
Now which of these you think is best declare ;
Or else, my Junior you, with patience hear
Why *Aristippus* humor's best ; for thus
He bob'd the *Cynick*, as the story goes :

I for my self, to please the People you
 Break Jest; my way's the better of the Two :
 I do my Duty, free from fear or force ;
 To carry me the King provides a Horse,
 Whilst you beg scraps ; and tho' you boast you live,
 And nothing want, art less than those that give :
 All Fortune fitted *Aristippus* well,
 Aiming at greater, pleas'd with what befell :
 But for the *Cynick*, I should think it strange,
 If He could look but comely in a change :
 The One will not expect a Purple Coat,
 But howsoever cloath'd, He walks about,
 Thro' Court and Town, and with a decent Art,
 In either habit neatly acts his Part :
 But Purple, or a Gown of Cloth of Gold,
 The other hates, and He will dye with Cold,
 Unless you will his tatter'd Rags restore,
 Go give him Rags, and let the Fool be poor :
 To War, and Triumph's near *Jove's* glorious Throne,
 'Tis all Divine, 'tis *Cæsar's* work alone :
 To please the Great is not the smallest praise,
 Not all can go to *Corinth* now adays ;
 He never strives that doth despair to gain,
 Well, doth He bravely act that doth obtain :
 Yet here or no where we may hope to find
 What we desire : By one the weight's declin'd,
 Too great for his small strength, and little mind :
 Another ventures, takes, and bears the same,
 Or Vertue is a show, an empty name,
 Or He that tries, walks right to Wealth and Fame.
 The Man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,
 Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint :

Boo

It d

Of

Yet

My

And

My

He

And

Divi

But

His

A sm

To f

The

My

Does

Ab n

Unti

We g

A M

He v

Nor

By I

Belie

O Cru

Go se

It

It differs whether fairly you receive,
Or rudely snatch the things the Great can give,
Yet that's the chifest measure how to live: }

My Mother's poor, my Farm's too mean to sell,
And yet not yields enough to keep me well,
My Niece a Portion wants, my Fortune's low,
He that says thus, He crys aloud, *Bestow*:

And when He hath it, others rise and say,
Divide the Booty, We will share the Prey;

But could the talking Crow in quiet eat,
His Envy had been less, but more his Meat:

A small retainer in a Noble's Train

To fair *Surrentum*, that doth still complain,

The Road is bad, it Rains, 'tis very Cold;

My Chest is rifled, and I've lost my Gold;

Does like the Jilting Whores that often mourn,

Ah me! my Garter's lost, my Hood is torn,

Until at last unheeding the Complaint,

We give no credit to their real want:

A Man that hath been once abus'd grows shy,

He views a Cripple with an heedless Eye;

Nor lends a helping hand, altho He Swears

By *Isis*, soft'ning every Oath with Tears,

Believe me I'm no Cheat, and sadly crys,

O Cruel, help the Lame: The Crowd replies, }

Go seek a Stranger to believe thy Lyes. }

EPISTLE XVIII.

To his Friend *Lollius*.

*Advice to his Friend how to behave himself, and
get the Love of all.*

FREE *Lollius* if I rightly hit thy mind,
 You will be always such as you pretend,
 Not prove a *Flatterer*, and profess a *Friend*:
 For *Friends* and faithless *Flatterers* differ more,
 Unliker than a *Matron* and a *Whore*.
 But stay my *Friend* there is another Vice
 Just opposite, and almost worse than this:
 A Clownish roughness, and unkindly close,
 Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose;
 Which doth commend her self and strive to please,
 With blackish Teeth, stretch't skin and Rustick dress,
 It prides its self, and would be thought to be
 Clean perfect *Vertue*, and meer *Liberty*.
Vertue doth Vice, as two Extreames, divide,
Drawn up from both, and leans to neither side.
 This headlong to obey at every Feast,
 To please the great Ones jeers the meaner Guest,
 The rich Man's Nod doth so severely dread,
 Corrects himself, and takes up what he said,
 As if you heard a trembling School-boy say
 His Part, or the Rehearsal of a Play.
 That strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends,
 He is in earnest, what He says, defends:

That

That I should not be trusted right or wrong,
Or be debarr'd the freedom of my Tongue ;
And not bawl what I please ! To part with this
I think another life too mean a price.
 The Question is, *Pray what ?* why which can boast
 Or *Docilis* or *Cast* of knowing most
 Or whether thro *Numicum* been't as good
 To fair *Brundisium* as the *Appian* road :
 Whom costly wenching, or a gawdy whore,
 Or whom the race, whom Dice makes quickly poor:
 Or who's a Fop, and who perfumes his hair
 Or's finer drest than his Estate will bear ;
 Who for meer thirst of Gold doth gather store,
 And who out of pure fear of being poor :
 Thy rich friend better stor'd in all defects
 And Vice than Thee, or hates Thee or corrects,
 And as good Mothers he will oft advise,
I wish you'd be more vertuous and more wise
Than I my self am now, I vow I doe ;
 And faith, to speak the truth, most times 'tis so.
My wealth will lear my folly (cease to strive
With me) Sir, you have scarce enough to live ;
Contract your Vices Sir, forbear to vye
You must not take so great a range as I.
 The Man *Cutrapelus* would have undone
 He streight presented with a gawdy gown,
 That He grown happy in his fine attire,
 Might take new hopes and raise his wilhes higher,
 Forgoe his honest trade for easy Vice,
 Sleep on till noon, and follow Whores and Dice,
 Take money up, till he hath spent his All,
 And drives a Cart for bread, or rots in Jayl :

Pry not thro Secrets ; what thou learn'st conceal
 Tho Wine and Anger rack Thee to reveal :
 Praise not thine own, or scorn thy friends delight ;
 Nor, when he'd have thee hunt keep home and write.
 Thus *Zethus* once with his *Amphion* strove,
 Twin brothers, till at last they joyn'd their Love ;
 The softer harp grew mute, he left his quill,
Amphion yielded to his Brother's will :
 Humor the great Ones, quick obedience yield
 To slight Commands, and when he takes the field
 With Nets, or Hawks, or Hounds. no sport refuse,
 Shake off thy lazy and ill-humor'd Muse:
 That Thou may'st eat at night what Thou hast
 Caught,

And sup with them ; for this the Ancients taught,
 And this the *Romans* use, tis free from shame,
 'Tis good for life, and health, and gets Thee fame.
 Since thou art well in health, art strong to wound
 And fight the Bore, or to out-run the hound,
 None more gentil than You can cast a Spear,
 You know when you within the lists appear
 The Crouds all clap ; Nay e'en your tender Age
 Endur'd the Wars, and fierce *Cantabrian* rage,
 Your Captain He, the brave and the Divine,
 Who brought our Ensigns from the *Parthian* Shrine,
 Redeem'd our Fame, and what e're Land remains
 Resolves to make it feel the *Roman* Chains.
 But lest you part and no excuse can show,
 Altho I must confess what e're you do
 Is fit, and decent, and becoming You :
 Sometimes you toy at home, your Boats divide,
 A squadron stands drawn up on either side :

By

By your direction fir'd with martial rage
As in the *Alcian* fight, the Boys ingage,
With Souldiers fury, and with Souldiers art ;
You one, your Brother leads the other part :
Your Lake's rough *Adria's* flood, till one's or'e-
thrown,

And sudden Victory doth the other Crown :
He that thinks you agree with his design,
Will clap with both his hands, and favor thine.
But to advise you, if you want advice,
Take heed of whom you speak, and what it is,
Take heed to whom, avoid the busy Men,
Fly the inquisitive, they'l talk agen,
And tell what you have said, a leaky Ear
Can never hold what it shall chance to hear,
Twill run all out, and what you once let fall
It flies, and tis impossible to recall ;
If thy great friend keeps handsom Maid or Boy
Be not in Love, and eager to enjoy,
Lest He bestow that little gift to please,
Or else deny, and highten thy disease.
Praise none till well approv'd on sober thoughts,
Lest after you should blush for others faults.
You prais'd a Rascal, there you chanc't to err,
Then don't defend him when his Crimes appear :
But one approv'd when Scandals press, defend,
Let him on Thee, and on thy Fame depend
Whom envy bites, for thou may'st plainly see
The danger will at last come o're to Thee :
For your'e in danger when the Next's on fire,
And Flames neglected often blaze the higher.

To Court the Great-ones, and to sooth their Pride,
 Seems a sweet task to those that never try'd ;
 But those that have, know well that danger's near,
 It is a ticklish point, and mixt with fear.
 Do you endeavour whilst you cut the Main,
 That no cross Storm should tosse Thee back again,
 The Active hate the Dull, the Sad Jocular,
 The Dull the Active, Merry the Morose ;
 Stout Jolly Topers scorn the Sober As,
 They hate those fellows that refuse their Glass ;
 Altho they beg, altho they swear they dread
 The nightly fumes, fur'd mouth, and aching head :
 Put off all Clouds and Darknes from thy brow,
 Be Jolly, Gay, and Mirth and Humour show,
 For modest Men are oft thought cloudy Souls,
 And Men of little talk, ill natur'd Fools :
 In every state of Life besure of this,
 Read o're thy moral Books, consult the wise,
 How thou may'st live, how spend thine Age in Peace,
 Lest fierce desire, still poor, disturb thine Ease ;
 Or Fears should shake, or Cares thy Mind abuse,
 Or ardent hope for things of little use.
 If Arts do Vertue breed, or Nature send,
 What lessens Cares, what makes thy self thy Friend,
 What calms Thee, Honor, or admired Wealth ;
 Or close retirement, and a life by stealth.
 When I, my Friend, do go to take repose,
 At cold *Medela*, where *Degentia* flows ;
Medela my belov'd, but little Town,
 With Cold and Frost all gray and wrinkled grown :
 For what do you imagine that I care ?
 What think, what make the subject of my prayer ?
Let

Let me have what I have, or somewhat less,
 'Twill still be great enough for happiness;
 And that I may, if Heaven more years will give,
 Live to my self the time I have to live:
 Estate in Books, and Food to serve a year,
 Lest I should wavering hang 'twixt hope and fear:
 And this is all for which Mankind should pray,
 And beg of Jove who gives and takes away;
 Let him but Life, and moderate Plenty find,
 And I'll provide my self an happy mind.

EPISTLE XIX.

To M E C Æ N A S.

1. Of Poetry. 2. His own Excellencies. 3. Why
 not lik'd.

1. **M**Y Lord, if what *Cratinus* says be right,
 Those Verses cannot live, those Lines
 delight,
 Which Water drinkers Pen, in vain they Write.
 For e're since *Bacchus* did in wild design,
 With *Fauns* and *Satyrs* half-mad *Poets* joyn,
 The *Muses* every morning smelt of Wine.
 From *Homer's* praise his love of Wine appears,
 And *Ennius* never dar'd to write of Wars
 Till heated well, let sober dotards choose
 The Plodding Law, but never tempt a Muse,

This

This Law once made, the Poets streight begin,
 They drunk all night, all day they stunk of Wine :
 Suppose a Man the coursest Gown should wear,
 No Shoes, his Forehead rough, his look severe,
 And Ape great *Cato* in his Form and Dress ;
 Must He his Vertues and his Mind express ?
 Whilst dull *Hyarbit* wish't, and vainly strove
 To speak as smoothly, and as aptly move
 As sweet *Timagenes*, and reach his Arts,
 He overstrain'd himself, and break his Parts :

Examples Vice can imitate deceive :

Should I by Chance, or a Disease be pale,
 The Sots would drink their bloodless Cummin all.
 Base Imitators, Slaves to others Wills,
 How oft you move my frowns, how oft my smiles :

2. I trod new paths, to others feet unknown ;
 He that first ventures, leads the others on :
 I first the *Romans* keen *Iambicks* taught,
 In numerous smoothness, and in hight of thought,
 I match't *Archilocus*, I show'd the Age
 His numbers, but forbore his murdering rage.
 But lest you say that I fall short of fame,
 Because my Number's his, my Verse the same ;
 The *Saphick* sweetens all his bitter vain,
 And grave *Alcaick* smooths his rougher strain :
 The subject's different, different the Designs,
 And tho thro all a vertuous freedom shines,
 With no black Lines he daubs, no envious breath
 Doth soil Mens fame, or Rhyme a Spouse to death.
 This Verse ne're heard by Latine Ears before,
 I first discover'd from the *Grecian* store ;

And

And this delights me now that I am known,
And read for these inventions of my own.
3. Now would you know why our ungrateful *Rome*,
Doth praise my Poems when with me at home,
But flout abroad ; I'll freely tell the Cause :
I do not beg the empty Crowd's Applause :
I do not often treat, nor do I send
My old cast Suits, and bribe them to commend.
I do not crowd to hear our Fops rehearse,
Nor do I praise, and clap our Nobles Verse :
I cannot run to every Pedant Fool,
And beg that He would read my Book in's School :
Hence springs my Wo ; now if I say I fear,
To bring dull Lines t'a crowded Theatre,
And vaunt my Trifles, streight, *You jeer, you cry,*
And keep your Verse alone for Cæsar's Eye :
And proud you think that you alone can write
Sweet hony lines, fine in thy own conceit :
A tart reply to this I fear to give,
Lest his sharp Nails should scratch me whilst I strive.
I do not like the place I freely say,
Forbear a while, let's take another day ;
For Jest dislike, Dislike Contention bears,
Contention Hate, and Hate breeds dreadful Wars.

THE
CONCLUSION
To his BOOK.

I Know you long to visit every Stall,
 You would be neatly bound, and set to Sale ;
 The bars, that please the modest, trouble you,
 And you Commend, and Court the publick view, }
 And mourn that you are hid, and seen by few.
 Go to the publick then, go where you strive,
 Tho thou wert not bred thus, or taught to live :
 There shall be no return when once thou'rt gone,
 And thou wilt cry, Ah me ! What have I done !
 What have I beg'd ! When one shall call thee dull,
 And squeeze Thee when his Belly's quickly full.
 But now unless fond rage besots my mind,
 Unless meer hatred to thy faults does blind,
 I Prophecie, and I am sure 'tis true ;
 You shall be lik'd and prais'd at *Rome* whilst new ;
 But when thou shalt be soil'd by every hand,
 Then slighted, and to common use prophan'd ;
 To bind up Letters, and be torn, be tost,
 And fly to other Countries every Post.
 Then I who have advis'd in vain, shall smile,
 As He that drove his Ass t'a craggy Hill : }
 For who would save a thing against its Will ?
 At last in Schools thou shalt be thumb'd by Boys,
 And there grow foolish, old, and deaf with noise.

But

But when at Evening many come to read,
 Tell them that I was meanly born and bred,
 My Father poor, of small Estate possesst,
 And that I stretch't my Wings beyond my Nest.
 But as you cut me short in Wealth, increase
 My Vertues, tell them I the greatest please, }
 A little Man, and studious of my ease.
 And pettish too, I can be angry soon,
 My Passion's quickly rais'd, but quickly gone.
 Grown gray before my time, I hate the cold,
 And seek the warmth; and if they ask how old,
 Now *Lepidus* and *Lollius* are in Power,
 Tell them I'me Four and Forty and no more.

The End of the First Book of Epistles.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

Epistle I. To *Augustus*.

A Discourse of Poetry.

WHen you alone sustain the weighty Cares
 Of all the World, and manage Peace and
 Wars,
 The *Roman* State by Vertue's Rules amend,
 Adorn with Manners, and with Arms defend,
 To write a long Discourse, to waste your time,
 Would hinder publick good, and turn a Crime :
 The Ancient *Heroes*, though blest abroads
 Receiv'd when dead, exalted into Gods ;
 Yet whilst they liv'd with Men, and whilst bestow'd
 The greatest Cares, and did the greatest Good,
 Built Towns, made Laws, and brought delightful
 ease,
 And civiliz'd the Rational Savages ;
 Complain'd that They ingrateful Masters serv'd,
 And met far less rewards than They deserv'd :

He

He that kill'd *Hydra*, He design'd by Fate
To quell the Monsters rais'd by *Juno's* hate ;
Tho He, the mighty He, had all ways try'd,
Found Envy could be vanquisht only when He dy'd :
For those are hated that excell the rest,
Altho when dead they are belov'd, and blest ;
The vigorous Ray torments the feeble sight,
Yet when the Sun is set, They praise the light :
To Thee, great *Cæsar*, now we Altars give,
We vow and swear by Thee e'en whilst alive :
For never yet the Gods kind hands bestow'd,
Nor ever will a Prince so great, so good :
That she prefers, that she esteems Thee more
Than all the *Heroes* she enjoy'd before,
Than all that she hath bred, or *Greece* can boast,
In this, 'tis true, thy *Rome* is Wise and Just :
But not in other things ; the *Ancient* Plays,
And *Foreign* Poets only she can praise ;
The *Present* or Contempt, or Hate receive,
'Tis Crime enough that they are yet alive :
Thus *Old-Loves* do admire the *Ancient* Laws,
The *Sabines* Leagues have their deserv'd applause ;
On musty Leaves at awful distance look,
Age makes it Reverend, and exalts the Book :
Give him the *Bards* old Songs, Oh Rare ! Divine !
I swear 'tis good, a Muse sang every Line :
But if because the oldest are the best
Amongst the *Greeks*, the same unequal Test
Must try the *Latines* too ; in short, No doubt
Plumes have nought hard within, nor Nuts without :
We sit on Fortune's Top, We sing, We write,
And Wrestle better than the *Greeks* can Fight.

If

He

If length of *Time* will better *Verse* like Wine,
 Give it a brisker Taste, and make it fine ;
 Come tell me then, I would be gladly shov'd,
 How many years will make a *Poem* good :
 One Poet writ an *Hundred* years ago,
 What is He *Old*, and therefore *Fam'd* or no ?
 Or is He *New*, and therefore *Bald* appears ?
 Let's fix upon a certain term of Years.
He's good that liv'd an Hundred Years ago,
 Another wants but *One*, is He so too ?
 Or is He *New*, and *Damn'd* for that Alone ?
Well, He's Good too, and Old that wants but One.
 And thus I'll argue on, and bate no more,
 And so by one and one wast all the store :
 And so confute him, who esteems by Years,
 A *Poem's* goodness from the date it bears.
 Who nor admires, nor yet approves a Line
 But what is *Old*, and Death hath made Divine.
Ennius, the lofty *Ennius*, and the Wise,
 That second *Homer*, in our Criticks Eyes,
 Is loose in's Poems, and correct in few,
 Nor takes he care to prove his Dreams were true,
 He shows so little of great *Homer's* Soul.
 " *Nævius* is learn'd by heart, and dearly fold,
 " So Sacred is his Book, because 'tis Old.
 When *Accius* and *Pacuvius* are compar'd,
 Both are esteem'd, both meet with great reward ;
Pacuvius all the Criticks Voices gains
 For Learning, *Accius* for his lofty strains.
Afranius shows us soft *Menander's* Flame,
 And *Plantus* rivals *Epicharmus* Fame :

Cecilius

Cecilius grave, and *Terence* full of Art,
 These *Rome* admires, and these she learns by heart.
 These are the Worthies of her Theater,
 These she applauds with heat, and crowds to hear :
 These she esteems the Glories of the Stage,
 And counts from *Livy's* to our present Age.
 The Critic *Mobile* will be meddling still,
 Sometimes their Judgment's good, and sometimes ill :
 Thus when they praise the *Old*, and when prefer,
 Beyond compare to all the *New*, They Erre :
 But when they grant the Ancients Books and Plays
 Are often dull, and uncorrect in Phrase,
 Their words unfits, or else their main design,
 Their Judgment's rational, and jumps with mine :
 I do not damn old *Livy's* Rhymes as dull,
 For which I often smarted when at School ;
 But that he should be thought Correct, Sublime,
 And far before the *Poems* of our Time ;
 That one poor *Chance-good* Line or two at most,
 The only Thing that all his Books can boast,
 Not only should atone for what's amiss,
 But recommend the whole ; I'm vext at this.
 I hate a Fop should scorn a faultless Page,
 Because 'tis *New*, nor yet approv'd by Age :
 And then admiring all the Ancient Plays,
 Not only pardon their defects, but Praise.
 Should I but doubt if *Atta's* Plays are good.
 Our *Old-Loves* straight would cry the Youngster's
 Proud ;
 He's impudent, nor thinks those Plays exact,
 Which *Roscus*, and grave *Æsop* us'd to act :

Because they Judge by their own Appetites,
And think nought sweet, but what their tast delights ;

Or to stoop to their *Juniors* Rules disdain,
Or else to think what once they learn't was vain, }
And only fit to be forgot again ;

Those that applaud the Songs of *former* Times,
The dotish *Bards* old Verse, or *Monkish* Rhimes ;
Who would be thought to have a sharper Eye, }
And in those Poems numerous Graces spy,

In which They see no more fine Things than I ; }
Tis not to praise the *Old*, but scorn, abuse,

And hate *New* Books, and damn the *Modern* Muse.
Had *Greece* done thus, had she still scorn'd the New,
What had been Old, what worthy Publick View ?

When Wars were done, and *Greece* dissolv'd in Peace,
When Fortune taught them how to live at Ease,

They wrestled, Painted, sung, these Arts they lov'd,
These They did much admire, and these improv'd ;

In every Picture vulgar Eyes could find

The Face exact, and almost saw the Mind ;

Then Racing Vaulting then, the Plays and Stage,
Each took their turn to please the wanton Age ;

Like *Boys* at Nurse, they eagerly desir'd,

But straight were cloy'd, and left what they admir'd.

For what disgusts our fancies, what doth please, }

But may be chang'd : these are the fruits of Ease, }

This happy fortune bears, this springs from Peace.

'Twas heretofore a credit here at *Rome*,

To mind a Shop all day, and keep at home ;

Attend Ones *Client*, and promote his Cause,

Inform his Ignorance, and teach the Laws ;

To

To make good Debts, and drive a gainful Trade,
 And know what Interest may be justly paid :
 Instruct the *Young*, and hear the *Old* Debate,
 What will increase, what ruin an Estate :
 This Humor's chang'd, now Reigns a *New* delight,
 All must be *Authors* now, and all must Write :
 All strive to get the Bays, and all Rehearse,
 They Dine, they Sup in *Rhyme*, and drink in Verse.
 E'en I that swear I never try'd a *Muse*,
 E'en I'me forsworn, my Deeds my Words accuse ;
 My Quill is scribbling too ; before 'tis light
 I call for Paper, Pen, and Ink, and write.
 He that's no *Pilot* is afraid to Sail,
 Urge him to guide a Ship, you sha'nt prevail,
 And only *Doctors* will pretend to heal.
 By *Smiths* alone, are Locks and Staples made,
 And none pretend but Artists in the Trade.
 But now for *Poetry* we all are fit,
 And skilful, or unskilful all must write ;
 And yet this *Madness* thousand Goods commend,
 A thousand pleasures wait, and all attend ;
 A *Poet's* seldom Covetous, or Nice,
 Safe and secure within himself he lyes.
 He minds and loves his *Rhymes*, and those alone ;
 Tell him his Goods are burnt, his Slaves are gone,
 Or his Fields lost ; He laughs, nor strives to cheat
 His Ward, or Friend, a stranger to deceit :
 He's thrifty, feasts upon a dish of Pease,
 And lives content with Household-Bread and Cheese :
 Unfit for War, yet they are good in Peace.
 (For great things by the help of small increase)
 Instruct our looseness, and inform our Ease.

To

L 1 2

They

They teach our Boys to hate all words Obscene,
 To follow generous Rules, and speak like Men.
 And then slide gently down with Vertuous Rules
 Into the tender Breast, and form their Souls ;
 Restrain their Envy, and correct their rage,
 Tell them what's good, instruct their tender Age, }
 With fit Examples, and their griefs assuage. }
 How had our Sacred Songs and Hymns been made,
 And how our Pray'rs as high as Heav'n convey'd ;
 Did not the Muses *Poets* fancies raise,
 To teach us how to pray, and how to praise :
 In Verse the *fawning Quire* her Plagues bewails,
 And begs a speedy comfort, and prevails ;
 Good Weather, happy years, and much encrease ;
 Their Pray'rs are streightway heard, all smile in
 Peace.

'The Year is rich, the Fields with Plenty flow,
Verse softens Gods above, and Gods below.
 The Ancient Swains, those temperate happy Swains,
 Contented Sovereigns of their little Plains.
 When all their Corn was hous'd would make a Feast,
 Unbend their Minds, and lay them down to rest ;
 Their Cares dissolv'd into a happy Thought,
 And Minds enjoy'd, the rest their labour sought.
 A Pig on *Tellus's* Altars left his Blood,
 And Milk from large brown Bowls to *Sylvan* flow'd :
 Their Wife, their Neighbours, and their prattling
 Boys
 Were call'd, all tasted of the Country Joys :
 They Drank, they Danc't, they Sang, made wanton
 Sport,
 Enjoy'd their selves, for life they knew was short.

Hence

Hence grew the Liberty of the looser Muse,
Hence they grew Scurrilous, and would abuse;
Hence those loose Dialogues at Marriage Feasts,
Yet still they were but Mirth, and Country Jest,
At last they shew'd their Teeth, and sharply bit,
And Railery usurp't the Place of Wit.
Good Persons were abus'd, and suffer'd wrong,
They loudly talk't, no Law to curb their Tongue:
The wounded griev'd, the smart provok't their Hate,
And all untoucht bewail'd the Common Fate.
Till Laws commanded to regard Mens Fame,
Severely lash the Vice, but spare the Name.
Fear made them civil, and design to write
With modesty; speak well, and to delight:
Greece conquer'd did the Conqueror o'recome,
Polish't the rude, and sent her Arts to Rome:
The former roughness flow'd in smoother Rhymes,
And good facetious Humor pleas'd the Times:
Yet they continu'd long, and still we find,
Some little marks of the old Rustick mind,
Some of the Scurrilous Humor left behind.
'Twas long before Rome read the Græcian Plays,
For Cares took up her Nights, and Wars her Days:
Till Carthage ruin'd she grew soft in Peace,
And then inquir'd what weighty Sophocles,
What Eschylus, what Thespis taught the Age,
What good, what profit did commend the Stage.
And then they turn'd their Plays, their thoughts
were high,
By Nature great, and fit for Tragedy.
But to review, to blot what once was writ,
Oh that was mean, it was a shame to Wit:

The *Comic* then was thought the easier way,
 Because 'tis common Humor makes the Play ;
 Yet 'tis the hardest, for the faults appear
 So Monstrous, and the *Criticks* so severe,
 That e'en their greatest Mercy cannot spare.
Plautus, 'tis true, observes the Rules of Art,
 His well drawn Figures suit with every part ;
 He Paints an Amorous Fop, a Jilting Jade,
 A careful Father, or designing Bawd :
 But *Dorfen* rudely draws his Parasites,
 How loose his Lines, how uncorrect he writes !
 He writes for Gold, and if his Pocket's cram'd,
 He cares not, let the Play be Clap't or Damn'd :
 But He that Writes to have applause for Wit,
 If unconcern'd the grave Spectator sit,
 He dyes ; but if attentive, then He's proud,
They like my Fancy, and my Plays are good :
 So small, and so contemn'd a thing will raise,
 Or damp Mens eager Thoughts that write for
 Praise :

I like not this, and I forswear the Stage,
 If clap't I must be proud, if damn'd must rage.
 And who would be so bold to write, that knew
 The *Judging Men of Honor* are but few ?
 The *Vulgar* Thousands, who might hiss the Play,
 And if our *Nobles* should dislike their way,
 Would huff, and swear, and quarrel straight and
 fight ;
 Or leave the *Stage* to see a *Puppet*-fight ;
 Or to the *Bears*, for that's the Crowds delight.
 But now our *Nobles* too are Fops and Vain,
 Neglect the Sense, but love the Painted Scene ;

Four

Four hours are spent in Show to please the sight,
 A tedious Battle, and at last a Flight;
 Then Kings in Chains, and to reward their Toil,
Corinthian Statues, and a world of Spoil.
 Would not *Democritus* if now alive,
 Split here, would He these Fooleries forgive?
 And if the *Vulgar* with a wild amaze,
 Neglect the Actors, and forsake the Plays,
 And on an *Elephant* or a *Panther* gaze:
 Sure He would look, and in the gaping Crowd,
 Find better *Humor* than the Actor show'd.
 Besides, He needs must think they write in vain,
 And teach deaf Asses, prodigal of their pain:
 For who can judge, or who can hear the Wit,
 When Noise and strange Confusion fills the Pit?
 As when the Winds dash Waves against the Shore,
 Or lash the Woods, and all the Monsters Roar;
 So great the shout when rich and strangely drest,
 The Player comes, they clap his gawdy Vest.
 Well hath the Actor spoken? *Nat a Line*:
 Why then d'ye clap? *Oh, Sir, his Cloaths are fine*.
 But lest you think that I that write no Plays,
 Or envy their Design, or poorly Praise;
 I fairly grant those *Poets* Wit that Rule
 My Passions as they please, disturb my Soul;
 And then by a short turn my thoughts relieve,
 Whose lively Fiction makes me laugh or grieve.
 Whose well wrought Scenes natural and just appear;
 I see the place, and fancy I am there.
 But those that hate and fly the censuring Stage,
 Yet Write to please the Readers of the Age.

Make them, Great *Cæsar*, to improve their vein,
Review their *Poems* o're and o're again.

If you would have them live, be great in praise,
And by just Study strive to win the Bays.

We Poets often damn our selves that dare,
(As I have done) when you are full of Care,
To offer Verse; or when we oft repine,
If a good friend finds but one faulty Line.

Or when rehearsing we with sighs complain,
My fancy's not perceiv'd, I write in vain;
And then unask't repeat it o're again.

Or when we think, when once our Fame is known,
We straightway shall be sent for up to Town;

Enjoy a Pension, or a piece of Land,
And write new Poems at the King's Command.

And yet, Great Sir, 'tis worth your while to know,
What, *Cæsar*, future times must think of you.

And who must be disposer of your Fame,
Who tell to distant Worlds your glorious Name:
By whom your Life; by whom your Wars be Writ,
Actions too Sacred for a Common Wit.

Cherillus the *Pellæan* Youth approv'd,
Him He rewarded well, and him He lov'd.

His dull uneven Verse, by great good Fate,
Got him his favour, and a fair Estate.

Tho just as Ink when touch't still leaves a stain,
Dull Rhymes besmear, and noble Acts prophane:
Yet He the same that bought dull Rhimes so dear,
In meaner things he took a greater care,
Let none but learn'd Apelles paint my Face,
Lysippus only must Design't in Brass.

Thus

Thus spake his Laws, in this I grant he show'd
His Skill sufficient, and his Judgment good.
But when for Verse, he chose so mean a Thing,
How poor his Judgment ? How below a King ?

But *Virgil*, *Varius*, and the learned few,
That are applauded, and belov'd by You ;
Declare your Skill is great, your Judgment true.
The Honors you bestow do raise your Fame,
They gratefully reflect upon your Name,
And kindly praise the Author whence they came :
Nor can Ones Face be with more Art design'd
In *Brass*, than in a *Poem* thoughts and mind :
E'en I desire to leave the humble Plain,
I would be high, and write a lofty strain.
I wish I could describe your Wars, and show
How Barbarous Nations fear, and how they bow.
How you have raz'd their Towns, their Ocean stain'd
With Blood, and with strong Towers bound up their
Land.

How War's Exil'd, and Peace and Plenty reign,
And *Janus* Temple now is shut again :
How mean, and how submissive *Parthians* come,
How under Thee they fear and honor *Rome* :
All this I would, but Oh I want the Wit
Your Deeds must be by some high *Genius* Writ.
Whose lofty Soul, his tow'ring thoughts can raise,
As high as You have done, and take the Bays,
'Tis Treason, Sir, to give you meaner Praise.
I know my weakness, and I must refuse,
A task too weighty for my tender Muse,
A sordid Commendation hurts our Friend,
And those that meanly praise, do discommend :

For

For what's derided by the Censuring Crowd,
 Is thought on more than what is just and Good :
 I hate those obligations that disgrace :
 I am not fond to have an ugly Face
 Design'd for me expos'd to public View :
 Nor Praise in dull Verse, tho the Praise be true.
 I would not ly at every Grocer's door,
 To wrap Tobacco, or do something more.
 I would not have a Verse that bears my Name
 Lye under Pies ; 'tis an ill way to Fame.

EPISTLE II.

To his Friend *Julius Florus*.

- (1.) *He makes an excuse for not sending the Odes he promised.* (2.) *Why He wrote no more.*
 (3.) *The faults of the Poets.* (4.) *Directions for Writing.* (5.) *He designs graver Studies.*
 (6.) *Against Covetousness.* (7.) *The uncertainty of every thing.*

I. **D**EAR *Florus*, Nero's Friend, the Great, the
 Brave,
 Suppose one come to sell a Clownish Slave,
 And speak Thee thus, *This Boy is neatly made,*
He's sound from Head to Foot, a pretty Lad.
For Twenty Pound he's Yours, the Bargain's fair,
He'll serve, and fit your humor to a hair :

He's

*He's yet soft Clay, he'll take a Stamp with ease,
And you may form him, Sir, to what you please.
He speaks some Greek, and at a drinking Match
He'll bear the Bob, and sing a merry Catch.*

*To praise too much like a design appears,
When He extolls that would put off his Wares :*

*I a'n't in want, I am in debt to none,
What e're I have, tho little, 'tis my own ;
Few, Sir, would tell you this, and tell you true,
Nor I my self to any one but you ;*

*This Boy was faulty once, He stay'd at play,
And when He fear'd the lash he run away :*

Buy if you like him now his faults are told.

*The dealing's fair, and he may take your Gold,
And ne're be thought a cheat for what He sold.*

*You bought a faulty Rogue, he told you so,
And yet you vex him, and unjustly sue.*

At parting, Sir, I said I was unfit,

Grown lazy, impotent, and slow to write :

Lest for not Writing You should chide, accuse

My silence as unkind, and scorn my Muse ;

Ah what did that avail to set me free !

Yet if You sue me, Sir, the Law's for me.

But You complain beside, you say, my Lord ;

I promis'd you some Odes, yet break my word.

Thro thousand dangers and a world of pain,

2 Lucullus Souldier, who had strove to gain

A little mony, what with care he kept,

Once tir'd, lost every penny as he slept.

Thence He a very Wolf and angry grown

Both with himself and Foe rush't boldly on,

And with his Teeth as 'twere o'rethrew a Town

Tho

*Odes
more.
ions
dies.
ain-*

the

He's

Tho strong and well provid'd with a Guard,
This got him credit, and a large reward ;
Soon after when they were to storm a Town
The Captain chose out him, and eg'd him on,
With such affection, such warm words he prest
As might inflame the coldest Coward's breast :
*Go where thy Vertue calls, go Conqueror go,
Thy Friends shall give rewards, and spoils thy Foe.*
But Crafty He reply'd, *No Town I'll force,
No Sir, He'll venture that hath lost his purse.*
Rome bred me first, she taught me Grammar rules,
And all the little Authors red in Schools.
A little more than this learn'd *Athens* show'd,
And taught me how to separate Bad from Good ;
The *Academick* Sect possess'd my Youth,
And 'midst their pleasant shades I sought for Truth.
But rough Times drove me from my blest retreat,
And tost me thro the Troubles of the Great.
Tho rude in Arms, and tho well learn'd in fears,
The tide yet bore me on to Civil Wars. (down,
When those had clipt my wings and brought me
My small Farm lost, and all my mony gone ;
Those with my Shield I left by shameful flight ;
Bold *Poverty* first set me on to write.
But now I have enough to keep off want,
(That is as much as Heaven it self can grant)
What *Helebore* could cure my wild disease,
Should I prefer a *Muse* before my *Ease* !
On me each circling Year does make a prey,
It steals my Humor, and my Mirth away.
And now at last would steal my *Poems* too
From my Embrace ; what would You have me do ?

Besides

Besides not all admire, not all approve
 One sort; You *Odes*, *Iambics* others love,
 Others in keenest *Satyrs* rage delight;
 Sharp salt alone can raise their appetite:
 Methinks I've three envited to a Feast,
 A different palate too, to every Guest.
 What shall, what shall I not provide? What You
 Commend and eat, disgusts the other two.
 Besides, do't think that I can mind a Song
 Whilst here at *Rome* 'midst all the noise and throng.
 Of different Cares, one begs me pass my word
 For him, then I must wait upon my Lord,
 To hear his Verses, and I must be gone,
 Leave all my other work and cares alone,
 And march from one to t'other end of Town }
 " *But, Sir, there's room, the Street is clean and still,*
 " *And you may walk and think on what you will.*
 Yes, here a Waggon bears a logg of Wood
 Or weighty Stone, and groans beneath the Load.
 Sad Funeral, here do juggle with a Dray,
 And there the sweaty Carman bawls for way.
 Here a Mad Dog, and there a Sow doth fright,
 Go now 'midst this, and lofty Verses write.
 Each Writer hates the Town and Wood, approves,
 Right Son of *Bacchus* pleas'd with shades and groves.
 Yet 'midst these Tumults You would have me try
 To trace the narrow steps of Poetry.
 The Man that takes learn'd *Athens* close retreat,
 Who by himself doth study to be great;
 When he hath study'd seven full tedious Years,
 Grown old and grey upon his Books and Cares:

Yet after all this time and pains bestow'd,
Grows a meer stock, and's laught at by the Crowd.
Then 'midst the Waves and Tempests of the Town,
Where Cares do tosse and vexing business drown,
Can I compose my thoughts, can I aspire,
And Joyn fit words to tune the *Roman Lyre* ?

3. Two Brothers liv'd at *Rome*, a *Lawyer* one,
And one a *Rhetor* noted both in Town,
Vain glorious both, and studious of a name,
They blew their Trumpets to each others Name.
They one another did extreemly please ;
And are not *Poets* frantick quite like These ?

I *Odes*, and one writes *Elegy* ; Divine,
A curious work, polisht by all the *Nine*.
See how we strut, and what a port we bear,
With what high scorn look, o're the Theater,
The other *Poets* sneak and scarce appear.
But if You've leasure stand aside and know
Why each admires and praises t'other so,
Why wreath the Crown, and why the Bays be-
stow.

We quarrel, and with equal Fortune fight,
True *Samnites* draw the lingring War till Night.
Then strait in his Opinion I me divine
Alcæus, well, and what is He in Mine.

Callimachus, or would he more ? *Mimnermus* Fame
He gets, and glorys in his borrow'd Name.

A Thousand things I suffer to assuage
The waspish *Poets*, and to cool their rage ;
Because I write my self, I plead their Cause,
I smooth, and humbly beg the Crowds applause ;

But

But when grown sober I shake off my Muse,
 I'll stop my Ears, and unless hir'd to hear, refuse:
 Dull Rhymes are laugh't at, yet we ne're give o're,
 Our Writers smile, and e'en themselves adore,
 If you are slow to clap they swear 'tis spite,
 And praise themselves what happy they have writ.
 4. But He that hath a curious Piece design'd,
 When He begins must take a *Censor's* mind.
 Severe and honest, and what words appear,
 Too light and trivial or too weak to bear
 The weighty sense, nor worth the Readers care,
 Shake off; tho' stubborn, they are loth to move,
 And tho' we fancy dearly, tho' we love. (forth,
 Good words, now grown obscure, bring gently
 Relieve them from the dark, and show their worth
 Us'd by the Antients tho' consum'd by rage
 Of eating time, and grown deform'd with Age:
 And take new words begot by Parent use,
 Prune the luxuriant, and Correct the loose.
 Pure, flowing, as a River roul along,
 And bring new plenty to the *Roman* Tongue;
 Reform, and cut superfluous Branches off;
 Strengthen the weaker words, and smoothe the
 rough:
 Now pain'd, now eas'd, as one that must put on
 Now wanton *Satyrs*, now a *heavy* Clown:
 Now I had rather be a little Witt,
 So my dull Verse my own dear self delight,
 Then know my Faults, be vex'd, and dy with spight.
 An *Argive* Gentleman as Stories say,
 Did always fancy that he saw a Play,

The Actors dress, and well wrought Scenes appear,
 And clap't and smil'd in th' empty Theater.
 In all Things else he shew'd a sober Mind,
 A loving Neighbor and an honest Friend ;
 Kind to his Wife, and generous to his Slave,
 Nor when he saw the Barrel broach't would rave.
 Would shun an open Well, and dangerous Pitts,
 And seem a perfect Man, and in his Witts,
 Him when his tender Friends with Cost and Pains
 Had cur'd, and Physic gently purg'd his Brains,
 He cry'd, *Ah me ! my Friends I am undone,*
You've ruin'd me, now all my pleasure's gone ;
You have destroy'd, whilst you design'd to save,
I've lost the pleasant'st Cheat that man could have.

5. 'Tis time now to be wise, forsake my Toys,
 And leave my Verses proper sport for Boys.
 Not follow Words and Numerous Songs contrive,
 But seek fit measures, and true rules to live.

6. If what you drink should make your heats increase,
 Would you not tell the Doctor your disease ?
 Now when the more you have, you crave the more,
 When Floods of Store, shall make you thirst for store,

Won't you confess and this distemper own ?
 All this I use to think on when alone.

Suppose You had a Wound, and One had show'd
 An Herb, which you apply'd but found no good,
 Would You be fond of this, increase your pain,
 And use the fruitless remedy again ? (shows

Thus when You hear on whom kind Heaven be-
 Great heaps of Wealth, they streight their folly loose.
And

And yet you cannot find your self more wise,
Because more rich, you'll follow their advice.
Could Wealth with God-like Prudence Minds In-
spire,

Cure them of vexing Fear, and fond Desire.
Then you should blush, if all the World could show,
A sober Man, more covetous than You.
If that's o r own, which powerful *Coin* procures,
And *Use*, as Lawyers say, makes something ours;
The Field that feeds thee's thine; rich *Orbus* ploughs,
His Servant that Manures his Land, and Sows,
Harrows the fruitful Clod, that must afford
Good Corn to Thee, confesses thee his Lord:
One pays his Money, and receives agen,
Eggs, Pullets, Grapes, or else a flask of Wine.
And thus by these degrees the Farm he buys,
Bought at three Thousand pound, or at a greater
price.

Well then, what difference is it whether now,
You pay for what you have, or did it long agoe?
Those Purchasers that *Veij's* Fields have gain'd,
And large *Aricia's* Plains, tho rich in land,
Yet even now buy every Herb they eat,
They buy each stick of Wood to boyl their Meat.
Altho they think not so, and call the Grounds
Their own, which yonder friendly Poplar bounds.
As if that could be thine, that call'd thy own,
Which every Moment's hurry'd up and down,
And now to this, and now to 'tother thrown,
Which Money, Fraud or Flattery command,
And snatch from one, to fill another's Hand:

M m

So

So since perpetual Use to none's allow'd,
 But Heir crowds Heir, as in a rowling Flood
 Wave urges Wave, ah what doth it avail,
 To joyn large Groves to Grove, and Vale to Vale,
 If Death with equal hand, strikes Great and Small,
 Death unrelenting, and that never spares,
 Not to be brib'd with Gold, or won by Tears :
 Gold, Jewels, Statues, Marble, Ivory,
 Paint, Cloth of Gold, and Suits of pretious dye,
 Gay Purple, Silver, some are wont to crave,
 Yet cannot get, and some don't care to have.
 Why of two Twins, the one his Pleasure loves,
 Prefers his Sports to *Herod's* fragrant Groves ;
 The other rich, and greedy of his Gain,
 With Fire and Iron tames his woody Plain,
 He drives the heavy Plough from Morn till Night,
 His Labour's pleasure, and his Pain delight :
 That *Genius* only knows, that's wont to wait,
 On birth-day Stars, the guider of our Fate,
 Our Nature's God, that doth his Influence shed,
 Easy to any Shape, or good or bad :
 When Natures wants require, I will be free,
 Nor care what my bold heir will think of me,
 I'll use my little Heap, tho he be griev'd,
 Because I leave no more than I receiv'd,
 Yet I the same would know, what difference lyes
 Between free spending, and loose squandring vice,
 And how far Thrift's remov'd from Avarice.
 For sure it differs much to waist our Store,
 And to spend freely, and not strive for more :

And

And as i'th' five days feast, of old, the Boy,
 Take the short Sweets, and as in hast enjoy.
 I am not rich, nor do I gape for more,
 But let me not be scandalously poor,
 And let my Ship be great, or be it small;
 If I the same, the very, I can fail.

EPISTLE III.

To the *Pifones*, or the Art of Poetry.

SUPPOSE a *Painter* should a Canvas spread,
 To draw a Piece, and paint a Womans head,
 Then a Mares neck; and then from different things,
 Take different Parts, and cover all with Wings:
 Then a Fish tail; pursue his senseless thought,
 And mix the whole Creation in a draught,
 And all these Parts in strange proportion joyn,
 Would you not laugh to see this wild Design?

Believe me, *Sirs*, that Book is like this Piece,
 Where every Part so strangely disagrees,
 Like *sick Mens Dreams*, there's neither head nor tail;
 But strange Confusion, shapeless Monsters all:

*Poets and Painters equally may dare,
 In bold Attempts, they claim an equal share,
 And may do any thing: All this we know,
 This freedom too, we mutually allow;*

And yet this leave can give no just pretence,
To fight the steady Rules of *Common Sense*,
And joyn quite *Opposites*, the Wild and Tame;
The Snake and Dove, the Lion and the Lamb.

Next great Beginnings, and in high Designs,
Some scatter here and there few gawdy lines,
Which glisten finely, when a *Grove's* their Theme,
A *pleasant wood*, or else a *purling Stream*:
How with the *Flood*, their Fancies *smoothly* flow!
How *variously* they paint the Heavenly Bow!
But now perhaps none of these Themes agree,
Perhaps thou hast some skill to paint a Tree,
But what of that? what will this Art perform?
Wert thou to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm,
Describe a *Mariner*, how with panting breath,
He blows the Floods, and keeps out entring Death;
Whilst with *one hand* despairing Life he saves,
The *other* grasps his Riches on the Waves?
When you a mighty *Butt* resolv'd to cast,
Why doth it dwindle to a *Pint* at last?

In short, in all you write let *Art* controul,
And keep the same just Tenor thro the whole.

But Sirs, most *Poets* now are finely caught,
By show of *right* deluded to a fault:
By striving to be *short, obscure* they grow;
And when they would be *smooth*, they sink too low;
Their *Spirits* fail: and some that would be high,
Streight *swell*; and when they should but walk, they
fly:

Whilst some *too cautious* fear the Winds will roar,
And waters toss; nor dare to leave the Shore.

Another

Another *Staring* fancy wildly roves,
And placeth Bores in Floods, and Trouts in Groves :

Thus, if it wants just *Art*, a cautious Fear
Of Erring is a certain way to Err.

That *Graver* yonder in th' *Emilian* Square,
Can hit the Nails, or imitate the hair,
But he's a Sot, unhappy in his Art ;
Because he cannot fashion every part,
And make the whole compleat ; should I compose,
I'de rather freely choose an ugly nose
With two black Eyes, black hair exactly trim,
To make me more deform'd, than be like him.

You *Writers* try the vigor of your Muse,
And what her strength will bear, and what refuse, }
And after that an equal Subject choose.

For he that doth this well, and chuses right,
His *Method* will be clear, his *Words* be fit.

In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
And force of *Method*, to assign a place,
For what must now, what by and by be said,
What for the present time must be delaid ;
What Thoughts they must improve, what Notion
flight,

If they will aim at praise in all they write.
Be *cautious* in your Words, invent but few,
We're puzzled rather, than we're pleas'd with new :
Yet 'twill be Art, and 'twill procure thee praise,
If well apply'd, and in a handsome Phrase,
You make *new* Words seem *easy*, *plain*, and know
We all will clap, and cry 'twas bravely done.
But if you would *unheard* of things express ;
And cloath new Notions in a *Modern* dress ;

Invent new Words, we can *indulge* a Muse,
 Until the *Licence* rise to an *Abuse* :
 And those are best, that do but gently fall,
 Just vary'd from the *Greek Original* :
 For why should *Varius*, why should *Virgil* be de-
 ny'd,

What *Plautus* and *Cecilius* wisely did ?
 And for what reason should the *Fops* resent,
 If I but *few*, and *modestly* invent.
 When *Cato's* Stile and *Ennius* lofty Song,
 With various store enrich't our *Mother Tongue*,
 'Twas still allow'd, and 'twill be still allow'd,
 To make new Words, plain to be understood :
 As *Leaves* on *Trees* do with the turning Year,
 The former fall, and others will appear ;
 Just so it is in *Words*, one Word will rise,
 Look green, and flourish, when another dyes.
 All We, and Ours, are in a changing State,
 Just *Nature's* Debt, and must be paid to Fate :
 Great *Cæsar's* *Mole*, that braves the furious Tides,
 Where now secure from Storms, his Navy rides :
 E'en that *drain'd Lake*, where former Ages row'd, }
 A great *unfruitful Wast*, tho now 'tis plough'd, }
 Bears Corn, and sends the neighbouring Citys food : }
 Those new *Canales*, that bound fierce *Tiber's* force,
 That teach the *Streams* to take a better Course,
 And spare the *Plough-man's* hopes : e'en these must
 waste,

Then how can *feeble Words* pretend to last ?
 Some words that have, or else will feel decay,
 Shall be restor'd, and come again in play,

And

And words now fam'd, shall not be fancy'd long,
They shall not please the Ear, or move the Tongue:
As Use shall these approve, and those condemn,
Use the sole Rule of Speech, and Judg supreme.

How we should write of Battles, Wars and Kings,
And suit with mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
First *Homer* show'd, and by Example taught,
He wrote as nobly, as his *Heroes* fought:
In Verses long and short, Grief first appear'd,
In those they mourn'd past Ills, and future fear'd:
But soon these lines with Mirth and Joy were fill'd,
And told when Fortune, or a Mistress smil'd:
But who these Measures was the first that wrote,
The *Criticks* doubt, and cannot end the doubt:

Archilochus was arm'd, by injur'd Rage,
With keen *Iambicks*, He did first engage
With that sharp foot, and left it to the Stage;
For 'tis a sounding Foot, and full of force,
And fit, as made on purpose, for discourse:

In *Lyrick* numbers Gods, and Heroe's sound,
The swiftest Horse is prais'd or Wrestler crown'd:
Feasts, Wine, and open Mirth, or Myrtle Shades,
The Cares of Love, or Tears of sighing Maids.

Unless all Matters I exactly hit,
What just Pretence have I to be a Wit?
What claim have I to the *Poetick* Name?
What fair Pretensions to put in for Fame?
Or why should I conceal my want of Skill,
Absurdly modest, and be foolish still,
Rather than show my Want, demand Supplies,
From richer *Parts*, and so at last be Wise?

A *Comick* Story hates a *Tragick* Stile,
Bombast spoys *humor*, and *distorts* a *Smile* :
 And *Tragical Thyestes* barbarous Feast,
 Scorns *Mean* and *Common* words, and hates a *Jest* ; }
 Let every *Subject* have what fits it best :
 Yet *Comedy* may be allow'd to rise,
 And rattle in a *Passion* or *Surprize* ;
 And *Tragedy* in humble words must weep,
 The Stile must *suppliant* seem, and seem to creep :
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
 Must leave their *Flights*, and give their *Bombast* o're;
 If they would keep their well-pleas'd *Audience* long,
 And raise their just *Resentments* for their wrong :
 'Tis not enough, that *Plays* are neatly wrought,
 Exactly form'd, and of an even Plot,
 They must be *taking* too, *Surprise*, and *Seize*,
 And force our *Souls* which way the *Writers* please.

We laugh or weep, as we see *others* do,
 Our *Souls* agree, and take their *Passions* too :
 My grief with *others* just proportion bears,
 To make me weep, you must be first in *Tears* :
 Then *Telephus* I can believe thy moan,
 And think thy *Miseries* are all my own :
 But if thy part be *ill*, or *acted* ill,
 Unheeding thy *Complaint*, I sleep or smile :
Sad words suit well with *Grief*, with *Joy* the *loose*,
Grave the *Severe*, and *Merry* the *Jocose* :
 'Tis *Nature* still that doth the *Change* begin,
 She fashions, and she forms our *Souls* within,
 To all the *Changes*, and the *Turns* of *Fate* ;
 Now screws our *Minds* to an *unusual* height,

And

And swells us into rage ; or bending low,
 She cramps our Souls with dull contracting Woe ;
 She makes us stoop beneath a weighty wrong,
 Then tells the various Passions with the *Tongue* :
 Now if his *Speech* doth not his *Fortune* fit,
 He will be hift by Gallery, Box, and Pit.

You must take care, and use quite *different* words,
 When *Servants* speak, or their *commanding Lords*,
 When *grave old Men*, or *head-strong Youths* discourse,
 When *stately Matrons*, or a *busy Nurse* ;
 A *cheating Tradesman*, or a *labouring Clown*,
 A *Greek* or *Asian*, bred at *Court* or *Town* :

Keep to old Tales, or if you must have new,
 Feign things coherent, that may look like true :
 If you would draw * *Achilles* in disgrace,
 Then draw *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was ;
 Impatient, fierce, inexorable, proud,
 His Sword his Law, his own right hand his God :
Medea must be furious, she must rave :
 Crafty *Ixion* a designing Knave ;
Io a wandring Cow, and *Ino* sad :
 And poor *Orestes* melancholy mad :
 But if you'll leave those Paths where most have gone,
 And dare to make a *Person* of your own,
 Take care you still the same proportions strike,
 Let all the Parts agree, and be alike :

Unusual Subjects, Sir 'tis hard to hit,
 It asks no common Pains, nor common Wit,
 Rather on Subjects known your Mind employ,
 And take from *Homer* some old tales of *Troy*,

* I read, *scripta* ; in *honoratum*, &c.

And bring those usual things again in view,
 Than venture on a Subject wholly new :
 Yet you may make these *common* Themes your own,
 Unless you treat of things too fully known ;
 Show the same *humors*, and that usual *State*,
 Or word for word too faithfully translate ;
 Or else your Pattern so *confi'dly* choose,
 That you are still condemn'd to follow close,
 Or break all *decent* measures to be loose :

First strain no higher, than your voice will hold,
 Nor as that * *Cyclick* writer did of old,
Begin my mighty Muse, and boldly dare,
I'll sing great Priam's Fate, and noble War.
 What did He worth a *Gape* so large produce ?
 The travailing *Mountain* yields a silly *Mouse*.
 Much better *Homer*, who doth all things well,
Muse tell the Man, for you can surely tell,
Who, Troy once fall'n, to many Countrys went,
And strictly view'd the Men, and Government.
 As one that knows the Laws of writing right,
 He makes *Light* follow *Smoak*, not *Smoak* the *Light* ;
 For streight, how fierce *Charybdis* rolls along !
 How *Scylla* roars thro all his wondrous Song !
 Nor doth He, that He might seem deeply read,
 Begin the fam'd Return of *Diomed*,

* Scriptor *Cyclicus* is not, as usually thought,
 Scriptor Circumforaneus, but the same with what
 the Greeks call'd *Κυκλικος*, of whom see *Langbain* in
 his Notes on *Longinus*.

From

From *Meleager's* death ; nor dives as far,
 As *Leda's* Eggs,
 For the beginning of the *Trojan* War :
 He always hastens on to the Events,
 And still the middle of the Tale presents,
 As 'twere the first, then draws the Reader on,
 Till the whole Story is exactly known,
 And what he can't improve he lets alone.
 And so joyns Lyes and Truth, that every part agrees,
 And seem no Fiction, but a real Piece :

But Sir, observe ; (shame waits on the neglect,)
 This I, and all, as well as I, expect,
 If you would have a judging *Audience* stay,
 Be pleas'd, and clap, and sit out all the Play :
 Observe what *Humor* in each *Age* appears,
 Then draw your fit, and lively Characters,
 And suit their *changing* Minds, and *changing* Years.
 A *Boy* that just speaks plain, and goes alone,
 Loves childish Play-mates, he is angry soon,
 And pleas'd as soon : and both for nothing still,
 Changing his *Humor*, various is his Will :
 A *Youth* just loosned from his Tutor's care,
 Leaves off his Books, and follows Hound and Hare ;
 The Horse is his delight, or Cards and Dice,
 Rough to reproof, and easy bent to Vice :
 Inconstant, eager, haughty, fierce and proud ;
 A very slow provider for his good,
 And prodigal of his Coin, and of his Blood.
 The *full grown Man*, doth aim at different ends,
 He betters his Estate, and gets him Friends ;
 He courts gay *Honor*, and He fears to do,
 What he must alter on a second view :

An *Old man's* Character is hit with ease,
 For he is pettish, and all one Disease :
 Still covetous, and still he gripes for more,
 And yet he fears to use his *present* Store :
 Slow, long in Hope, still eager to live on,
 And fond of no mans Judgment but his own :
 On *Youths* gay frolicks peevishly severe,
 And oh when He was *young*, what Times they were !
 The *Flow* of Life brings in a wealthy Store,
 The *Ebb* draws back, what e're was brought be-
 fore,

And leaves a *barren* Sand, and *naked* Shore.
 And therefore when you represent a *Youth*,
 Lest you draw lines, that fit a *Man* of growth ;
 Observe the just *decorum* of the Stage,
 And show those *Humors* still that *suit* the Age :
 For otherwise 'twill seem as fond and wild,
 As 'tis to clap a beard upon a Child :

What e're a Play can comprehend, is *shown*
 Upon the open Stage, or *told* alone ;
 Things only *told*, tho of the same degree,
 Do raise our Passions less than what we *see* :
 For the *Spectator* takes in every part,
 The Ey's the faithfull'st Servant to the Heart :
 Yet do not every Part too freely shew,
 Some bear the telling, better than the view :
 Things *wild* or *cruel* do displease the Eyes,
 And yet when only *told*, the same surprise ;
Medea must not draw her murdering Knife,
 And on the *Stage* attempt her Childrens life :
 Nor *Progne* fly transform'd into a Fowl,
 Nor *Hecuba* turn'd Bitch begin to howl :

Nor

Nor *Cadmus* there his snaky folds advance,
I hate such wild improbable Romance :

The Play that you design should often please,
Must have *five Acts*, and neither more nor less ;
No *God* appear to mend an ill-wrought Scene,
Unless some *weighty Cause* shall force him in :
To crowd the Stage, is odious and absurd,
Let no *fourth Actor* strive to speak a word.

The *Chorus* must supply an *Actors* place,
And take his Part, this gives a natural Grace ;
Lest any thing between the *Acts* should seem,
Not fitly suited to the *common Theme* :
Let him commend the Good, and Friends and Ease,
Praise wholesome Justice, and love open Peace :
Tame Passion, all mens Thoughts to *virtue* win,
And cherish those that are afraid to sin :
Extenuate Faults, and pray to *mighty God*,
That Fate would *raise* the *Poor*, and *sink* the *Proud* :

The *Pipe* of old, was not as large as now,
Nor gather'd all the Breath a Man could blow :
It's hollow, small, and fill'd with feeble wind,
It cheer'd the Audience with the *Chorus* joyn'd ;
Not made of Brass, nor like the *Trumpet* loud,
With *pleasing* *Airs* it fill'd the *little Croud* :
For then this new delight was known to few,
And you could *number* those that came to view.
No *wanton Luxury* did taint the Stage,
But that was mean, and modest as the Age.

But when strange Nations felt our Conquering
hand,
When *Rome* enlarg'd the bounds of her Command,

When

When *statelier* Walls, she did begin to raise,
 And Mirth, and Wine, & sport imploy'd our Days,
 The *modish* *Luxury* spread o're the Plays :
 For what could please so mixt, ill-matcht a Crowd,
 Where Citt and Clown were mixt, the Learn'd and
 Rude,

As senseless as the Ox with which he plough'd :
 Hence did our Musick, and our Songs increase,
 Our Dance was artful, noble was our Dress:
 Our Harps improv'd, and lofty Eloquence,
 In high strong Lines convey'd unusual Sence :
 And pithy Sentences short Truth fore-show'd,
 As clear and useful as the *Delphian* God :

The Men that first did strive in Tragedies,
 When a *mean* Goat was all the Conquerors prize ;
 Brought *Satyrs* naked in, or loosely drest,
 And though still grave, would venture at a Jest :
 This was the Bait to bribe the *Crowd* to stay,
 When *Drunk* and *Wanton*, and sit out the Play.

Yet *Satyrs* should observe this decent Rule,
 And so turn serious things to Ridicule ;
 As not to bring a *God* or *Hero* down,
 Or make a *Person* grac'd with Robe and Crown,
 Talk *common* Talk, and sink into a Clown :
 Or whilst he doth affect a lofty hight,
 Fly up in *bombast*, and soar out of sight :

For *Tragedy* too high to stoop to Jest,
 (As *Matrons* dancing at a solemn Feast,
 Keep *decent* Steps) it different will appear,
 From wanton *Satyrs*, *modestly* severe :
 Yet *bitter* Words, and domineering Phrase,
 Is not the thing that I in *Satyrs* praise :

Nor

Nor would I have the Difference drawn too far,
 And free the *Satyrs* from the *Tragicks* ear;
 They must not make *all Persons* talk alike,
 The *Citty Vallet*, and the *Country Dick*;
 The *Chamber-ma'id* grown impudently bold,
 When she has bob'd the *Lecher* of his Gold:
 The down-right Farmer, and the dowdy Sot,
 Or else the brisk Companion o're his Pot:
 I'll take a *Common Theme*, and yet excell,
 Tho any Man may hope to write as well;
 Yet let him try, and He shall sweat in vain,
 Idle his Labor, fruitless prove the Pain:
 So great the force of *Art* and *Method* seems,
 So much we may improve the Common Themes:

Be sure you never make a *Satyr* sport,
 And talk, and dance, and jest, as bred at Court;
 But let him speak, as if in Woods he spoke,
 And lately taken from his *Mother Oak*:
 Yet never make him wantonly absurd,
 Nor let him slyly drop one *bawdy* Word:
 For all our *Nobles* hate such *filthy* Wit,
 They scorn to bear such Words, the choice delight
 Of *sottish Tradesmen*, and the *foolish Citty*.

A foot, one long, one short, *Iambus* nam'd;
 Of which those measures, those so justly fam'd,
 Call'd *Trimeter Iambick* lines, are fram'd;
 When just six Feet, and when thro all the Song,
 The self same measure's kept, one short, one long:
 This Foot to make the *Cadence* more severe,
 And with a *graver* touch salute the Ear,
 Receding somewhat from her *natural* right,
 The graver *Spondy* kindly did admit,

Yet

Yet so as to forbid it to be put,
 Or in the *fourth*, or in the *second* Foot :
 Yet this is seldom seen in the sublime,
 High *Accius* verse, or *Ennius* noble rhyme :
 And yet in this some show their want of Skill,
 And make their Verses scandalously ill :
 And whilst their *sounding Rhymes* transgress this
 Rule,

The wretched *Actor's* hift, and thought a fool.

It is not every Judg knows what's amiss,
 And *Rome* is too indulgent to her Sons in this :
 What then ? Shall I be loose ? Neglect my Rules,
 In hopes to find my Judges senseless fools ?
 To beg an *Alms* which they can choose to grant,
 Shall I submit to *voluntary* want ?

Or rather think, that all my Faults will spy,
 And safe within mine own perfection ly,
 Nor need that pardon which they can deny :
 For make the best on't, I avoid the shame,
 I am not discover'd, yet deserve no Fame :

Read o're the *Greeks* by day, digest at night,
 For those are *Standards*, and just *Rules* of Wit :

'Tis true, as I have heard, the *former* times
 Clapt *Plautus* wanton and uneven Rhymes ;
 With too much *Patience* both, (to say no more
 And call it *folly*) those our *Fathers* bore :
 Some think this harsh, but 'tis approv'd by you
 Learn'd Sir, and I am sure the *Censure's* true,
 If you and I know what is just and fit,
 Are skill'd in *Cadence*, and distinguish right,
 Between dull *Bawdry*, and *facetious* Wit :

Theſpis

Thespis the first, that did surprize the Age
 With *Tragedy*, n'ere trod a decent Stage:
 But in a Waggon drove his Plays about,
 And shew'd mean antick tricks to please the Rout ;
 His Songs uneven, rude in every Part,
 His Actors smutt'd, and the Scene a Cart :

Next *Æschilus* did greater Art express,
 He built a Stage, and taught them how to dress ;
 In decent motions He his Parts convey'd,
 And made them look as great, as those they play'd :

Next these *Old Comedy* did please the Age,
 But soon their *Liberty* was turn'd to *Rage*;
 Such *Rage*, as *Civil Power* was forc'd to tame,
 And by good *Laws* secure Mens injur'd Fame :

Thus was the *Chorus* lost, Their railing Muse
 Grew silent, when forbidden to abuse.

Our *Latin Poets* eager after Praise,
 Have boldly ventur'd, and deserv'd the Bays :
 They left those Paths, where all the *Greeks* have
 gone,

And dar'd to show some Actions of their own :
 And would our *Poet* be injur'd to pain,
 And what they once have form'd, file o're again ;
 Let it lie by them, and revise vvith are,
 Our *Rome* would be as fam'd, for *Wit* as *War* :

Sirs, damn those Rhymes that hasty Minds do
 give,

Ere *Time* and *Care* have form'd them fit to live ;
 Let many a Day, and many a Blot confine,
 And many a Nail be par'd o're every Line :

Because *Democritus* once fondly taught,
 (Who ever heard He had one sober Thought)

N n

That

That naked Nature with a frantick start,
Would Rhyme more luckyly than feeble Art ;
And did allow none leave to tast a drop
Of *Helicon*, unless a crazy Fop :
The *foppish* humor now o're most prevails,
And few will shave their Beards or pair their Nails ;
They shun Converse, and fly to Solitude,
Seem frantick Sots, and are design'dly rude :
For if they go but nasty, if they gain
The reputation of a crazy Brain,
Streight *Poets* too, they must be thought by all ;
Oh *Block-head* I that purge at Spring and Fall !
For else perhaps I had been fam'd for Rhymes,
And been the greatest *Poet* of the Times :
But I had rather keep that Sense I have,
Than to be thought a Poet, Rhyme and Rave :
I'll play the *Whet stone*, useles and unfit
To cut my self, I'll sharpen others Wit,
Unwriting I will teach them how to write :
What gives them Matter, what exalts their
Thoughts,

And what are Ornaments, and what are Faults ?

Of writing well these are the chiefeſt Springs,
To know the *Nature*, and the *use* of Things :
Right judging *Morals* will the Subject show,
And when the Subject's found, Words freely flow :
He that can tell what *Care* our injur'd Fame,
And what our *Mothers*, what our *Sisters* claim ;
With what *degrees* of *Zeal* we should defend,
Our *Country*, *Fathers*, *Brothers*, or a *Friend*,
What suits a *Senator's*, what a *Judge's* care,
What *Soldier's*, what a *Leader's* in the War :

Secure

Secure of Honor he may boldly write,
For he is sure to draw the *Image* right :

'Tis my advice, let every *Painter* place,
The *Life* before him that will hit the Face :
So let a Writer look o're Men, to see
What various Thoughts to various Kinds agree ;
And thence the different *Images* derive,
And make the fit Expressions seem to live :
A *Play exactly drawn*, tho often rough,
Without the Drefs of *Art* to set it off,
Takes People more, and more delight affords,
Than noisy Trifles, and meer empty Words.

The *Muses* lov'd the *Greeks*, and blest with Sense,
They freely gave them Wit, and Eloquence ;
In those They did *Heroick* fancies raise,
For they were covetous of nought but Praise ;
But as for Us, our *Roman* Youths are bred
To *Trades*, to cast *Account*, to *Write* and *Read* :
Come hither, Child, (suppose 'tis *Albine's Son*)
Hold up thy Head ; take five from forty one,
And what remains ? *just thirty six* : well done.
Add seven, what makes it then ? *just forty eight* :
Ah thou must be a Man of an Estate !
And when this care for Gain all thoughts controuls,
When this base Rust hath crusted o're their Souls ;
Ne're think that such will reach a noble height,
These clogs must check, these weights retard their
flight :

Poets would *profit*, or *delight* alone,
Or joyn both *Profit* and *Delight* in one :
Let all your Rules be short, laid plainly down ;
That *docil* Minds may comprehend them soon,

And *faithful* Memories retain with ease,
Short Precepts profit much, as well as please :
For when we fill the narrow Mind too full,
It runs again out of the o're-charg'd Soul :

Befure what ever pleasant Tales you tell,
Be so like Truth, that they may serve as well :
And do not *Lamias* eating Children feign,
Then show them whole, and make them live again :
Our *grave Men* scorn the loose and meer jocose ;
Our *Youth* despise the stiff and the morose :
But He's the Man, He with a *Genius* writes
That takes them Both, and profits and delights :
That in one Line instructs and pleases all ;
That Book will easily be set to sale,
See distant Countrys, spread the Author's name,
And send him down a Theme to future Fame :

Yet there are Faults, and Men may sometimes
Err ;

And I'll forgive, I'll not be too severe.
An *Artist* allways can't command his Harp,
But when he strikes a *Flat*, He hears a *Sharp* :
The greatest *Archers* sometimes miss the Whites,
If *numerous* *Graces* shine in what he writes,
I'll not condemn tho some few Faults appear,
Which common frailty leaves, or want of Care :
But if tho warn'd He still repeats the same,
Who can endure, and who forbear to blame ?
Just as that *Fidler* must be call'd a Sot,
That always errs upon the self same Note :
So He that makes a Book one copious fault,
As *Cherilus*, the greatest Dunce that ever wrote,

In whom if e're I see two lines of Wit,
I smile, and wonder at the lucky hit :
But fret to find the mighty *Homer* dream,
Forget himself a-while, and lose his Theme :
Yet if the work be long, sleep may surprize,
And a short Nod creep o're the watchfull'st Eyes :

Poems like *Pictures*, some when near delight,
At distance some, some ask the clearest light ;
And some the shade ; some *Pictures* please when new,
And some when old ; some bear a transient view ;
Some bid the Men of Skill severely pry,
Some please but once, some always please the Eye :

But you, dear Sir, tho you your self are wise,
Tho by your Father's care, and kind advice
Secure from Faults, yet pray believe me this :
In other things a *Mean* may be allow'd,
Not *Best* may still be tolerable good :

A *Common Lawyer*, though he cannot plead
Like smooth *Messala*, nor's so deeply read
As learn'd *Cassellius*, yet the Man may please,
Yet He may be in vogue, and get his Fees :
But now the Laws of God and Man deny
A middle State, and Mean in Poetry,
For as at Treats, or as at noble Feasts,
Bad Perfumes, and bad Songs displease the Guests ;
Because the Feast did not depend on these,
So *Poetry*, a thing design'd to please,
Compos'd for meer delight, must needs be still
Or very good, or scandalously ill :

He that's unskilful will not toss a Ball,
Nor run, nor wrestle for He fears the fall ;

He justly fears to meet deserv'd disgrace,
 And that the *Ring* will hiss the baffled As:
 But every one can *Rhyme*, He's fit for that;
 Why not? Time sure he hath a good Estate,
 And that may give him just pretence to write,
It makes a Poet, as it dubs a Knight:

But you, Sir, know your self, will wisely choose,
 And still consult the *Genius* of your Muse;
 And yet when e're you write, let every line
 Pass thro' your *Fathers*, *Mecca's Ears* or *mine*:
 Keep it long by you, and improve it still,
 For then you may correct what e're you will:
 But nought can be recall'd when once 'tis gone,
 It grows the *Publick's*, 'tis no more your own:

Fame says, Inspired *Orpheus* first began
 To sing *Gods Laws*, and make them known to Man;
 Their fierceness softned show'd them wholesom food,
 And frighted all from lawless Lust and Blood;
 And therefore Fame hath told, his charming Lute
 Could tame a Lion, and correct a Brute:
Amphion too, (as Story goes) could call
 Obedient Stones to make the *Ileban Wall*;
 He led them as he pleas'd, the Rocks obey'd,
 And danc't in order to the Tunes he play'd:
 'Twas then the work of *Ulyse* to make Men wise,
 To lead to Vertue, and to fright from Vice:
 To make the Savage, Pious, Kind and Just;
 To curb wild Rage, and bind unlawful Lust;
 To build Societys, and force confine,
 This was the noble, this the first Design;
 This was their Aim, for this they tun'd their Lute,
 And hence the *Poets* got their first repute:

Next

Next *Homer* and *Tyrte* did boldly dare,
To whet brave Minds and lead the stout to War :
In *verse* their *Oracles* the *Gods* did give,
In *verse* we were instructed how to live :
Verse recommends Us to the Ears of Kings,
And easeth Minds when clog'd with serious things ;
And therefore, Sir, *Verse* may deserve your care,
Which *Gods* inspire, and *Kings* delight to hear.

Now some dispute to which the greatest part
A *Poem* owes, to *Nature*, or to *Art* ;
But faith, to speak my thoughts, I hardly know,
What *witless Art*, or *Artless Wit* can do :
Each by it self is vain I'me sure, but joyn'd
Their force is strong ; each proves the others friend :

The Man that is resolv'd the Prize to gain,
Doth often run, and take a world of pain ;
Bear Heat and Cold, his growing strength improve,
Nor tast the Joys of Wine, nor Sweets of Love :
The good *Musician* too that's fam'd for Song,
Hath con'd his Tune, and fear'd his Master long :
But amongst *Poets* 'tis enough to say,
Faith I can write an admirable Play,
Pox take the hindmost, I am foremost still,
And tho' 'tis great, conceal his want of skill :

As *Tradesmen* call in Folks to buy their Ware,
Good Penny-worths, the bet in all the Fair ;
So wealthy *Poets* when they read their Plays,
Get Flatterers in, for they are paid for Praise :
And faith a Man that has a good Estate,
That can oblige a Friend, and nobly Treat,
Be Surety for the *Poor*, his Cause defend,
Shall never know a *Flatterer* from a Friend.

If you have been, or promis'd to be kind
To any one, whilst joy perverts his Mind
Ask not his Judgment, for He'l streight consent,
And cry tis good, 'tis rare, 'tis Excellent ;
Grow pale, and weep, and stamp, at every line,
Oh Lord! 'tis more than Man, 'tis all Divine!

As *Hired Mourners* at the Grave will howl,
Much more than those that grieve with all their
Soul,

Thus *Friends* appear less mov'd than *Counterfeits*,
And *Flatterers* out-do, and show their Cheats :
Kings (thus says Story) that of old design'd,
To raise a *Favourite* to a *Bosome Friend*;
Did ply him hard with wine, unmaskt his thoughts,
And saw him Naked, and with all his Faults :
So when you write, take heed what Friend you
have,

And fear the Smiles of a designing Knave :

Let good *Quintilius* all your lines revise,
And he will freely say, mend this and this ;

*Sir I have often try'd, and try'd again,
I'me sure I can't do better, 'tis in vain:*

Then blot out every word, or try once more,
And file these ill turn'd Verses o're, and o're :
But if you seem in love with your own Thought,
More eager to defend than mend your Fault,
He says no more, but lets the Fop go on,
And Rival-free admire his lovely own :

An honest Judg will blame each idle line,
And tell you, you must make the Cloudy shine ;
Show you what Words are harsh, blot out the rough,
And cut the useless gawdy painting off:

Look

Look thro your Faults with an impartial Eye,
And tell you what you must correct, and why :
Critique indeed, nor say, *shall I displease*
My honest Friend for such small Toys as these ?
These Toys will once to serious mischiefs fall,
When He is laught at, when He's jeer'd by all:
For more than Mad or Poxt Men hate the Dull,
And swiftly fly the senseless rhyming Fool :
And fear to touch him, Men of Sense retire,
The Boys abuse, and only Fools admire :
Suppose he fir'd with his *Poetick* flame,
Just as a *Fowler* eager on his Game,
Doth fall into a Pit, and bawls aloud,
And calls for pitty to the laughing Crowd ;
He may bawl on, for all will stand and flout,
And not one lend an hand to help him out ;
But yet if any should ; what ? was't design,
Or else meer Chance, pray Sir, that threw him in ?
I'll tell my Reasons, and in short relate,
A poor *Sicilian Poet's* wretched Fate :
Empedocles must needs be thought a God,
And therefore in a melancholly Mood,
Leapt into *Ætna's* Flames : let Poets have
The Priviledg to hang, and None to save ;
For 'tis no greater cruelty to kill,
Than 'tis to save a Man against his Will :
Nor was it *Chance* the heedless Fool betray'd,
Nor the strange efforts of a *crazy* head ;
For draw him out, restore his life again,
He would not be content to be a Man,
He would be eager to be thought divine,
And gladly burn in Hopes to gain a Shrine :

Now

Now 'tis not known for what notorious Crime,
These brainless Fellows are condemn'd to Rhyme ;
Whether they piss'd upon their Fathers Grave,
Or rob'd a Shrine ; 'tis certain that they rave ;
And like wild Bears if once they break their Den,
And can get loose, worry all sorts of Men ;
Their killing Rhymes they *barbarously* obtrude,
And make all fly, the Learn'd, as well as Rude :
But then to those they seize, They still reherse,
And murder the poor Wretches with their Verse ;
They Rhyme and Kill, a curs'd murd'ring Brood,
Like *Leeches*, sucking still, till full of Blood.

FINIS.

A
C A T A L O G U E
O F
B O O K S

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at the Judges-Head
in *Chancery-Lane.* 1684.

Plutarch's *first Volume, newly Translated from the
Greek.*

Plutarch Written by Mr. Dryden. Theseus, Translated by Mr. Duke. Romulus, Mr. Smallwood. Lycurgus, Mr. Chetwood. Numa Pompilius, Mr. Ricaut. Solon, Mr. Creech. Poplicola Mr. Dodswell. Themistocles, Dr. Brown. Furius Camillus, Mr. Pain. Pericles, Dr. Littleton. Fabius Maximus, Mr. Carryl.

*Plutarch's second Volume, newly Translated from the
Greek.*

Alcibiades Coriolanus, Translated by Dr. Bloomer. Paulus Emilius, Mr. Arrowsmith. Timoleon, Dr. Bloomer. Pelopidas, Mr. Creech. Marcellus, Dr. Charlton. Aristides, Mr. Cooper. Marcus Cato, Mr.

Books Printed for Jacob Tonson.

Mr. Lydcot, Philopemen. Dr. Short Titus Flaminus, Mr. Whitaker.

Plutarch's *Third Volume* newly Translated from the Greek.

Pyrrhus, Translated by Dr. Cru. Caius Marius, Mr. Stapleton. Lyfander, Mr. Leman. Sylla, Mr. Davis. Cimon, Mr. Morgan. Lucullus, Mr. Thornburgh. Nicias, Mr. Rimer. Crassus, Mr. Amhurst. Eumenes. Sertorius, Dr. Brown.

The Fourth and Fifth Volumes of Plutarch, Translated by several eminent Hands, are now in the Press, and will with all possible speed be Published. Remarks upon a Treatise Intituled, a Treatise of Humane Reason, and upon Mr. Warren's late defence of it; by Sir George Blundell.

A Critical History of the Old Testament, in three Books: The first treating at large concerning the several Authors of the Bible: The second, containing the History of the chief Translations of the Bible, made either by Jews or Christians. The third, laying down Rules whereby a more Exact Translation may be made of the Scripture than hitherto has been, Written Originally by Father Simon of the Oratory. With a suppliment, being a defence of the Critical History in answer to Mr. Spanhem's Treatise against it: both Translated into English by H. D.

Poems upon several occasions with a Voyage to the Island of Love by Mrs. A. Behn.

Ovids Epistles Englished by the Earl of Mulgrave Sir Car. Scrope, Mr. Dryden. and several other Eminent hands.

Divine

Books Printed for Jacob Tonson.

Divine Contemplations upon the Life of our Saviour,
Written by the Bishop of Exeter.

A Chronicle of *France* from the beginning of that
Kingdom; *Written by Monsieur Mezeray, Chrono-*
loger to the present French King.

The first part of the *Institutes* of the Laws of *Eng-*
land or a Commentary upon *Littleton*, By *Sir Ed-*
ward Coke K^t. The ninth Edition carefully corrected
with an Alphabetical Table. To this Edition is ad-
ded two Learned Tracts of the same Author; the first
his Reading upon the 27 of Edward the first, En-
tituled The Statute of Levying Fines; and the se-
cond, of Bail and Mainprise.

The Lord Cokes Reports, in French and English ----
The Reports by the Lord Chief Justice Vaughn in Engl.
Hettly's Reports ----

Dalton's Justice of Peace ----

Dalton's Sheriffs ----

Shepard's Abridgment of the Law.

Brown's Entries, in 2 Parts ----

Miscellaneous Poems, containing a New Translation of
Virgil's Eclogues, Ovid's Love Elegies, Odes of
Horace, and other Authors; with several Original
Poems by the most Eminent hands.

The Works of *Horace*, Translated into English by
Mr. Creech of Oxford, are now in the Press and
near Printed.

Now in the Press.

The Decay of the Western Empire, Translated out of
French. *Will speedily be Published.*

The History of the League, Written in French by
Monsieur Maimburgh, Translated into English up-
pon his Majesties Command by *Mr. Dryden.*

